THE GREATEST NATIONAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 200,000
Sample Copies sent free to any address

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1908. VOL. LXXIII, NO. 20.

ELEMENT OF LUCK PLAYS BIG PART

FROM THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

DECLINE OF BOAR HUNTING
DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS A.R.C.A.

The most genuine wild sport left nowadays may soon be a thing of the past, according to the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, which states that dry years, cup competitions and shooting by the natives have considerably thinned down the number of that most courageous and sporting animal, the wild boar.

The element of luck counts for a great deal in pigsticking, as in most other forms of sport, and it often happens, as depicted above, that the foremost sportsman, who by dint of hard and determined riding, or thanks to the fastest horse, has come up with the quarry, is deprived of the coveted honor of "first spear" by a sudden "jink" or turn of the pig. The boar, in spite of his clumsy appearance, is not only possessed of a great turn of speed, but is extraordinarily active. He will turn and twist like a hare, putting every obstacle in the shape of bushes, rocks, water, etc., between himself and his pursuers, but all the time making for the nearest patch of jungle and safety. The pace after pig is faster than the best of runs with hounds, but is sooner over.

MORGAN DIX.

New York Tribune.

Morgan Dix was rector of Trinity parish for more than 45 years. The fact in itself and alone is warrant for distinction. The extent of the ecclesiastical organization and the magnitude and variety of its work are so great, and it comes at so many points into so close and vital contact with a multitude of public and civic interests that even a man of neutral characteristics and mediocre abilities could scarcely be at its head for so long a time without becoming a man of mark in the community. To some Trinity church may mean merely the stately Gothic edifice on lower Broadway, but such an estimate is as incomplete as it would be to reckon the capitol at Albany to be the state of New York. Trinity means many other churches and chapels, large and small, scattered throughout the city, as well as schools, hospitals and charities engaging the activities of a small army of clergy and lay aids, and aggregating a sum total little less than that of some whole dioceses. To be the competent head of such an institution is to fill a great place in the community.

But Morgan Dix was something more than the rector of Trinity. Great as his office was, it may be truly said that he magnified it. He was a man of such parts, spiritual and intellectual, as would have assured him distinction had he spent his life as minister of some small parish. Inheriting a full measure of the resolution and intrepidity of his famous father, he joined with it a high degree of devotional fervor and an intellectual mastership of classic mould. Despite his seeming austerity of mind and manner, he was a man of wide and warm sympathies, who reckoned nothing alien to him which concerned humanity and who interested himself actively, aggressively and efficiently in those movements, which he conceived to be for the best welfare of the community.

Nor was his austerity, seeming or real, a handicap to his usefulness, but rather a help. It meant much to New York, in a time of increasing laxity and vagariousness in religious and social matters, that the rector of its greatest parish should stand, resolute and inflexible, for definite and exalted standards, both of religious faith and of social and personal decorum, and that amid the "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" of clamorous sensations the voice of Trinity pulpit should always be sane, fearless, clear and conservative in the wise sense of preserving and loyally maintaining those things which time, experience and the accumulated discretion of mankind had designated as most worthy. As preacher and administrator his place in Trinity parish is hardly to be filled. As a citizen and civic leader of this metropolis he leaves a void which will be felt for many years to come.

EGGS FOUR YEARS OLD.

The following from Concordia should increase the public confidence in storage eggs: "That some people occasionally eat eggs that are nearly old enough to vote, is shown by a letter received here by a young man who, four years ago, while packing eggs, placed his nickname on one of them, giving the impression that the signature was that of a girl. Harry Roden, writing from Mountain, Mont., says he recently got the egg out of a case purchased at Wallace, Ida., and wanted to correspond with the supposed Concordia girl. The case of eggs had been in cold storage four years. Roden did not say how he liked them."—Emporia Gazette.

EVOLUTION'S DARKER SIDE

Distinctly does my mind recall
The day I evoluted
To this so-called terrestrial ball
From realms preinstituted.
I seemed to know upon that day
That I, alas, was fated
To wander my eternal way
Absurdly antedated.

No sooner had my opened eyes
Observed my new surroundings
Than I was forced, to my surprise,
To swallow strange compoundings.
In no remembered clime or state
In ages prehistoric,
Was ever it my awful fate
To taste of paregoric.

When bobbing softly in the brine
Or wriggling through earth's strata,
No giant killer tale of mine,
Nor Humpty Dumpty data!
And when I sprang from tree to tree
Or sang with birdlike chirrup,
I knew no taste of catnip tea
And none of soothing sirup.

So now, as I remarked before,
I saw my sad position—
My age a million years or more,
Yet dandled on a cushion!
In vain I howled with lusty throat;
In angry protestation—
They simply put me in a boat
And rocked like all creation.

They washed me off with slippery suds
And gave my back a chalking,
Then swaddled in abnormal duds
The parts put on for walking.
And no interpreter I'd heard
In monkey land or other,
Could fathom by a single word
The gibberish of my mother.

Of course I queried right and left
As soon as I was able,
Why I of feathers was bereft
And why we used a table.
I even asked my latest kin
To give some explanation
Why tooth and claw should be drawn in
When battling with a ration.

And now I do my level best
To fill the bill suggested;
I'm acting muchly like the rest
With human forms invested.
But, sotto voce, I would add
I wish I'd left creation
Before I got—and got it bad—
This fad—domestication.

—New York Sun.

KILLING A DEVILFISH.

Sport on Gulf of Mexico That Entails Hard Work.

The task of hitting a devilfish from a fourteen foot boat was left to the bachelor of the party, the married member explaining that he felt his duty to the ones at home excluded him from anything that smacked so of suicide. Accordingly, when near the next fish, the skiff put out from the stern of the Irene, the spearman standing in the bow while the skipper stood the big boat away so as to give the fish a clear field at the first rush.

The plan developed perfectly—the throw was good, the fish half filled the boat with his first splash, and then rushed away in a great swinging circle, so that in fifteen minutes it was possible for the sloop to cut across and catch up, when by some maneuvring it became possible to pass the inboard end of the line up to her bowsprit. After that it was a fight to a finish, with the devilfish on one end of the line and the ten ton sloop on the other. For a long while it seemed as though the devilfish had the better of it. He towed that big boat steadily out into the Gulf for three hours and twenty minutes. It was exactly like being in tow of a fair sized tug. The progress of the boat was not fast, but as steady as if it were being driven by the Irene's own engines.

It may be fair to remark that killing a devilfish entails as much genuine, muscle racking hard work as any task on earth. It is much the same as pulling for hours against a yoke of oxen who are moving off entirely indifferent to one's futile efforts. The devilfish will not let simple towing tire him. If left to himself he will sound the bottom, and after resting proceed on ad infinitum. It is to prevent such resting that one must work constantly by hauling the tow in close to him, thereby frightening him to constant effort. If he can be strained to the point of weakening, then he may be hauled close enough to harpoon again.

WHEN GRANT CAME HOME

While Major General Oliver Otis Howard was stationed at the headquarters of the department of Columbia at Vancouver barracks, General Grant, with some of his family and friends, returning from his trip around the world in 1879, made the commandant and his wife a call. They gave him and his party an evening reception, General Howard says in his recently published autobiography, having invited public men from the territory of Washington and the state of Oregon to meet him.

During the reception that evening Governor Ferry, of Washington territory, in an informal address in behalf of the citizens welcomed the general and his friends to the Pacific coast.

The general, standing with his hand upon a chair, blushing like a young man making his first speech, answered the governor in a few simple, well-chosen words. He pointed out some of the changes that had taken place since he was stationed in that vicinity, and predicted a great future for Washington and Oregon.

After his address General Howard said to him that he had told that he could not make a speech.

"Oh," said Grant, "I have been practicing on my feet since I went abroad till I can manage to say a few words." The next morning the general and his company went to Portland—down the Columbia and up the Willamette. He and his wife were standing near the rail of the steamer as they approached the city of Portland. The houses, including the roofs, and the docks were thronged with people. Noticing them, General Grant turned to his wife.

"Julia," he said, "look there; see those people. This turnout must be on your account, because when I came here before there were not three people on the dock."

DAVIS AND ARKANSAS.

New York American.

Senator Davis waxes furious. His mind seethes. The molecules of his body emit sizzling sparks while his tongue darts out of his mouth like that of a spreading adder when a dog is near.

The way he pilloried the newspapers of the country in his speech before the senate Friday last was to have been expected.

The reporters of Washington have not shown him the respect due a man of his station. They chortle at his figures of speech, laugh at his efforts at oratory, ridicule the epigrams of his making that, in the Ouchita country, stand superlatively greater than those once penned by that other mollah, Marcus Aurelius.

Mr. Davis knows what he wants. His mind works like a kitchen stove; it catches the lumps of meal and flour that, if pressed in the dough, would make an uncomfortable biscuit. He may not roll cigarets, but he can take the plain leaves that ripen in the sun and make twists of them that delight such connoisseurs as the Hon. "Jim" Berry. Mr. Davis thinks that to fight trusts and trust newspapers with collard slips would be futile. Therefore he goes to the onion and tobacco beds, the pepper plants, and the ginseng furrows, takes them up root and all and lets fly. That's what the Hon. "Jeff" does!

In his oration of Friday he asked why Arkansas was not the peer of her sister states. What a needless question. Hasn't Arkansas Powell Clayton? And doesn't Senator Clarke live there? In the Ozarks there are trees so tall that the squirrels tire out before they can get to the top. In White River the perch are so thick that farmers are using them to fertilize their cotton plantations. Roses are ever in bloom, and the acorns fall for the hogs of rich and poor alike. It is the only state in the Union, too, in which Mr. Roosevelt has never made a speech. Arkansas being behind the times? She is blessed!

HOW BAD ROADS BREED DISEASE

Ill Kept Public Highways Are a Sign of Poor Citizenship.

"I have noticed that wherever I see bad roads I invariably see neglected, unkempt, unwashed children. If I travel along a good road I see children well cared for. I do not say that one thing directly follows the other, but they undoubtedly go together. A community that is negligent of its roads will be negligent of its children, and a community that is negligent of its children will not produce good citizens, nor, above all things, will it have a high standard of public health."

That seemingly long distance observation on cause and effect was voiced by Dr. Allerton S. Cushman, assistant director of the office of public roads of the United States department of agriculture, at a meeting of the American Public Health Association.

Dr. Cushman was asked to justify the statement. "It is, I think, justified by a day spent in an automobile in any country section," said he, "and, insisting as I do on the condition, I think it has a bearing on the question so frequently asked by unthinking Americans—'What possible relation can there be between the public roads and public health?'

"If the medical men of the world know what they are talking about the relation is intimate. Dirt and dust mean disease. Cleanliness and sanitary surroundings work for a better citizenship. Science holds in her archives a delightful little story which well illustrates my purpose. It is related that at one time the flavor of the famous Staffordshire cheese hed departed and a splendid industry was endangered. Sir John Lubbock, the great naturalist, made a prolonged investigation and finally reported to the farmers that in his judgment the best restorative measure possible would be to import a great number of cats and set them free in Staffordshire.

"Naturally the unbelieving scoffed at the proposed antidote, for they deemed the suggestion ridiculous. They asked a reason for so extraordinary a prescription.

"'The peculiar flavor for the Staffordshire cheese comes from a hybrid clover, which formerly grew here in great abundance,' said Lubbock. 'The bumblebee is the one means of cross fertilizing that clover. The field mice have increased very rapidly in number of late, and they are destroying the nests of the bumblebees. If you can destroy the mice the bees can work on that clover and Staffordshire cheese will soon be as good as ever. Get cats, therefore.'

"I don't vouch for the story," continued Dr. Cushman, "but I indorse it for its power of illustrating the delicate equilibrium which, under our complex civilization exists between the public health and public utilities.

"Nobody will deny that the 2,150,000 miles of public roads of America constitute the national dust factory and furnish fully ninety per cent of the dust we inhale. The delicate breathing apparatus of the human body was never meant to harbor such substance as every passing breeze blows from the thoroughfares, and the percentage of people dying from disease carried by dust is higher than is generally believed.

"When the public will concede that to be a fact the director of public roads and the state and county builders and overseers will be given a greater degree of popular support than they now receive. Tell the ordinary citizen, or the busy farmer that the bad, dust heavy roads are not merely disagreeable but dangerous to health as well, and he smiles sarcastically and shifts the conversation.

"The American becomes a sceptic when you confront him with a proposition which, to him, is akin to the 'cats of Staffordshire.' If he doesn't understand what you are talking about he assumes that you don't understand yourself. He finds dusty roads a menace only when it is brought home to him that they cost him money.

"That was demonstrated to the orange growers of California a few years ago when dust covered fruit no longer commanded so high a price as when free from dust. The result was an aroused interest in road improvement and in dust suppression. Appeals on the score of cleanliness and good health never stirred the Californians, but a slump in the price of oranges brought about a wonderful era of activity. The outcome was gratifying and California soon had dustless oiled roads. In that state the oils possess a higher asphaltum base than the oils of any other section of the world, and when they are spread on the roads the volatile portion of the oil evaporates and the asphaltum remains as a binder.

"The almost immediate success of this plan attracted the attention of highway engineers throughout the world. In France and some of our eastern states it was at once assumed that oiling was the best road treatment and that the longed for solution of the dust nuisance problem had been found.

"This has not been proved to be the case, because in many localities the only oil available possesses a petroleum rather than an asphaltum base. It has been found that when the volatile portion evaporates the oil left behind becomes greasy and similar in consistency to vaseline. Such quality of oil does not adhere and bind the road, but is picked up and scattered by passing traffic, and the man who gets a 'reasonable' quantity of it on his clothes becomes a firm enemy to road oiling.

"If, then, as doctors say, dust means dirt, dirt means disease and disease means death, dusty roads have no place in our national economics."

THE APPALACHIAN BILL

If the work of saving the forests—or what is left of them by the ignorance and rapacity of corporate and private ownership—is to be set on foot, once for all, without false starts, it must be undertaken not only in a patriotic spirit, but with imagination. It is easy to learn what has been wasted in the century past—public resources probably sufficient to have made it unnecessary for any American citizen to have paid a cent of tax. What is needed, is to project the mind 50 years ahead, to consider the problem in the light of the enormous foreign population that is coming to us and learning from us ghastly lessons of laissez-faire—a policy which in matters of forestry their own governments have learned through disastrous experience to abandon.

There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessive individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself, I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own views of life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of that word; rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow men." It does not point to confiscation; on the contrary, it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excesses of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them, to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force, whereas its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of a man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the civil war. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong, but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking time by the forelock and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control every acre of forest land not already leased. Colombia, in South America, has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of co-operation between the nation and the states along uniform lines. The Appalachian bill is a step in the right direction and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the state of New York in the purchase of Mount Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at the very headwaters of the Hudson. This policy should at once be continued until the reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the state supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania call imperatively for a large-minded and immediate consideration of the whole subject. "Be wise in time; 'tis madness to defer."—The Century.

OUR NATIONAL WEALTH.

American Review of Reviews.

In round figures we have 3,000,000 square miles out of the total 50,000,000 square miles of the world's area. We have a population of 86,000,000, or a fraction over 5 per cent of the world's. With an area of 5.9 per cent of the world's, and a population of 5.2 per cent, we are raising annually 43 per cent of the world's total production of wheat, corn and oats. Of corn alone—one of the most important cereals known to mankind—we are producing 78.8 per cent; of tobacco we are raising 31.1 per cent, and of cotton 71.3 per cent. Thus, in agriculture—the starting point of material progress, since man must first be fed and clothed—is found an illustration of our position.

This agricultural supremacy is fully matched in minerals and manufactures. Taking the most recent available figures, which include a few estimates for 1907, and the striking comparison is produced that we made last year over 42 per cent of the world's iron production, or 25,780,000 tons out of a total of 61,000,000 tons. We mined 455,000,000 tons of coal out of a total of 1,220,000,000 tons, or 37.3 per cent of the industrial energy stored in coal, the motive power of material progress. Of petroleum, which lights so large a portion of the earth, illuminating the adobe house in the wilds of the mountain regions of Mexico, the home of the dweller in the Andes, the hut of the mountaineer in the distant regions of the Himalayas, and likewise furnishes what is regarded as the best of lights in the dwellings of wealth and even of royalty, we produced last year 162,600,000 barrels, or 62.5 per cent of the world's total of 260,000,000 barrels.

STATE PROFESSORS HELPED

State university professors will be included in the Andrew Carnegie foundation, $5,000,000 having been given for that purpose. This will include many women professors throughout the country, who will share the pension benefits equally with the men.

A GREAT BRIDGE.

One Just Finished at Hartford a Splendid Structure.

The last stone has been laid in the construction of a stone bridge which, according to Cassier's Magazine, is destined to take rank as one of the greatest of its kind in the world.

The bridge is over the Connecticut river at Hartford. With its approaches it took nearly three years to build and cost about $3,000,000.

It is composed of nine spans having maximum dimensions of a reach of 119 feet and a clear height of arch of 45 feet and is 82 feet wide and has a total length of 1,192.5 feet.

The famous London bridge, which has hitherto ranked first among stone bridges, is but 65 feet wide, 1,005 feet long and has five arches, with a longest span of 152 feet, and a maximum rise of arch of 27.5 feet.

This Connecticut bridge is not remarkable for its length of span, for there are several stone bridges with a span of more than 200 feet, but these are generally narrow one span structures, as, for instance, the Cabin John Creek bridge, carrying the Washington aqueduct, which has a span of 220 feet and a width of but 20 feet.

Neither is it the longest bridge, for there is the Congleton viaduct, in England, which has 41 arches and is 2,870 feet long and 25 feet wide. Although the Hartford bridge is one of the widest bridges, it is not any one feature that stamps it great, but a summary of size of arch, of length and breadth, combined with its perfection of structure and symmetry of outline, that makes plain the claim of superiority.

INCOG.

The proprietor of a Chicago hotel tells of an eccentric guest who registered with him about the time of the simplified spelling flurry, and who undertook, in an ingenious way, to show his contempt for the opponents of the proposed reform.

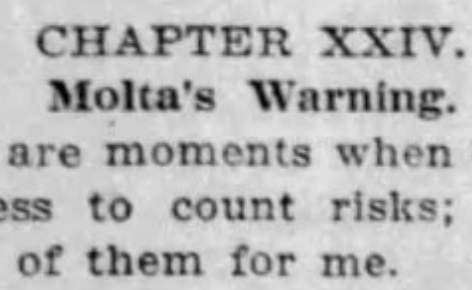
When the newcomer spread his signature on the register, it was at once observed that the name was a most unusual one—"E. K. Phtholognyrrh."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but how do you pronounce it?"

"Turner," was the reply, "and spelled in approved fashion, too."

"Will you kindly explain?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said Turner. "First, we have 'phth,' the sound of 't' in 'phthisis;' then, 'olo,' the sound of 'ur' in 'colonel;' thirdly, 'gn,' representing the sound of 'n' in 'gnat;' and, finally, 'yrrh,' the equivalent of 'er' in 'myrrh.' If the combination doesn't spell 'Turner,' what does it spell?"—Harper's Weekly.



MY LOST SELF

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Copyright, 1908, by Arthur W. Marchmont.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Molta's Warning.

There are moments when it is sheer foolishness to count risks; and that was one of them for me.

I went right up to Giuseppe. "Say that again, Giuseppe, if you dare."

He gave way a step and drew his knife, the others following his example as they closed up to his side.

"You are a traitor, you dog," he repeated, encouraged by the promise of the support of his friends.

Hot with rage and heedless of the others' uplifted knives, I sprung at him before the words were well out of his mouth, and caught his right hand in my left as he was in the act of rushing at me, dragged him forward before the rest had time to strike, and leveled my revolver at them.

"Stand back!" I called loudly, "and leave us two to settle this for ourselves."

My old reputation stood in good stead. They slunk back, murmuring and muttering, but cowed by my weapon.

Turning then on Giuseppe I thrust the revolver against his head. "Drop that knife and eat your words or you'll eat nothing else in this world," I growled with a fierce oath.

He let it fall on the instant, and then Molta intervened.

"Are you going to do murder the moment you come here?" she cried.

"This is between Giuseppe and me. No man on this island shall call me a traitor. That I swear. Come, Giuseppe."

Molta on that attempted to seize my pistol; but I prevented her and twisted Giuseppe round so that he stood between me and her.

"Don't kill him, Beppo," she said.

"I'll kill any man who utters that lie about me."

Believing that his life was in peril, Giuseppe mumbled something about not having meant what he said.

"Louder, so that all may hear," I cried sternly. "Confess you lied."

He was too frightened to disobey. "I am sorry. You are no traitor, Beppo. I lied when I said it," he said in a loud voice; and with that I thrust him away violently and went up the path straight to my hut.

There would be no more trouble that night, I was convinced; but I barred my door, and, placing my revolver under my pillow, slept soundly.

In the morning Agapa brought me my breakfast and was full of curiosity as to what had passed on the mainland. As I knew that she would repeat what I said to the others, I was careful to make it clear that I had been nowhere except to Masita's house, and for her benefit I laid stress on the fact that Masita was now safe and would not return to the island.

She questioned me closely about this; and a couple of hours later I understood the reason for her eager curiosity. Assured that Masita would not return, she forced a quarrel with Julius, in which she told him bluntly that she had only been fooling him at Beltano's bidding; that he was as dirt in her eyes; a coward and a drunkard and worse, and must leave the island at once. And when the poor fool protested, she called Drako to help her, on which the lad fled like a scared sheep from a wolf.

I saw her purpose; and was not sorry for it. She had resolved to assert her right; and thus on his return Beltano would find other trouble to worry about besides that with me.

I was returning to my hut after the excitement caused by the scene when Breva joined me. I asked him how matters had gone after I had left with Masita, and whether Beltano had suspected him of having helped me.

"At first he did. I thought he would have killed me on the spot," he said. "I have never seen him in such a fury. Had you not left your knife in the room to prove you had been there he would never have believed me. But you were surely insane to come back."

I told him the reason—to get the truth as to Vicino's death—and that it was more to me than my life. We discussed the matter at length and he told me over again all that he knew of that night's doings. "I am positive you were struck before Vicino was killed," he declared. "It was either Giuseppe or Drako, or both; but how can you force either of them to admit it?"

I repeated what Luigi had told me about the friendliness of the men who were hostile to Giuseppe, and suggested that they would not only stand by me against Beltano, but help to get the truth about Vicino's death.

But he shook his head. "They are more afraid of Beltano than of you, Beppo, and would not dare to disobey him. Nor could they help against Giuseppe. You will never learn the truth; and your only chance is to fly before Beltano returns. He will have your life for this, and no one will dare to stop him. Before he went after you, indeed, he called the men together and denounced you as a traitor and promised a reward to anyone who killed you if you returned. Flight is your only chance."

"That was the meaning of the scene last night, then. I do not fear them."

"You can at least take one precaution. Leave this place and go to the old fort. Pepita and I will secretly carry there a store of provisions."

It was both a shrewd and kindly forethought, and I thanked him for it, and resolved to do as he said.

I was busy with the few preparations I had to make, when I saw Molta coming from the farmstead in the direction of my hut. Her black looks were storm signals which were easy to read; and as I could not avoid the interview I deemed it best to appear to court it. So I rose and went to meet her.

"We must have an understanding, Beppo," she said without any word of greeting. "I have the right to demand an explanation, of course."

"Of what?"

"Of your conduct. What else? I am not the woman to be lightly spurned and tricked as you have spurned and tricked me."

"I have not spurned you."

"Did you not send Carlo to me with a lie that you wished to be reconciled and that you were ready to let things be between us as they had been; and didn't you tell that lie in order to get Masita away?"

"Yes. But that was not tricking or spurning you. It was Beltano I tricked."

"But it was about me you lied," she retorted fiercely. "It was my name you dared to play with, and my love for you. And for the sake of another woman! When I think of it my blood is on fire."

"On my word I intended no insult to you nor to make light of any feeling you have for me."

"Why have you come back?" she asked with an angry toss of the head, as if repudiating my explanation. "Is it for that woman's sake? Have you still some purpose to serve for her?"

"I have come back for my own purpose, Molta; but what that is I will keep to myself. This matter of Masita is between Beltano and me only. I told him I would be no party to forcing her to wed him and it was—"

"What is she to you?" she burst in vehemently.

"If you will not listen to me, why ask for explanation?"

"What is she to you?" she repeated, even more angrily.

"She was to me a woman in distress and I helped her. She——"

"Don't lie to me. You love her. That is why you helped her. Are you afraid to own it?"

"I have not lied to you, Molta."

"You are lying now. You do love her, and you are afraid to own it to my face. You lied to Carlo when you said you wished to be reconciled with me; and if you would lie to him, you would lie to me now. You do love her."

"My patience is out. Think what you will," I said angrily and turned away.

She caught my arm and stayed me. "You shall not go in that way. You shall answer me. It is not safe to play with me. The men here are clamouring for your life; Carlo has decreed your death; and there is but one way in which you can be saved; I will send for a priest so that Carlo shall find we are wedded when he returns. But if you have let that woman win your heart from me, you shall die."

"I have no other answer," I repeated bluntly as I shook off her hold and returned to my hut.

But the incident had far greater results than I had expected. As she clung to my arm we had been seen; and the news spread like a fire among the others, that Molta and I were reconciled.

I heard of it first from Luigi, who plumed himself upon the fact that he had counselled it, and congratulated me upon having taken the advice so promptly. "It will save your life, Beppo. Molta will not let Beltano harm you now. I am as glad as are some of the others."

Agapa said much the same; but added a warning. "Giuseppe will out hate you the more. Be on your guard. There is trouble brewing; or I know nothing of him or of those with him."

I let them talk as they would and held my own counsel. And that afternoon I carried my few belongings to the old fort. For the rest of that day and the next I held aloof from Molta, mingling with the men at their work in the fields and trying to glean some of the information I desired so keenly.

I could learn nothing of any moment; and on returning to the fort in the evening, dispirited and depressed at my failure, I found Molta awaiting me.

"I have not come in anger, Beppo," she said, seeing by my look that she was not welcome.

"What is it you wish?"

"You have shunned me these two days."

"What is it?" I repeated.

"I have a thousand fears for you. You are in danger. I have come to warn you. I was mad when we parted—mad with rage and jealousy. But it is not too late to undo the mischief."

"I am armed and can protect myself."

"Oh, God, how can you look so coldly at me! You will kill me, Beppo. And I have but come to warn you there is a plot against your life—to take it this very night."

"How do you know this?" I asked, doubting her.

"Heaven forgive me, I have been a party to it."

"How can that be, when there is common talk that you and I are reconciled?"

"I spoke only with Giuseppe. I cast my voice against you," she replied slowly, her face paling and her eyes falling before mine. "But I have rued, Beppo. I cannot bear that you should die. They will come tonight when you sleep, Giuseppe and Drako, by the cliff, where the path has been hewn and made easy."

"Giuseppe again," I murmured.

"They are both set on your death because of your——" She paused and looked up, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"Because you let him make love to you and he thought to wed you, I know."

"But more because of Vincino's death, Beppo."

With an effort I repressed the excitement with which I heard this. "Does he deem me a cur like himself that I should tell what I know of that?" I asked with a sneer.

"You do know, then, that it was he who killed Vicino?"

"Was I not there? How did you learn it?"

"From himself. When you were ill, you bade me find out the truth from him."

"And for his sake you have kept his secret and saved him from me on the night of my return. He should be grateful to you."

I intended no more by this sneer than to prevent her seeing that I had learned the news for the first time. I was thus utterly surprised by the effect of the words.

She rushed to me and seized my arms, staring up into my face with a strange light in her eyes, and then with a sudden and half hysterical laugh she let her head fall on my shoulder.

"Do you really believe I should have cared had you killed him?"

I saw then she had mistaken my sneer for a sign of jealousy. I took her wrists to put her away from me; and again she mistook my purpose. She let her hands slip into mine and glanced up with a smile.

"You are jealous, Beppo. And so I have been. Oh, how I have suffered, dearest. But I do not really believe you care for Masita. Forgive me. I cannot live without you. The days of our quarrel have been more dark and drear than any in my life. My heart was nearly broken. I will never anger you again; never, in all my life, if you will but love me. I love you so. I do, I do, with all my soul and being. When I thought I had lost you, I could have killed myself. You will understand now. Your jealous thought about me and Giuseppe will show you. He is less than nothing to me. I swear that to you. Oh, God, this is reasonless jealousy. Don't let it part us, Beppo; my Beppo, always mine. Whisper that to me, dearest," and she clung to me and gazed into my eyes as if hungering for the assurance which I could not give her.

Of all the embarrassments of that time, none was more disconcerting than this. That she cared for me I could not doubt; and I knew that in the days of my lost self I had wooed her passionately and with vows of love! For that I owed her such amends as it was in my power to make; and there was but one course I could take. I must not tell her the truth.

Her anger I could have faced without caring; but this avowal, spoken with emotional earnestness and with all the evidense of intense sincerity, appealed to every instinct of chivalry in my nature.

My silence perplexed and disturbed her. "It is because of my great love that I have warned you, Beppo," she said at length. "But you chill me with that look. It is so strange, so loveless. Is there still trouble between us?"

Her voice, low and sorrow-toned, sank almost to a whisper, and the yearning misery in her white, drawn features and shrinking attitude was a thousand times harder to witness than all her fury had been.

Feeling the grip of my hands relax, she withdrew her own with a weary sigh and stood back a pace, her eyes wide in questioning fear and her breath laboring as she waited for the words I found so difficult to speak.

CHAPTER XXV

A Murder Plot.

"Have you no answer for me, Beppo?" asked Molta, finding the suspense intolerable. "Have I humbled myself in vain? What else can I do? Mother of Heaven, what else to appease your anger?"

"I am not silent from anger, Molta."

"Then you will not be reconciled? Ah, you don't, you can't mean that?"

"That will be for you to say when you have heard me."

"As if my heart was not withering for it?" she cried, smiling. She stepped toward me again impulsively, but paused midway as our eyes met. "I can't understand you, she added distractedly, pressing her hands to her bosom. "I have sought to undo the wrong I did you."

"It is I who have wronged you, not you me, and the time has come when you must know the truth."

"The truth?" she murmured. "Do you mean—about—about Masita?"

"About myself, rather. You remember when I lay ill that I told you I had forgotten everything before the moment I was struck. You could not credit it; but it was true. I had forgotten everything—everything. Some time before that I had received a similar injury; and my mind was an absolute blank about everything which had occurred in the interval."

"It is impossible," she cried.

"It is the absolute truth, Molta, on my oath."

She bent forward and looked intently at me. "You mean you had forgotten even me—even me?"

"Your very name was unknown to me; and Beltano's and the rest, and all that had passed since I came here. I know not how I came; and remember nothing since I received the first injury thousands of miles from here."

She was silent, as if unable to credit my words. "Why do you tell me this?"

"Because it was in that interval of my lost self that I sought and gained your love. That is part of the wrong I did you; and the truth is the only reparation I can make."

"Reparation!" she cried scornfully, her anger beginning once more to rise. "You did not tell me when you were ill; but left me to believe you still loved me. Were you acting lies then, or are you telling them now?"

"That is the other and perhaps the greater part of my wrong; and for that I can only ask your forgiveness. I was stunned and bewildered by the position in which I found myself. My life was in peril for the deed I feared I had committed. I was ill from the effects of my injury; and I—

"You wished to save Masita," she broke in angrily.

"Yes. I wished to save Masita; and wished also to find out the truth about Vicino's death."

"And so you tricked and used me for your purposes. You knew that you had won my love; you spoke glibly of our marriage; you even told Beltano that you wished to be reconciled. And it was all lies, lies, lies. My God, I shall go mad."

She pressed her hands to her head and paced up and down in a frenzy of rage and indignation. But all suddenly she turned and seized my arms and peered into my face. "But you did win my love, Beppo. You know that. All the island knows it. I am ready to forgive you. As heaven is my judge, I will forget all you have told me. I cannot live without you, Beppo. I cannot. You made me love you. You will not break my heart? Oh, you cannot be so cruel! Say that you love me, dearest. It is all that I wish in life. I swear that on my soul. I will save you from Carlo's anger. You do love me. You do. You must. You said it depended upon me whether we should be reconciled when I had heard you. Let my wish decide that. Of course I wish it. You wish it, too, don't you? You will marry me, Beppo?"

"While I am held to be Vicino's murderer I am not fit to marry any woman, Molta."

"But I can and will clear you from that charge, Beppo," she cried eagerly. "Only make me your wife."

I took her hands and held them. "It is impossible, Molta. There are circumstances in my life—"

"It is Masita," she exclaimed with renewed passion, as she snatched her hands away. "She has won you from me. It was only when you had seen her that you changed toward me. I don't believe your story. You love her, and would fling me aside to put her in my place. But you shall never wed her. That I swear. I am no tame fool to be played with in this way. You will turn my love to hate, Beppo; hate of you and of her; and both of you shall suffer. You dream perhaps that you can save her from my anger. But you cannot. Go through with this; spurn me and cheat me if you dare. It will cost you your life. You know that; and then I will find the means to deal with the woman who has dealt thus with me."

"I have not sought to put Masita, or anyone, in your place, Molta. My lips have never uttered a word to Masita that even you could not have heard—"

"Lips! Words! Why mock me with such lies? Do you love her? Can you deny that?" she asked fiercely.

"I have told you all this because—"

"Do you love Masita?" she broke in; "If you did not, you would say so, because your life, aye, and hers too, hangs on the answer. But you cannot." She turned away for a moment, pressing her hands to her bosom as if overcome with emotion. Then she looked around. "Stay, I will put another question." She came up close to me, holding my eyes with hers, and laid her left hand on my arm. "If you love her——" she began, and, raising her right hand suddenly, struck at me with a stiletto which she had drawn while her back was toward me.

The attempt failed; but only by the narrowest margin; for she took me so completely by surprise that I had no time in which to attempt to save myself. But her left hand had tightened so strenuously upon my arm that my instinctive start turned her lithe body so that the blow, aimed at my heart, went wide and fell between my arm and side, doing no more injury than a rent in the sleeve.

I caught her wrist before she could raise it again; and as soon as he saw that she had failed, she dropped the dagger, wrenched her hand free, and rushed away, uttering an emotional cry; but whether of rage against me, dismay at her frenzied act, or regret for her failure, I know not.

I picked up the stiletto, and went into the old fort. The thing had shaken me up, for I had been very near to death, and when I reached the room on the floor above—I was using that which had been prepared for Masita—I sat down to steady my nerves and collect my thoughts.

The result of the avowal had been even worse than I had anticipated. I had had half a hope that when Molta knew the true cause of the change in me toward her, she would be reasonable enough to acquit me of the intention to deceive her, and that some sort of peace would be patched up.

But in that I had only fooled myself. She had not believed my story, and her insensate jealousy had blinded her to everything except the object of it—Masita. Quixotism had proved a bad policy; and in my bitter recognition of the fact, I was half disposed to regret that I had been fool enough to tell the truth. It would have been much safer to have gone on with the deceit. As it was, I had considerably increased the dangers of my position.

It was true that she could have saved me from Beltano's wrath, while now she would be among the loudest to demand my death; and she would hound on Giuseppe and—— But at that moment I recalled what she had said about him and the attack he was planning for that night.

In the stress of other feelings, I had forgotten that; and forgotten also what she had told me about his having killed Vicino. In quarreling with her, I had thus not only turned her from friend to enemy, but had also destroyed the means of proving my innocence.

It was indeed a heavy price to pay for the luxury of telling the truth.

She would warn him at once of course that she had put me on my guard; and although for that night my life would be safe enough, it would mean no more than a postponement of the danger until some more favorable opportunity offered, or at latest until Beltano's return.

At that my thoughts went back to the idea I had once before entertained—to abandon the plan of seeking the proof of Giuseppe's guilt on the island to fly to Naples or Rome, resume my own name, and set others to discover the truth.

So far as I could see, there was no other course left. If I waited for Beltano's arrival, it would mean the end of all things for me. Molta would see to that; and goaded by her, he would act as soon as he set foot on the island. If I was to get away, it must be done at once, before Molta had time to guess my purpose and take steps to frustrate it.

I decided to leave that night; and promptly set about such preparations as I had to make.

Taking off the clothes I was wearing, I tossed them on the bed, and put on those which I had worn on the night when I had passed for an American with Murito. They were less outlandish than those I usually wore and less likely to attract attention to me as a peasant. Then I loaded the empty chambers of my revolver and put some spare cartridges in my pocket.

I had sufficient money to carry me as far as Rome. I had found this in my old hut; but where it had come from of course I could not know. And as I could not say when I should get my next meal, I made a hearty one, and then lay down to wait until I knew the men would be in their beds.

I did not close my eyes, but lay thinking of the parlous mess in which I was involved and speculating uneasily upon the chances of escape; and I had rested for about an hour when I heard a sound somewhere in the building.

I lay as still as sleep and listened, straining my ears for any repetition of the noise. It was louder next time. Something fell on the floor of one of the adjoining rooms, and a whispered "Hush!" followed.

In a flash I guessed the meaning of it.

For some reason Molta had failed to warn Giuseppe that I knew of his plan against me: or she had been cunning enough to think I should conclude she would tell him and so be off my guard. She had been right, too, for I had given up all thought of the attempt, and had it not been that I had formed the fresh plan of escaping at once, I should have been asleep.

Instinctively I slipped off the bed and arranged the clothes I had cast off so that they might be mistaken for my sleeping form, and stole across the room and concealed myself in a spot where I could give any intruder a very different welcome from that he expected.

The moon was up, and the light streaming through the windows was sufficient to enable me to see anyone who entered, and all that occurred; while at the same time it intensified the dark shadows in a manner likely to disconcert anyone who came fresh into the room from outside.

It was in one of these shadows that the bed stood, just beyond the sheen of light cast by the moon's rays.

Molta had said that Giuseppe and Drako were to make the attempt, and I had long enough to wait to have time to form some rough sort of plan. Reckoning upon the advantage of surprise, they would probably feel quite confident of success; and although that advantage would now be on my side, I was not rash enough to think of risking a fight against them both in the dark at such close quarters.

Then another thought came to me. If I could get Giuseppe into my power, I could force him to make a confession of Vicino's murder. And I began to shape my plans with that in view.

Drako was a sorry coward, I knew. Willing at any time to give a stab in the back when there was no danger, he would think first and always of his own skin and would bolt at the first sign of danger. A shot fired in the air or even a sudden blow dealt unexpectedly from out of the darkness, would send him flying like a rabbit.

I did not wish to kill the brute, and would only do that if no other course were possible. But I would have Giuseppe at any cost: and if to secure him I had to shoot his companion, I would do it without compunction. He was set on killing me; and in that desperate game he who loses pays.

While these thoughts were flashing through my head I was listening intently for any sound to tell me that the men were coming to the room. After the slight noise they made—probably on getting through the window—they remained absolutely still, to reassure themselves that I had not heard it.

So long did this dead stillness last indeed that I began to feel impatient for their coming, and half disposed to fear that they had abandoned the attempt. Now that I was prepared for them and saw a means of dragging the truth from Giuseppe, I was positively eager for them to come. Instead of menacing danger, the attack opened the path of hope.

At last I heard a movement. They were creeping toward the room stealthily, almost noiselessly, save that now and then their clothes brushed against the wall of the narrow passage.

Then a hand touched the door, which stood ajar, and I saw it give inch by inch as it was gently pushed open enough to admit them.

At that moment I breathed heavily as if in sleep. Again all was still as the grave.

After a few seconds a whisper passed, and by that I knew that there were at least two of them. Presently the door was pushed wider, and a man glided through it and paused an instant, peering intently toward the bed.

I was right. It was Giuseppe.

I held my breath, and my fingers tightened on my revolver as I waited to see who was with him.

Almost immediately afterwards Drako's evil sinister face showed. Like the coward he was, he lagged a pace or two behind his bolder companion.

The moment for me to act had come.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Confession.

The spot which I had chosen was some few feet behind the door, so that when Giuseppe and Drako entered, their backs were toward me. I was crouched against the wall by the side of a tall wooden settle, which would have prevented them from seeing me had they looked around.

But they had no suspicion that I was not on the bed. This stood against the wall opposite the door, with the table between them and it. The wide shaft of brilliant moonlight streamed full on the table, on which were the remains of the meal I had recently made; and as the bed was in the shadow, the light hindered rather than aided them, because it deepened the gloom over the bed and rendered it the more difficult for them to detect the trick I had played.

Giuseppe paused about midway between the door and the table, keeping just outside the shaft of light, and Drako stole stealthily up to his side. He whispered a word in his ear and pointed first at the remains of the food and then toward the bed.

Giuseppe nodded and drew his knife and stepped noiselessly round the table to approach the bed. Drako remained still a moment, and then, as if his courage was failing, retreated a couple of paces toward the door, keeping his eyes fixed intently upon his companion.

He could not have made matters easier for me, and I saw in a flash how to use the opportunity to advantage. Holding my revolver ready, I crept up behind him and fired a shot close to his ear, at the same time striking him with my left fist on the side of the head, so that he should think the bullet had hit him.

He let out a loud yell of terror and rushed out of the room. I locked the door and then turned on Giuseppe, who was standing full in the moonlight, a grim picture of disconcerted fury.

"Not quite so simple as you thought, Giuseppe," I said, with a sneer.

He lowered his right hand as if to hide his drawn knife and took one step toward me.

"Stop right there and put that ugly knife of yours on the table in the light where I can see it. Quick," I added, for he hesitated, as if calculating the chances of a tussle. "I give you two seconds to obey."

With an oath he tossed it on the table.

"Now put your hands up and don't you dare to move so much as a finger till I tell you." He obeyed and I picked up the knife and put it out of his reach. "Turn your back to me. I won't shoot you, unless you disobey me."

He turned round and I ran my hands over him to make sure that he had no other weapon; and when I had satisfied myself, I placed a chair so that his face would be full in the light and ordered him to sit down.

"Now we'll talk, and if you wish to save your life you'll answer the questions I ask; and answer them without lies. You and Drako came here to kill me, and as I knew you were coming, I was on my guard. I had been told all about it. If I had shot you both the moment you entered, I should only have done what I had the right to do in self-defense. You know that. If I spare your life it will only be because you are more use to me alive than dead; and that will depend upon how you answer my questions."

I paused to give him time to collect his scared wits sufficiently to realize that his life hung upon a very thin thread.

"Who bertayed us?" he asked sullenly.

"Don't question me," I replied sharply. "I have more friends on the island than you think."

"But no one knew except——" He broke off and finished with a savage oath. "Was it Molta? She has seen you. I know that."

For a moment it suggested itself to me to play the one against the other; but I could not betray her. She had given me the warning in all good faith, regretting her part in the affair, and with a genuine desire at the moment of being reconciled to me and saving me. "I told you not to question me," I answered sternly. "She came to me on quite a different errand. You and Drako were overheard."

"I'll have her life for it," he muttered.

"You've got to save your own first, Giuseppe. Now, whose plan was it to put Vicino's death on me, and why was it done?"

His eyes shifted uneasily. "I don't know what you mean."

"I'll make it plain enough. When I came back first I didn't care about the thing. I knew I hadn't done it, of course, but let the rest think it was my work while I found out whether it was you or Drako who had planned it all and what your motive was. You remember, I shammed not to know anything about it. But the time has come when the truth must be told. Was it you or Drako?"

"You did it yourself, Beppo."

"You saw me thrust the knife into Vicino's heart?"

"Yes, I saw you," he replied, doggedly, gathering steadiness as he thought I knew nothing about it.

"You mean you were a witness and can testify to that?"

"Yes," he said, nodding. "You said you wanted the truth."

"And Drako saw it also?"

"Yes."

"And you have both told that to the carabinieri?"

"No," he replied, still steadily, but with a start of surprise.

"But you could testify if they got hold of you?"

"I could, of course; but I shouldn't. You don't think that?"

"You don't see what I am thinking, Giuseppe. The thing is this. I am accused of Vicino's murder, and the hue and cry has been raised for me and a price put on my head. There are only two witnesses who could swear to what you say is the truth. Drako is one, you the other. The one thing you desire above everything on earth is my death, or conviction with imprisonment for life. One of the two witnesses is here alone with me in my power. Dead men tell no tales, Giuseppe. What would you do to me if the positions were reversed?"

He had listened to me at first with assumed indifference; but this disappeared as he began to realize the significance of my words. His features set, his lips tightened, and into his eyes crept the strained look of rapidly mounting fear; and when I paused he stared helplessly at me, a prey to abject terror.

"Come. You don't answer quite so glibly," I sneered.

"I should never — never—say—anything," he stammered slowly.

"An end to your lies," I cried sternly. "You would do what I shall do now—make sure of your silence," and as I spoke I raised the revolver slightly.

The sweat of fear stood thick on his forehead now and he was as gray as death as he met my threatening look. He knew full well what he should have done in my place, and judging me by his own standard, he read his doom in my eyes.

For a space of many seconds he was incapable of speech; but then he made a great effort and forced himself to reply. "I—I have lied, Beppo. You did not kill Vicino. It—it was all—all Drako's doing."

"Out with it then, quick. Everything about it," I said.

"Give me time. You shall know all," he muttered with a deep sigh, as he wiped the sweat from his face and moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"Drako put it into my head," he said after a pause. "You had taken Molta from me and all that that meant; and I was hot against you for it. He hated you too; and when Vicino struck you and Drako had killed him, he said that we could put the thing on you, and by bringing the carabinieri to the place at once, you would be taken to have done it and we should go free. And I—I yielded to him. We thought you were dead, Beppo, or else I should never have consented. I should not. I swear that on my soul."

"But when you found I wasn't dead you still put it upon me. Why?"

"We feared Beltano's anger on account of Vicino's death. We knew that for Molta's sake he would not touch you; but he would have given us up to the carabinieri. Drako urged it; and I consented. But I have regretted it always."

The story was a cunning mixture of truth and lies, but it was enough for me and I saw how to use it. I lighted the lamp and put pen and paper before him. "Write it," I said sharply.

He showed fresh alarm at this. "What use will you make of it?" he mumbled.

"Write," I thundered with an oath; and with that he fell to the task with laboring, unsteady fingers.

While he wrote I decided what to do with him. The cords with which I had tied up Breva were lying in a corner of the room, and I resolved to keep him a prisoner until I had an opportunity of dealing with Drako, and then to carry them to the mainland and hand them over to the authorities.

As soon as he had finished the brief statement—and an ill-written, badly spelt farrago it was—I read it over and ordered him to sign it clearly. Then I made him stand up with his hands behind him and, slipping a noose on his wrists, tied him up securely, and took him to the story above to the small room behind the lookout.

I bound his legs together and, crooking them, lashed the cords round his body and thrust him into the corner, and trussed up in this fashion I left him to his own gloomy meditations, while I searched the building for his companion. Drako had fled, however, and I returned to my room to think over the best use to make of the news I had obtained.

Giuseppe's statement by itself was not of much value, of course; but I intended to use it to draw one from Drako. I knew the Greek well enough to be sure that when he found Giuseppe had accused him, he would accuse Giuseppe; and if they were handed over separately to the carabinieri, the latter would find means to frighten the truth out of them.

As soon as the dawn began to shew, I set to work to make it impossible for me to be again surprised by means of the cliff path. It was not difficult, but it occupied two or three hours, by the end of which time I had destroyed the path which had been recently made, and left a gap which not one man in ten thousands would dare to attempt even in broad daylight.

That work completed to my satisfaction, I had some breakfast and took some food up to Giuseppe; and while I fed him I examined the cords very carefully to make sure that they were secure.

I was now in less danger than at any moment since my return to the island. With Giuseppe laid by the heels and Amet disabled with his broken arm, there was no man likely to give me any trouble, even supposing that Molta was still in the vengeful mood of the preceding night. I set off to find Drako, therefore, with the confident assurance that an hour or two at most would see me on my way to the mainland.

The luck had all gone in my favor, and if it would but last a little while I should be well away before Beltano's return and all my troubles would be at an end.

But Drako had not been seen. I set Breva to inquire about him, telling him to be careful not to drop a hint that it was I who sought him. He was not in his hut; Agapa had not seen him, the men knew nothing about him, and as the time passed and he was not found, I began to grow uneasy.

The afternoon came and found me still without tidings of him, so I decided to abandon the search and ran the risk of taking Giuseppe to the mainland alone. Belano might return at any moment, when my chance would be gone.

Then for the first time I realized the difficulties of what I had to do; and that I could not overcome them alone.

The instant I attempted to carry Giuseppe down to the boat, I should have every man on the island round me, and every one of those friendly to him ready to take a hostila hand in the game.

The thing was a sheer impossibility in the daylight; while even at night I must have somebody ready at the boat so that I could get away before any alarm could be raised. By many of them I was already regarded as a traitor; and if they saw me taking Giuseppe away as a prisoner they would accept that as confirmation of my treachery and be ready to stop me, even at the risk of their lives.

I sought Breva's help, therefore; but although he was devoted to me and hated Giuseppe as a saint hates the devil, I had to be very guarded. He was willing enough to help me to escape, and was for an instant start; but when I hinted that that was not all I had to do, he began to question me curiously, and the reserve with which I replied made him suspicious of my purpose.

I saw there was nothing for it but to tell him frankly what my plan was; but when he heard it, he shook his head.

"I can't do it, Beppo. I'll risk my life to help you escape, but I can't give up one of the band, even Giuseppe, to the carabinieri. It would be treachery for me. You may be right, and no doubt were I in your place I should do as you mean to do. I'll keep your secret; but I can't help you."

I endeavored to persuade him and urged him to come with me; and we were still discussing the thing when Pepita came running to us excitedly.

"Beltano is coming, Beppo," she cried. "His boat is in sight."

"You should have gone. Go at once. There is still time,"urged Breva.

We ran to a spot commanding a view of the sea, and as I saw the boat, Molta came out of the house, and seeing me so near the boats, called the men to the landing stage, as if she had guessed I might make some attempt to get away and was resolved to prevent it.

I gritted my teeth in impotent rage for the delay which had thus destroyed my chance of escape.

CHAPTER XXVII.

An Overwhelming Surprise.

Fortune could not possibly have served me a more scurvy trick than to bring Beltano back to the island at that moment; and as I gazed at the oncoming boat I could have cursed myself for having wasted the hours in the vain search for Drako.

It was hopeless to think of getting away now. A boat lay at the landing stage, but neither oars nor sailing gear were in it; and if Molta and the men with her had been as eager to speed my departure as they were dead set upon preventing it, I could not have escaped. Before I could have started Beltano would have been near enough to have cut off all chance of escape.

From the high water mark of almost exuberant confidence, my spirits ebbed until I was very close to despair. Barely an hour before, I had been virtually master of the position on the island: I had gained the vital information for which I had risked the return; Giuseppe was in my hands, Ahmet disabled, and Drako hiding in fear for his life; and no one else, even at Molta's bidding, would have dared to cross swords with me.

But with Beltano once more in command, everything would be changed. His influence was paramount; and even the men who were friendly would follow and obey him instead of helping me. As Breva had declared, they were more afraid of him than of me, and this fear would determine their action. I could not count upon the help of a single man on the island save Breva, and in the crisis which was at hand the lad, devoted as he was, would be powerless.

Plagued by these bitter thoughts, I was thinking what to do when Molta called Breva away and then came up to me. She knew what her brother's return meant to me and the desperate mess I should be in the instant his foot touched the shore, and guessed I should be ready to grasp at any chance.

"What am I to tell Carlo when he lands, Beppo?"

"What should you tell him?"

"That rests with you. I am still willing to be friends."

"I had proof of that last night," I replied with a dry smile. "Do you wish me to give him that stiletto?"

"You drove me mad. I did not know what I was doing."

"There was method in your madness, Molta, for you left Giuseppe and Drako to try and succeed where you had failed."

"No, not that. I swear. I sought high and low for them to stop the attempt, but could not find them. They must have been already in hiding and have crossed by the cliff path when you and I were together. I tried even to follow by that way, and nearly lost my life in the attempt. I have been on the rack ever since. Do you mean they made the attempt after all?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

I looked steadily and meaningly at her. "I told you I was armed. Have you seen them since?" I asked.

"Mother of Heaven, do you mean they—they are dead?"

"I was in no play-acting mood last night," I replied, with a shrug.

"This will add to Carlo's fury against you. Even I may not now be able to prevail with him," she cried, wringing her hands.

"You may spare yourself the risk of failure."

Her lips quivered as she bit them nervously. "You don't mean that—"

"I mean that what I told you last night was the truth. You attempted my life then, and you can tell Beltano what you will. There can never be anything between you and me, and even if I had cared for you, your act last night would have ended everything between us," and I turned away and left her.

I went back to the old fort and locked and barred the door securely. I wished to have time to think about the meeting with Beltano, and felt that the first interview between us had better take place while I was in a place of safety. I entertained no hope that I could appease his anger; but I had nothing to lose and everything to gain by preventing him from venting it on the impulse of the moment.

Moreover, at the worst I could hold the place against him for several days. I had sufficient food to last me a week or more at need, and as the narrow slits of windows had been constructed so as to defend the approach to the door, and I had a fair supply of ammunition, I could make matters very unpleasant for anyone who tried to get in.

Delay was all in my favor. I knew that matters on the mainland were in a very critical condition, and that Beltano's friend and patron, the mysterious count, was likely to send for him at any moment. If I could hold out until he had to leave again the pendulum would once more swing over in my favor.

I spent what time I had in strengthening the defenses as much as possible, and in making such other preparations as were practicable. I felt fully justified in going to any extremes against Beltano. From Molta downwards everyone on the island believed he would take my life. He had indeed already ordered the others to kill me, and if it was to be a question of his life or mine and the chance offered to take his, I need not hestitate as to the answer.

So long a time passed without anyone coming near me that I was surprised. Half an hour at the most from the time I had left the shore would have sufficed for the boat to arrive, and yet for over an hour I was busied with my work and was left undisturbed. At a loss to account for this, I went up to the lookout to see what was going on.

As I passed Giuseppe he begged me to release him, swearing by all the saints in the calendar that he would not attempt to escape.

Thinking this might be a ruse, I examined the cords carefully. I had done the work well. I could see by marks on his wrists that he had been straining desperately to free himself; but not a single strand was loosened.

"You are torturing me, Beppo," he declared.

"And why not?"

He groaned. "I can't endure it. It is killing me. Are you a devil to find delight in making me suffer in this way?"

"I'm not fool enough to give you a chance of getting free, Giuseppe. It won't kill you; and if you stop struggling to free yourself, you'll be able to bear it better. Why should I care whether you suffer or not?"

"I told you everything last night and you said you would spare my life."

"There's no capital punishment in Italy; so they won't kill you. What I am going to do with you is to take you over to the mainland and hand you to the carabinieri as Vicino's murderer."

"But I didn't do it. It was Drako."

"I've been trying to find him so that I could hear his version of the matter, but he has disappeared; and until I find him you must stop here."

He cursed Drako fluently, protesting his own innocence and blaming the other man for having dragged him into the mess.

"I don't believe you, Giuseppe. It was you who wanted me out of the way, and it was you who planned everything; and when Drako sees your confession I shall get at the real truth. Until then, you stay here just as you are."

At that he cursed me instead of Drako, calling down on my head all the torments of hell; and I left him swearing volubly as I stepped out to look for some signs of Beltano.

From the height on which the lookout stood I could command a view over the greater part of the island, and in no part of it could I detect a sign of the excitement I had expected to see as the result of his return. The open space between the men's hut and round the farmstead was practically deserted, and I saw some of the men away in the fields engaged in their customary work.

What puzzled me even more than this was the fact that about a mile from the island a sail of a boat showed white against the blue water as it rose and dipped foamily in a tussle with the stiff, squally breeze blowing straight in my face as I looked seawards. The boat was tacking against the head wind and going from, not coming toward, the island.

I could not understand it.

Where was Beltano? Evidently he had no thought of attacking me, not even of looking for me as yet. Was Molta at the last moment trying to soften his anger against me? She was a strange, wayward, impulsive creature, quite capable of some such sudden change of feeling and intention when face to face with the crisis in which she believed that only her word stood between me and death.

It was probable enough that they were even now closeted together discussing my fate, and this might account for the absence of any sign of confusion and turmoil.

Whatever the meaning of the unexpected quietude might be, it was clearly my best course to remain where I was and wait for what was to come.

But what could be the meaning of that boat at sea? She was too distant for me to make out anyone on board, but I could see that she was being very badly handled. The breeze was freshening, and she was carrying far too much sail for safety even in the hands of a skilful helmsman, while the man who was sailing her knew so little of seacraft that he could not even keep her head steadily to the wind. At times she fell away so that when a squall struck her she would all but capsize, and at others he brought her up too close, with the result that she was taken aback and the big sail flapped idly and dangerously as she lost way.

More clumsy management could not have been displayed; and at length, after a more than usually heavy squall had all but laid her on her beam ends, the man appeared to realize his danger. He lowered the sail altogether and took to the heavy oars.

I could make out then and there that he was alone in the boat, and almost as unskilful with the oars as he had shown himself with the sail. He was heading for the mainland, but his chances of reaching there in the teeth of such a wind as was churning the tips of the waves into an angry foam were poor enough.

Who the fool could be, baffled me. The veriest clown on the island could have managed the boat better than he was doing, and that Beltano should have trusted himself in the charge of such a man was as inexplicable as that he should have sent him away the moment he had landed.

Presently my attention was taken from the boat by an incident at the farmstead. Pepita came out wringing her hands and hurried in the direction of the men's hut. Then Molta showed at the door of the farmstead and, catching sight of Pepita, turned and called to someone within. The next moment Agapa rushed out and ran after Pepita and took her back, speaking in evident excitement and gesticulating freely. I could see that Molta rated the girl as they all went back into the house together.

But not a sign was there of Beltano. It was plain that my first surmise had been wrong. He and Molta were not discussing me. Where could he be? What could this strange inactivity betoken? As a rule he was a man of instant promptness in action, and that he should dally in this fashion was almost inconceivable. What was I to augur from it? I was entirely at a loss.

Pepita's action suggested that something was on foot in the farmstead, which she had stolen out to tell Breva or some other of the men, and that the others had discovered her and prevented the attempt. Then it occurred to me that Beltano might have discovered Breva's complicity in the matter of Masita's escape and that Pepita had rushed out to try and warn him or get help. This thought disquieted me intensely. It was for my sake the lad had run the risk, and to leave him to bear the brunt of it was cowardly.

I must go to his help. That was certain and I was turning to go down for the purpose, when I caught sight of Breva himself coming in the direction of the huts from the fields.

With a sigh of relief I saw that he was not in any immediate danger from Beltano. As he neared the farmstead, Molta appeared again at the door and ran toward him.

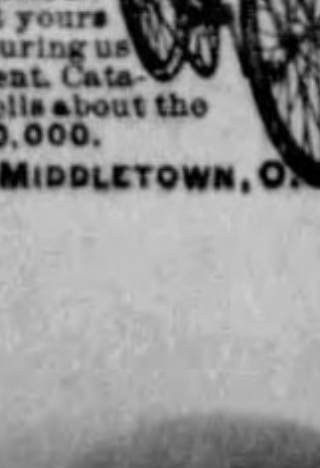
The next moment I uttered a cry of astonishment, my heart stopped for a second, and then all my pulses began to beat with the rapid rhythm of flails on a threshing floor.

Molta had scarcely left the house when Masita rushed out.

Agapa followed close on her heels and then Molta turned and together they seized Masita and began to drag her back to the house.

The next instant, my blood on fire, I was leaping down the rickety stairway to take a hand in the business.

(To Be Continued)



$60,000 Value Given Away THE RACYCLE has 27 ½ less pressure on its crank hanger, ½ less strain on chain, it runs and climbs hills easier than other bicycles. Is the largest selling high grade wheel in the world. Will last a lifetime. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can get yours AT FACTORY PRICES by securing us an agent. Catalog and pamphlet sent FREE. It tells about the RACYCLE and how to get the $60,000.
THE RACYCLE MANUFACTORY, MIDDLETOWN, O.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Scudder, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N. Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive *free* booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authors and many others endorsing, in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. They may be used in conjunction with "Golden Medical Discovery" if bowels are much constipated. They're tiny and sugar-coated.

THE FLOWER FACTORY.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—
Little children who have never learned to play:
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache today,
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat;
They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.
Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiameta, Teresina,
They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dey-drop in the sun.
They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,
Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;
They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,
Never of a wold-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket;
But the ambulance will bellow through the waneness of their dreams,
And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.
Let them have a long, long play-time Lord of Toil, when toil is done!
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun.
—Florence Wilkinson in McClure's Magazine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

A FRIEND WHO FAILED.

The International Sunday School Lesson for May 17 is, "Jesus Betrayed and Denied." John 18: 1-27.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A story which makes its appeal to two deep human sentiments—that of admiration for a true hero and that of contempt for an ingrate—is this one of the midnight tragedy among the olive trees, where hate's worst intruded itself into the presence of love's highest hour, and the foul kiss of a traitor gave over to death history's consummate Hero.

The perfidy of the false friend is made blacker by the loyalty and courage of the gentle Hero whom he betrayed. Jesus here shows at his best even as Judas shows at his worst. The conduct of the Nazarene in the Garden fills a man's instinctive conception of a fearless, noble, self-contained figure. It somehow recalls Henley's pagan lines:

"Out of the night that encircles me,
Black as the bit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

Not in blind stoicism, and not in defiance of unknown fates, did Jesus fulfill the role of perfect Hero; but in clear-eyed submission to the will of a Father whose purposes are all-loving. He showed that the secret of the "unconquerable soul" is in a sense of oneness with the will of God. It is the man who fears the Lord who fears nothing else.

The Making of a Traitor.

Ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the treason of Judas. His case seems more inexplicable than that of any modern hypocrite or the lapse into sin of a preacher or leading layman. Judas had all the advantages of the friendship and close association of Jesus. He had heard His teachings fall warm from the lips which "spake as never man spake." He alone of the apostles came from Judea, the region of orthodoxy. Yet he alone has become history's synonym for black-hearted disloyalty. Why?

The explanation, with all its monitions to the present time, lies on the surface. Judas loved money. His heart had become like the metal he coveted. Avarice, as it always does when given free rein, had atrophied all his finer sensibilities. We sometimes wonder at the lack of patriotism, the lack of a sense of justice and fair play, the lack of a spirit of benevolence and humanitarianism in some of the wealthy men of our own time; we have only to look at the case of Judas for an explanation. Love of money had become the root of evil in both instances. So utterly had it destroyed the finer feelings in the heart of the traitor that, as a signal of betrayal, he could, with seeming ardor, kiss Jesus "again and again."

The tragedy of lives that are false to their first faith and ideals is, alas, a common one. A recent magazine story told of an art gallery opened by a millionaire in memory of his wife. The fitting of the gallery had been left to the discretion of a manager. A coarse scrubwoman is at work, unnoticed, on the floor when the millionaire enters. He is startled to discover a statue carved by himself in his young, idealistic artist days. Then it is dramatically revealed that the scrubwoman is the model who had posed for the beautiful figure. Both had been transformed beyond recognition; both had been untrue to their early promise; both had been failures.

The Hero Emerges.

If Judas was terribly false, Jesus was tremendously true. His conduct in the Garden transcended his teaching on the mountain. He fled not from his foes, but gathered all their spears into his own breast. A strong man's courage in a crisis is one of the finest spectacles that men or angels behold. With unblanched cheek and quiet, controlled voice, Jesus met the soldiers and the Temple police—who, expecting a foe that would either fight or hide, had brought weapons and lanterns and torches—and at once dominated the situation. "Whom seek ye?" "I am he."

Such sublime heroism confounded and cowed the mercenaries, and they fell back in surprise and awe, even as the world today always gives way before an utterly brave man. Then Jesus proved his character when he said, "If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way." Fearing nothing for himself, bearing his own troubles without a whimper, the Man was yet deeply solicitous for those whom he loved. He counted nothing an excuse for selfishness. In his bitterest hours, he took instant thought for others. He would not have been the Christ whom the world loves if he had not first considered his friends. They might fail him, but he could never fail them.

A Quick Sword and a Weak Heart.

It isn't the noisiest convert who makes the best Christian. The most vociferous of His disciples in his protestations of loyalty had been Peter. Now, his Master atacked, he is quick with his sword, and it flashes in the air, but, characteristically, misses its mark and merely severs the servant's ear. Ah, Peter, if you were only as steady as quick—as sure as you are impulsive!

A few hours later we behold this man, whose sword would not stay in its scabbard, warming himself at the enemy's fire, and protesting with curses that he never knew Jesus. He had yet to learn that a Christian cannot warm himself at any of the world's fires; and that the chill which was at his heart could not be driven away by the biggest blaze ever built. Poor, miserable Peter, suffering the torments of a backslider! He had been false to his own manhood and false to his Master. He had been given a chance, along with graver, gentler John, to stand by his best Friend in adversity. And he had failed.

Then the Lord turned and looked upon him. Such a look! It broke Peter's heart. With the prophesied crowing of the cock and that melting, reproachful look, Peter rushed out into the night and wept bitterly. Thenceforth, until he heard the forgiving, tactful message from the risen Christ, on the third day after, "Go, tell Peter," the apostate disciple suffered all the torments of remorse. For in all the code of love there is no offense so grievous as disloyalty. Even Judas, hurled back upon himself by the officials upon whom he tried to shift his disloyalty, realized in its awfulness the blow he had struck at love and his Lord, and went out and hanged himself. Only sorrow awaits those who are false to love and duty; only honor awaits those who dare to be true.

Yes, He Did.

There once lived a jolly young Mr.
Who called on another man's sr.
The lights had burned low
When he started to go,
So this sprightly young Mr. just kr.

He Was Lucky.

Though I'm facing the fate of Gomorrah,
It certainly seems to me sorrah
A bit of a shame
The young man to blame,
For sister's name must have been Lorrah.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

HANG ON

Coffee Topers as Bad as Others.

"A friend of our family who lived with us a short time was a great coffee drinker and a continual sufferer with dyspepsia. He admitted that coffee disagreed with him, but you know how the coffee drinker will hold on to his coffee, even if he knows it causes dyspepsia.

"One day he said to me that Postum Food Coffee had been recommended and suggested that he would like very much to try it. I secured a package and made it strictly according to directions. He was delighted with the new beverage, as was every one of our family. He became very fond of it and in a short time his dyspepsia disappeared. He continued using the Postum and in about three months gained twelve pounds.

"My husband is a practising physician and regards Postum as the healthiest of all beverages. He never drinks coffee, but is very fond of Postum. In fact, all of our family are, and we never think of drinking coffee any more." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CALIFORNIA STAMPS.

Issues That Interest Foreign Collectors Most.

It is a curious fact that there is a series of United States stamps in which more interest is taken by foreign collectors than by collectors in this country. These are the California revenue stamps. They are collected by only a few specialists in the United States, but are eagerly sought by French collectors.

These stamps were issued under a law passed April 20, 1857, by the State Legislature to tax inland and foreign bills in order to pay the tremendous expenses of government. In the early days of California's Statehood legislators received $16 a day, together with $16 for each twenty miles travelled to and from the capital. All other expenses of government were proportionately high on account of the profits offered by gold mining.

The first issue showed an oblong tablet bearing the denomination and amount taxed in the center of a circular stamp nearly two inches in diameter, bearing the words "California" and "State Tax" at the top and bottom. On each stamp, according to the purpose for which it was used, appeared above the tablet the word "Insurance," "Exchange," "Passenger" or "Attorney-at-Law." Each stamp was surcharged with the initials of the State Comptroller, and all of the first issue were printed in blue.

They are all scarce and are valued at from $10 up. Neither the "Attorney-at-Law" nor any one of the three passenger ticket stamps has been found in blue up to date, but it is quite certain that they were printed. The scarcity of these varieties is due to the fact that the attorney stamp was placed on the licenses of attorneys when they were admitted to practice and these licenses were kept in the files of the courts, while the passenger ticket stamps, placed on both railway and steamship tickets, were destroyed in a short time.

The second issue embraced stamps of several shades of red, and a new series was added in the bill of lading stamps. The latter was a trifle more than two inches in diameter and of design similar to that of the others.

The $200, $300 and $400 bill of lading stamps are the rarest and are valued at $100 each. The $100 specimen is estimated to be worth about $40. The smaller denominations of the series are not so much in demand, but range from $5 to $20.

E. W. Smith, of San Francisco, who has the most complete collection of the revenue stamps of California, has two unique specimens of the insurance stamps. They are of the denominations of 7½ cents for six months and 3¾ cents for six months as a tax on $100. These denominations were so small that they were seldom used, which accounts for their rarity. It is estimated that they are worth over $200 each.

From 1865 to 1872 the design of the stamps showed large Arabic figures in denominations ranging from 4 to 80 cents, while the stamps from $1 up to $56 were of unusual character. In the center was the value in large Roman numerals, a large dollar mark in the background.

The stamps of the last issue were rectangular and bore horizontally across the face of the stamp the denominations spelled out in full, with a large dollar mark in the background.

The gem of Mr. Smith's collection is a $19 red insurance stamp. This is the only one known. Just before the great fire W. F. Greany, another California revenue stamp collector, also had a specimen of the nineteen dollar variety, but it was burned up with the rest of the collection.

Mr. Smith came into possession of his rarity in an unexpected way. One day he bought for 75 cents from an old negro an insurance policy for $72,000, originally issued on a cargo of coffee. On this document was a long string of stamps, and Mr. Smith put it to one side with but little more than a hasty glance at it. Upon closer examination later in the day he found that the strip consisted of two one dollar stamps, one of 50 cents, one of 20 cents, one of 15 cents and then to his surprise, last of all, the rare $19 denomination. Three hundred dollars is a low estimate of this stamp's value, and the incident furnishes a fair illustration of one of the chief delights and possibilities of stamp collecting.

The California stamps ceased to be issued in 1872. They embrace about 200 straight varieties, but number about 2,000 in all when the various surcharges are taken into consideration.—New York Sun.

Arts and Crafts Movement

American Review of Reviews.

About twenty years ago there appeared in literature the expression "Arts and Crafts," and readers wondered at the significance of the term. Why not the old appellation, "Decorative Art?" This expression did not seem to suit the conditions of the times. An expression was needed that would qualify the movement that had taken place all over Europe, for which William Morris stands as the ideal exemplar, and by studying the propaganda of William Morris we arrive at the kernel of the arts and crafts principles.

William Morris was, like many artists before him, a decorator, and, like many workers before him, a craftsman, but he differed from the decorators and craftsmen of his time, who were generally each of a separate class. The man who designed the stained glass window did not cut the glass for the window; his work was finished when his design on paper was completed, and to the manufacturer was left the final execution of the drawing.

In thus separating craftsmanship from design, a mechanical standard had arisen that robbed the decorative arts of two of their greatest charms, the personal mark and the mark of the tool. The result was mechanical and commercial production.

Besides being a designer and a craftsman, William Morris was a poet, a pamphleteer, and a Socialist, and through his writings he did much to awaken the conscience of the public to the fact that honest material and honest workmanship were moral benefits. We cannot separate Morris the artist from Morris the poet and Socialist.

The true significance of the arts and crafts movement is the production of beauty through personal expression by handicraft. Morris designated himself and his fellow-craftsmen as "a small minority composed of educated persons, fully conscious of their aim to produce beauty, and distinguished from the great body of workmen by the possession of that aim," and again he writes, "there is still a minority with a good deal of life in it which is not content with what is called 'utilitarianism,' which, being interpreted, means the reckless waste of life in the pursuit of the means of life."

PREACHER AT THE PLAY.

Rev. William Carter, of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, discussed, at a dinner in New York, his very successful Lenten experiment of conducting services in the Belasco theatre.

"One of my theatre auditors," he said, smiling, "was a Scot from Peebles. This Scot told me that the sight of a clergyman in a theatre reminded him of an experience he once had in London.

"In London he went to a melodrama at Drury Lane. A man in front of him looked familiar. To his amaze he recognized in this man his minister at Peebles.

"He leaned forward and laid his hand on the minister's black coat.

"'Oh, Dr. Saunders McIntosh,' he whispered, 'what wad the people in the auld kirk say if I tell't them I saw ye here?'

"''eed, they wadna believe ye,' Dr. Saunders answered, quickly, 'and so ye needna tell them.'"

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.00 $3.50
SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.
W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price
CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Have any of the readers of Farmstead had experience with Australian salt bush? If so, I would like to hear from them through the Farmstead columns.—N., Petoskey, Mich.

I have a horse, nine years old, badly knee-sprung, caused by fast driving down hill. Can anything be done for him? Who will answer?—B., Harriman, Tenn.

Coperas for Fleas.

If T., one of the Farmstead inquirers, will use coperas freely he will not be troubled with fleas.—H., Hampton, Fla.

Bloody Murrain.

S., Bridgeport, W. Va.: Contagious anthrax, known also as charbon, black leg, black quarter, black tongue, is so called because the parts attacked turn black, owing to decomposition of the blood. It arises undoubtedly from contagion, eating bad food, pasturing on swamp lands in summer, drinking stagnant water, etc. Whatever the poison, certain it is it has wonderful tenacity of life; every part of the animal will carry it, even the excrement. Flies will carry it, a yoke worn by a diseased ox retains it. Even alcohol is said not to be able to kill the poison. Fortunately it rarely occurs in its truly malignant form. There are many types of the disease, attacking particular parts. In the tongue it is known as black tongue, or blain; in the throat as putrid sore throat. When it attacks the bowels it is called bloody murrain.

In this disease it must be remembered that in its malignant form it attacks not only cattle and horses, but all the herbivora, swine and birds. It is communicable to other and different animals by inoculation, showing itself in different forms, but all characterized by the breaking down of the blood globules, rupture of tissues and letting out bloody and albuminous fluids, with gangrene, yellow or brown mucuous membrane, enlargment and sometimes rupture of the spleen and a very high death rate. Immense numbers of human beings have died, first and last, from eating the flesh of diseased animals. This is especially the case among the Tartars, who do not refrain from eating even the flesh of anthrax horses. As many as a thousand persons are recorded as having died in six weeks in San Domingo from eating the flesh of such diseased animals. Mosquitoes and other biting insects are supposed to cause breaking out of malignant pustule in man, from the fact of its always arising on exposed portions of the body. In relation to the various manifestations of the malignant anthrax, Prof. Law says: "Malignant anthrax may be manifested by external disease or swelling, or without such appearances. To the first class belong the carbuncular erysipelas of sheep and swine, malignant sore throat of hogs, gloss anthrax or black tongue, black quarter or bloody murrain, the boiled plague of Siberia, and the malignant pustule of man. To the second belong all those forms of disease in which there are the specific changes in blood with engorgement of the spleen, blood-staining and exudations into internal organs only."

Upon the first intimation of the disease the well animals of the herd should be removed to clean, new pastures, where there is pure water. Avoid all bleeding, purging, and lowering medicines. The animals must be kept up. So all local applications to the swellings seem useless. A seton composed of a yard of broad coarse tape, inserted in the dewlap turned every day and smeared with irritating ointment might prove beneficial. This should remain in from four to six weeks. Youatt and others advise the following: 2 to 4 drachms chloride of lime; 1 oz. prepared chalk; 2 drachms laudanum; mix and give in a pint of warm gruel every two or three hours. Recent French authors in treating the malignant form of the disease recommend quinine, one or two drachms, repeated every two or three hours in severe cases. Also hypodermic injections of a solution of iodine as follows: 2 grains iodine; 5 grains iodide of potassium; 1 oz. water. Use a syringeful every hour in severe cases. In extreme ones it is advised that this be thrown directly into the veins; also that the strength be kept up by stimulants; among those recommended most strongly is carbonate of ammonia.

When bloody murrain attacks the tongue it is called blain. In the case of blain it is recommended to open the pustule freely from end to end with a sharp lancet, before the poison has been absorbed. Treat the same surface freely with the following: 20 grains chloride of lime; 1 oz. water.—H.

The Blade of March 26th had the following inquiry:

Have heard it said that on a certain day of the year a tree can be killed with one blow of the ax. Who can give me the day on which this can be done?—F., Stockton, Cal.

Having waited for more than a month for some abler pen to answer, and no response, with some explanation I can tell.

Ninety per cent of the early settlers of this part of Ohio were firm believers in signs. Many of them went further, and believed in witches, spooks, ghosts, etc. There were no free medical almanacs in those days, but every store and every grocery kept Lancaster county, Pa., or Peter K. Kaufman's Canton almanacs for sale. These almanacs had a saint for each day in the year, and also gave the signs for almost everything. By these signs women knew just when to plant cucumbers, fix their dye crocks, set their hens, wean their thin calves and babies, double and twist their yarn so it would not "kink." The men could tell when to sow buckwheat. Had one sign to build fence, spread flax so it would not settle in the grass, and to pen up their hogs to fatten, and the opposite sign to nail on shingles, spread manure so it would do down, and one to slaughter their porkers. The clearing of the land was generally done by cutting out the small stuff and deadening the larger trees by cutting a ring around the tree, through the bark and into the sapwood. In a few years the trees would become very dry and were easily burned up.

In 1838 we had about three acres of pretty heavily timbered land, mostly small timber, to clear, and concluded to first deaden the trees. We had heard of the "one stroke day." When was it? The neighbors universally gave it as the 29th day of August, and the reason, on that day St. John the Baptist was beheaded by order of Herod; and tradition says it was done by one stroke of the ax.

The almanacs were examined, and all signs and traditions, with certainty, fixed the day to be the 29th of August. On that day I, with a sharp ax, gave every one of those trees a good whack or two, to be sure of cutting through the bark and into the sapwood.

Now, if Mr. F., or anyone else having a good, healthy tree, or trees, will on the 29th day of August, or any other day in the year will do just as well, take a sharp ax and give said tree, or trees, a good whack, being sure to cut through the bark into the sapwood, I will guarantee that each and every one of said trees will (nothing else happening) the next spring, put forth about as many nice, green, healthy leaves as they ever did, and will continue to do so. At least mine did.—K., Mansfield, O.

Smut and Potato Scab.

Editor Farmstead:—Tell "C.," of West Union, O., that here in North Dakota we treat our wheat, oats and barley for smut and potatoes for scab very successfully with a solution of one pound of formaldehyde (but be sure that it tests 40 per cent strength) to 45 gallons of water and wet the grain with it or soak the seed potatoes one half hour in the solution and then plant them. Take a water-tight barrel and bore a hole in the side just above the bottom and fit a plug tightly, leaving the plug long enough to be handy to remove to drain off the water. Set the barrel on a bench or box and fill a little over half full of the solution and dump in the potatoes. If you wish to cut the seed do not cut until after the treatment. Let them soak a half hour and remove the plug and drain off the water into a tub and dump out the seed. You can spread out the seed on a floor and let it dry before planting if you do not care to handle the wet potatoes. Treat them for three years in succession, and they will be free from scab. Then if you are planting very many and don't wish to treat them all, treat the seed for a small patch and keep your seed out of that. The same proportion of blue vitriol will work just as well—one pound to 45 gallons of water. You can use the same water over again and so not waste any. But don't let stock drink it, as it is poison, both the formaldehyde and blue vitriol.

If you wish to treat grain for smut you will have to nail a couple of small blocks inside the barrel, one on each side of the hole at the bottom and tack a piece of gunny sack or wire screen over it, to keep the grain from going out with the water, and fill the barrel nearly full of grain and pour the water over it until it is entirely covered and wet; let stand about one minute and drain off and dump out the grain and repeat until you have enough for a day's seeding. Treat grain the evening before you wish to sow it and it will run through the drill or seeder all right. Wheat swells one-fourth and oats swell one-third, and the drill has to be set accordingly. This treatment has saved many thousands of dollars for the Dakota farmers and is all right.—H. Bisbee, North Dakota.

Cantaloupes in Indiana.

Bulletin 123 of the Indiana experiment station tells of the growing of melons commercially in that state. The lower Wabash Valley is the most important melon growing section of the state, and the quality of melons, especially cantaloupes, rivals that of the Rocky Ford product.

Seeds are started in plant boxes which are placed in hotbeds, and great care is necessary to see that the plants make stocky growth. Early in May the plants are transplanted to the field, being set 5x7 feet, as a rule, although some growers plant somewhat closer. The plant boxes are slit at the corners, so that they easily fall away when the plants are set.

Cultivation is maintained throughout the season, this cultivation being shallow. When the runners get too large for horse cultivation in both directions, the vines are laid in winrows, having the runners all approximately in line, thus giving opportunity for horse cultivation to continue for some time in the other direction of the row. When the runners nearly cover the ground cultivation ceases.

Great care must be taken in harvesting the crop, so that just the right stage of ripeness will be reached. The melons are packed in halfbushel Climax baskets and also in crates holding a dozen melons.

The striped beetle attacks cantaloupe vines, but seldom remains long enough to cause great injury. Plant enough seeds so that a few vines can be spared. The melon louse often does great damage. Soapy washes or kerosene emulsion will kill them, but the insects are hard to get, for they feed on the under side of the leaves generally. The most practicable plan seems to be to watch the field closely and destroy infested plants as soon as found, to prevent the spread of the insect. The wilt disease often ruins entire fields. No remedy has been found. Rust or blight attacks the foliage, and canbe prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture, at the strength of four pounds of lime, to fifty gallons of water. The rust, like most other fungi, flourishes when the weather is moist and humid. When once the disease appears the entire field should be thoroughly sprayed at once and another application made a week or ten days later.

The Potato Bug.

The potato bug, or Colorado potato beetle, passes the winter in the mature form. As soon as the potatoes are up, these bugs begin feeding and laying eggs on the young leaves. The young that hatch from these eggs, as well as the next brood, are the ones that do the damage. Therefore, it is necessary that treatment should be begun as soon as the young beetles appear on the vines. Dust the plants while the dew is on, with a mixture made of 1 pound Paris green to 10 pounds air-slaked lime or cheap flour. Another good method is to spray the plants with a composition of 2 ounces of Paris green in 50 gallons of Bordeaux mixture, spraying the vines two or three times. For this purpose the Bordeaux mixture should be made out of 3 pounds of bluestone and 5 pounds of lime to 50 gallons of water. This mixture will not only kill the beetle, but also prevent the early blight from destroying the leaves and stems of the vines.

Things Worth Knowing.

With all classes of stock the value of the feed is the same, whether it is supplied to the scrawniest or the best of thoroughbreds.

When the wheels get so dry that they rattle, have the tires properly set; do not try to chink up the spokes.

Teams that have been partially idle for some time should come into work again gradually and their shoulders bathed with salt water.

The first rule for getting a good profit from poultry is to get the chicks hatched early, and the next is to keep those chicks growing so fast that they will reach laying maturity before the commencement of cold weather.

To easily remove the handle from an axe, place the blade on top of a heated stove and leave it there till the iron around what is known as the "eye" becomes quite hot. Heat expands the iron, making it an easy matter to drive the handle from the blade.

The cutworm is the larvae of a moth; the worm is of a brown color, fat and sluggish, about an inch long, and feeds only during the night.

If given before the hogs get past the eating and drinking stage, the following is claimed to be an infallible cure for hog cholera: To a barrel of good slop add one pint of Venetian red and one pint of kerosene oil. Mix well.

The garden should contain most of all of the common medicinal and flavoring herbs. Most of these can be grown with very little trouble, and the herb plat should include such useful plants as sage, hoarhound, caraway, saffron, pennyroyal, tansy and others that will suggest themselves.

A horse will never run into any other burning building besides his own, or even pass a bonfire if he can help it, but when once he scents danger he tries to get to his stall—his home—and when once he reaches there can only be driven away by fright or shock superior to his dread of fire.

For bumble-foot in poultry paint the corn liberally with tincture of iodine daily for a week. If this is done in the early stages the corn can be spread.

EMBROIDERED DOILIES.

For the woman who likes to embroider, yet does not care to take the trouble to undertake a large and complicated task, sets of doilies are on the market, prettily embroidered. The design is filled in in white, and when a colored stitch is done around the edge the effect is very good, and the semi-lazy woman may sit on her porch and work away on a dozen of these doilies, and when they are finished she may proudly exclaim that she has embroidered them, and her friends will be none the wiser.

The old Dame Fashion of household affairs has at last decided, after many years of unsettled mind, that only two sizes of doilies are necessary for the table. The smallest, for glasses, measures six inches in diameter, and the plate doilies ten inches, while the centerpiece, of course, would be twenty-

EPILEPSY FITS TRIAL FREE
If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness or Spasms, or have Children that do so, my New Discovery and Treatment will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle of Dr. May's EPILEPTICIDE CURE
Complies with Food and Drugs Act of Congress June 30th 1906. Complete directions, also testimonials of CURES, etc., FREE by mail Express Prepaid. Give AGE and full address
W. H. MAY, M. D., 548 Pearl Street, New York.

UESTION BUREAU ?

E8—1.—Your real name and ffice address must be on the sheet the question. Initials will not do. sk only one question; that is, there be several questions on the same ct, but not different subjects. 3.— editor of the Bureau is not allowed ive the address of any person or nor answer as to the reliability of person or firm, nor to tell where you buy anything or sell anything— ing in the way of free advertising. 4.— eserve the right to decline to answer question not of general interest to a rity of our readers. 5.—We will not er any questions on religious topics— uestions involving dogma or doctrine, Biblical interpretation; no prices of oins or stamps; no arithmetical or matical questions. 6.—Don't ask re- by mail. If a question is of general est to our readers, we will reply in but never by mail.

ath.

ill the Question Bureau please give etch of James Ridpath, author of ath's History of the World?—E. T., don, Ga.

oesn't our inquirer have reference ohn Clark Ridpath, the historian? was born in Putnam county, Indi- April 26, 1841. He was graduated Asbury University, Ind., in 1863, in 1864 was appointed principal of academy at Thornton, Ind. In 1866 was superintendent of public in- ction at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and 1867-9 professor of languages at win University, Ind. In 1869 he appointed to the chair of English sbury, and in 1879 became vice dent of the institution. The en- ment of $2,000,000 bestowed upon university by Mr. De Pauw was red largely through Ridpath's ef- and under his management it ived its new name of De Pauw. r his resignation from the universi- devoted himself to literature, and much in the way of history. He in 1890.

tors from Three States.

ease give the senators from the s of Ohio, Rhode Island and South lina.—H. K. M., Machias, N. Y.

esenators from Ohio are Joseph Foraker and Charles Dick; from de Island, Nelson W. Aldrich and ge P. Wetmore; from South Caro- Asbury C. Latimer and Benjamin illman.

ley Waterloo.

ease give a brief account of Stan- Waterloo. Where does he live? t are some of his works?—M. T. S., on, Ind.

anley Waterloo was born in St. county, Michigan, May 21, 1840. was graduated from the University ichigan in 1869, engaged in jour- sm, was one of the owners of the Louis Journal in 1872, was subse- ntly editor of the St. Louis Repub- Chronicle, and Globe-Democrat, and 884 established the St. Paul Day. was later editor-in-chief of the ago Mail, and has been engaed on ous other journals. He has written an and a Woman, Honest Money, e are My Jewels, and a number of r short stories. Mr. Waterloo's e is in Chicago.

coni's Achievement.

friend disputes the historical fact Marconi ever sent a wireless mes- or signal across the Atlantic. I it in the Q. and A. column of The e several months ago, but do not mber the particulars. Please give and as many particulars as you —A. L. S., Stayton, Ore.

nuary 18, 1903, Marconi, from the h Wellfleet station, Cape Cod, sent a wireless message direct to hu (a distance of 3,000 miles), President Roosevelt to King Ed-

us A. Hanna.

ease give a sketch of the life of us A. Hanna.—W. V. A., Buckeye, Va.

was born at New Lisbon, O., ember 24, 1837, and died in Wash- on in 1904. In 1852 his family ed to Cleveland, where he was ed- ed in the public schools and also a course of study in Western Re- University. He left college to r the grocery trade with his father, later had entire control of the bus- In 1867 he became a partner his father-in-law in the firm of des & Co., engaged in handling and iron. He soon mastered the ils of the business, greatly ex- ed the work of his firm, and was first to build steel steamships for lake trade. In 1877 he became the rolling partner of the firm, the e of which was changed to M. A. na & Co., and acquired large in- sts in lake navigation. In 1880 he nized a business men's political and fom that time was active in ics. He first gained a national tation when he obtained the nomi- on of McKinley for president at convention of 1896, and as chairman he Republican national committee ducted the presidential campaign h resulted in the triumphant elec- of McKinley. In 1897 he was ap- ted United States senator to suc- John Sherman, who resigned be- the completion of his term, and in was elected senator for a term of years. Hanna was a firm believer arbitration between capital and r, and was active in the organiza- of the National Civic Federation, ming its president.

Jutes.

ho were the people called Jutes, where did they come from?—I. D. Falconer, N. Y.

e Jutes were a Low German tribe h, with the Saxons and Angles, in- d Great Britain in the fifth cen- According to tradition they were ted by the Britons to aid them nst the Picts. Their connection Jutland, the continental Denmark, always been a matter of dispute.

Wilmot Proviso.

itor Question Bureau:—In your is- of December 17, 1903, you published article relating to the authorship of Wilmot proviso. Would you re- ish the same? I have lost my copy he paper and have not now access he letters, records, etc., as at the I wrote the article in question for columns. Mansfield, O., was then place of residence. Compliance the above wish would greatly ge a Blade subscriber.—S. T. F., on, Wis.

ere is the article as it appeared on date mentioned:

itor Blade:—In your issue of Dec. H. K., Mansfield, Ohio, asks for rmation relative to the Wilmot iso. At the close of your answer say that you never heard it inti- ed that Wilmot was not the actual or of the proviso. I can give your ers an interesting historical fact rding its authorship. The famous olution was drawn up by Jacob Brin- hoff, of Mansfield, Ohio, who was ted to congress in 1843. The orig- draft of the document is now on in the library of congress in his dwriting. Several copies of this olution were made and distributed ng the Free Soil members of con- s with the understanding that ever among them should catch the aker's eye and get the floor should oduce it.

on. John Sherman, in his Personal oirs, vol. 1, page 104, gives to Ja- Brinkerhoff the credit of having wn up the proviso. The same honor onferred on him by a son of the Henry Wilson, in a biography of illustrious father, who served one as vice president, having been ted with Grant.

eorge Brinkerhoff, now a resident of sfield, Ohio, and a prominent at- ey there, a son of the congressman, in his possession a letter in refer- to this fact written in 1894 by Hon. Wm. M. Cook, of Tennessee, who was a colleague of Brinkerhoff's in the 29th congress. We quote from that letter as follows: "A number of anti-slavery congressmen had procured copies of the ordinance of 1787, drawn up by Thomas Jefferson and applied by congress to all that territory ceded by the state of Virginia to the United States lying northwest of the Ohio river, which, by its terms forever excluded slavery or involuntary servitude from said territory, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party should have been duly convicted, intending to offer it as an amendment to the bill, when reported to the house by the committee of the whole. * * When the bill was reported to the house, there was a great struggle for the floor, at least twenty members claiming it. The speaker, Mr. John W. Davis, of Indiana, awarded the floor to David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, who did not have a copy of the ordinance of 1787 in his hand. Mr. Brinkerhoff, having a copy, handed him his, which he offered as an amendment to the bill, and thus made his name immortal. This is a true statement of the transaction as seen by an eye witness."

Mr. Cooke, from whose letter this is quoted, had a seat in the house of representatives next to that of John Quincy Adams, and when Adams was stricken with paralysis Cooke caught him and prevented his falling to the floor. There was at the funeral of "The Old Man Eloquent" one pallbearer from each state, and Mr. Cooke was the only one of the number yet living in 1894. Jacob Brinkerhoff was a judge of the supreme court of Ohio for fifteen years.—S. S. F., Oakdale, Pa.

Mountain Meadows Massacre.

Will the Bureau please give as much history as it can of the Mountain Meadows massacre? What part of the west did it occur in?—J. J. G., Morgantown, W. Va.

The slaughter of western emigrants, known in history as the Mountain Meadows massacre, took place in Utah, in September, 1857. The emigrants, numbering 140, were on the way from Arkansas and Missouri to southern California. While in camp in the valley of Mountain Meadows, in Zion county. They were attacked by Indians and it is alleged by Mormons disguised as Indians. They held their ground for three days, when under promise of protection by John D. Lee, a Mormon bishop and Indian agent, they left their barricade of wagons; whereupon the attack was renewed and every person of the 140 killed excepting 17 young children. These were distributed among Mormon families, but afterward restored to their relatives by the United States government. The Mormons have always been blamed for the massacre. John D. Lee was condemned and executed.

Method of Building Ships.

Will the Question Bureau please tell us about the building and launching of ships —how the work is done—M. R., Lonetree, Mo.

A row of blocks four feet or more apart and three feet high, is set in the ground, extending back from the water the proposed length of the ship, and their flat upper surface sloping toward it about three degrees from the horizontal. On these blocks the timbers which make the keel are laid, fitted together and secured by bolts. On the fore end of the keel is erected the stern, and on the after end the stern post, with its lower end tenoned into the keel. The frames which cross the keel are formed of floor timber and futtocks. They are put together while in a horizontal position, with the floor timbers lying across the keel. When all are calked and bolted together the whole frame is canted up by proper purchases, cross pawls preventing it from spreading. The keelson is a longitudinal timber parallel to the keel, and occupying a place inside the frames corresponding to that of the keel on the outside. The spaces between the frames are generally filled in solid with white or live oak timber. After the frames are erected they are regulated so as to stand square with the keel longitudinaly and level transversely. Heavy rib bands are attached to the frames on the outside, and secured by heavy shores. The inside of the ship is then prepared for strapping, ceiling, placing and kneeing beams, laying decks, etc. The outside of the frame is covered with plank interlocked with the keel. There still remains a great deal of work for the ship carpenter, laying of decks, planking, etc., etc. The ship being ready for launching, two parallel lines of heavy timbers are laid along her length one on each side and continued down into the water until sufficient depth is reached for the vessel to float. The slope of this track, or the "ways" is about seven-eighths of an inch to the foot for large vessels; small vessels require a little more inclination. The top of each timber is well covered with melted tallow, and upon this, when cold, is added soft soap or oil. On the top along the outer edge a ribbon of hard wood full 5 in. square is fastened down, and braced by a succession of shores extending back on each side, against some solid support in the ground; the object of this ribbon being to prevent any outward deviation of the upper timbers that make the cradle in which the ship is held, as the whole slides down together. This second system is loosely piled up under the ship, the lowest portion being timbers, smooth and well greased on the under side and laid directly on the ways. Between these timbers called the bilgeways and the bottom of the ship over them, the space is filled in partly with blocks of timber and planks, and toward the bow and stern by short shores, called poppets, set up from the bilgeways to the bottom of the ship, their steadiness being secured by stout planks temporarily fastened along the bottom against the heads of the poppets. Near the stem and stern chains are passed across to hold the cradle together. To bring the weight of the ship upon the cradle long wedges are driven in over the bolgeways from one or both sides of each of them. The shores at the sides of the ship, which had heretofore aided to sustain her, and the blocks beneath the keel, which took the chief portion of the weight may now be removed, with the exception of a few of the latter under the farward part of the vessel. Two short shores called dog shores are placed one on each side of the vessel to brace from the ways as a fixed point forward against the bilge-ways, and thus hold the cradle with its load from sliding too soon. The fore blocks are then split up with wedges and drawn out, letting the whole weight settle down upon the ways. At an order the dog shores are knocked down and the structure begins to move, at first slowly and then with rapidly increasing velocity.

Miscellaneous.

P. C., Sheridan, Wyo.: From September 31 to August 5 is the time set for the G. A. R. encampment in Toledo.

C. E. W., Adrian, W. Va.: Of course Noah's Ark is not still in existence.

H. A., Little Britain, N. Y.: The star-shower-falling stars to which you refer occurred in the United States, November 13, 1868.

J. W. C., Montrose, W. Va.: We haven't space in these columns for the Democratic platforms of 1872 and 1876.

OR HIS —NEW LOW DOWN— AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATOR $29.75

Guaranteed to skim closer than any separator in the world. Sold direct from the factory. We are the oldest exclusive manufacturers of hand separators in America. You save all agents', dealers' and even mail order house profits. We have the most liberal 30 DAYS' TRIAL freight prepaid offer. Write for it today. Our new low down, waist high separator is the finest, highest quality machine on the market; no other separator compares with it in close skimming, ease of cleaning, easy running, simplicity, strength or quality. Our own (the manufacturer's) guarantee protects you on every AMERICAN machine. We can ship immediately. Write for our great offer and handsome catalogue on our new waist high model. Address, AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO. Box 1070, Bainbridge, N. Y.

TOURIST AND THE CANDLES

Tit-Bits.

A tourist was shown to a room in a hotel in Brussels, where he found twenty candles stuck in a chandelier. As it was dark, the attendant lighted them all; but the guest had been in continental hotels before and made him put them out immediately.

This was of no avail, however. In his bill next day he found them charged, "Twenty candles, 10 francs."

The tourist thereupon went back to the room and took out all the candles, wrapped each one in a paper, and put them into his pocket.

When he was about to leave the house he found the servants drawn up in two lines in the hall, ten man servants on one side, ten maid servants on the other all smiling and ready for the expected tip. then he drew out his package and distributed the candles, one to each.

"Allow me, monsieur," he said with a bow; "permit me, mademoiselle. They are very superior candles, I assure you. I paid half a franc apiece for them," and he left them staring at the candles in their hands like so many altr boys.

FISHES OF THE BAHAMAS.

Leslie's Weekly.

The fish found in Nassau waters are of never-ending interest to the stranger. With the aid of a native water glass, which is a common wooden bucket with the bottom knocked out and a glass bottom put in, it is possible to watch the finny creatures swimming about, apparently regardless of prying eyes. The parrot-fish, with a body the shape and color of a gold-fish, only ten times larger; the cow-fish, with a comical face curiously like a caricature of its bovine sponsor; hog-fish, with snouts; grouper, hine, amberjack and turbot, whose exquisitely tinted skin is dried and used by the natives as scrubbing brushes, are all there, but the most beautiful of all is the angel-fish, with its blue and yellow wing-like fins. Angel-fish are so numerous in Nassau, and their flesh is so delicate in flavor, that they are a frequent item on the menu of the large tourist hotel.

How Husbands Are Kept at Home Evenings by Cheerful Wives

It is a foolish wife who does not make home pleasant in the evening for her husband, especially as the modern trend that permits man to wander abroad even more than formerly without criticism makes it perfectly simple for him to stay anywhere but at home if he wishes. This fact alone should make a wife bend every energy toward domestic happiness. She cannot have it if her husband is spending his leisure hours away from her, and, broadly speaking, she must enter into competition to keep that which is hers.

There is no possible question that a man will find the diversions of the theatre or the society of other men more agreeable when he is tired at the end of the day than the companionship of a fretful or critical wife. A man is tired when his work is done; there is every reason why he should be. If he has any measure of success in business, or a profession, it is because he is working harder than many other men, even though he have more than average ability. All the genius in the world will accomplish nothing if it is not applied.

A man who is maintaining his home, however simply, struggles every day down town to keep it running, and this is a fact of which a wife should never lose sight. Even though he is not able to give her all she wishes, and the tenant down stairs has a more elaborate wardrobe, what possible good will it do to whine and complain? A constant asking for dresses, etc., may force her husband to give the money she desires to keep peace, but usually with the result that he gets in debt or is handicapped with unwarrantable expenses for which, in some way or another, both pay later. To do other than make the best of the home she has, and of herself in it, is worse than foolish on the part of the woman.

She will be very much helped in this if, instead of allowing her mind to dwell on what she has not, she will think of what she has. Health, perhaps, a home in which there is love and protection, a man working and caring for her, and the hundred little daily joys that exist, if she will only try to find them. This makes a far pleasanter atmosphere in which to spend her days than thinking of the luxuries she lacks.

The truth is that the woman who makes the best of things gets a great deal more out of life and has a far happier time than she who will not, as the English say, "buck up." Part of this salutary process is making home a place where her husband comes at the end of the day's work, not because he is obliged to, but because he prefers to. It isn't such a difficult thing to accomplish, either. It is merely a result of looking the best one can and being cheerful, instead of moping. An element of it is keeping to herself the disagreeable things that have happened during the day. The man has had his own share in his work, the wife may be quite sure of that. Some of them he may tell her, but a rehearsal of her own troubles in return is not half so satisfactory to his irritated feelings as sympathy and understanding. Certain serious difficulties that arise at home during the day a husband may be obliged to know, but it is not necessary that they shall be flung at him the instant he enters the house. It is infinitely better to wait until he is rested and refreshed before the unpleasant topic is introduced.

Cheerfulness and interest are two very important qualities in a wife for her own happiness and that of her family. If she will develop them both and try to make herself look sweet and attractive, she is not likely to be among those women whose husbands spend their evenings away from home.

Widowers as Matrimonial Factors

Ma uster allus say: "Don't fool with widowers, grass nor sod."

But the general verdict would be in favor of the widower.

A man who has the nerve to take the leap again, while thousands halt on the brink all their lives and others fall in and get drowned, shows that he has all the ear marks of a brave and chivalrous man.

It is not whom you marry, but how much you marry that is the real thing among the Hon Ton Shufflers who are in the swim. The more times a man or woman marries, the larger the stock they will have to draw upon for comparison and the slimmer the chances of the latest aspirant.

ARTISTIC CONCEPTION OF A WIDOWER.

There is much to be said for the widower. He has learned all the little weaknesses of women and how to bear with them and all their great virtues. He has the first flush worn off, knows better than to fly off about his buttons or get jealous over imaginary matters. He has learned the value of patience and in many instances has been robbed of a large amount of egotism.

If his beloved spouse departed by the way of the front door it shows that his faith is hard to kill; if she took her departure by way of the golden stair it shows that somebody loved him anyhow, and that he must have some good qualities.

However, these considerations are small potatoes and few in a row when love steps in. They vanish like quicksand before the billows of the mighty deep. If a man really falls in love, of course he wouldn't marry her for the world if he wasn't quite sure that she was the dearest and sweetest creature ever created and that he was the best person she could by any possibility choose.

All things considered, the widower should choose some one in whose existence he could forget the other. She should be a young woman who has never been married, in preference to a widow with children; otherwise, the combination of the two families might prove a rather stiff jolt to his young love's dream. She should possess extreme charms and many accomplishments—one who has the power to bring sweet oblivion, and, above all, one who is capable of an absorbing love, great sacrifice, an angelic disposition and nobility of character. Love is the strongest of all passions in such a case—it is omnipotent—so that when it exists in its proper energy on one side only it absorbs all the minor energies, and, on the field threatened with storms, the rainbow hangs out its multi-colored bridge in the sky drawing enemies nearer and making them allies.

If a widower has no children his marriage with a widow with children is usually a success, as he is usually out all day and has litle chance for sweet communion with her offspring.

In choosing a wife it is extremely difficult to know all the faults of one who loves you; unconsciously she desires to appear her best. But a man will not go far wrong if he will choose the daughter of a good mother.

A man should marry his equal in life. If he marries above his grade he is apt to be patronized by her family, which may inadvertently act as a bomb in the camp; if below his station he is apt to eventually find that they have neither tastes nor sympathies in common.

Marriage, like an overweening predilection for firewater, is a state that a man falls into without any effort whatever, but gives him something of a run to get out of.

BEGGAR TYPES.

The Blind Man Whose Helper Has a Big Voice.

One beggar known to many New Yorkers is a blind man who visits down-town saloons and restaurants in tow of a man who not only has his sight, but a huge, beefy voice into the bargain. The blind man carries pencils theoretically for sale.

The custom of this pair is to pause at the entrance to the place they are working, while the man with the voice roars: "Gents, please help a poor blind boy by buying from him."

What gets the attention of all, and if the two are not put out at once, they get to work. It is to be noticed that the blind man rarely offers any pencils in return for what is dropped into his palm.

At the end of the tour they line up at the door again, both this time saying: "Thank you, gents. God bless you," and go out.

A Brooklyn flat dweller recently opened his door to a timid knock and found at it a small boy, who asked if he might see the "lady of the house." The man constituted himself that authority for a moment and asked what was wanted.

The boy handed him a note, neatly enough written, but rather worn, as if by use. "Please help my boy with a little money. We are cold, and he is getting some money to buy coal. I am his mother, but I am too sick to move," read the note, which was signed with a name and an address.

The Brooklyn man was unable to figure out whether it was the boy's private enterprise, a regularly established begging plant, or a deserving case. He took a chance on the last.—New York Sun.

NO STREET CARS IN STATE

Kansas City Star.

"In all our state there is not one mile of street railway nor any paved streets," said Prof. Frederick C. Beeler, the state geologist of Wyoming, who was in Kansas City last night.

"How do you get along without them?" some one asked.

"Well," answered Prof. Beeler, "there is a street railway system soon to be built in Cheyenne, where I live. There is a population of 16,000 in Cheyenne, but being a very compact town it has not needed street cars. As for pavements, nature provides them. There is a gravel that washes down from the mountains and overspreads the thoroughfares, making an excellent roadbed. Over this there forms a fine white dust. It is sometimes annoying, so I am investigating Kansas City's system of oiling boulevards. I think it quite likely we will employ the same system in Cheyenne. There are nineteen good oil wells in the state, and their product could be employed to an excellent advantage."

CORSETS IN THE ARMY.

Army and Navy Journal.

Mme. Jacques, the inventor of a corset for men, has asked Surgeon General O'Reilly to take up the subject of introducing this article of wearing apparel in the army. She claims that it is especially valuable for officers as they get on in years and become obese, and urges that it would be distinctly helpful for officers who are obliged to take practice rides, reducing the discomfort of such active exercise and tending to prolong their period of active service. The surgeon general is disinclined to give the matter serious consideration. Mme. Jacques, however, is little disposed to be discouraged, and, with her maid to announce her coming, is interviewing prominent officers at the war department in her avowed efforts to prove a benefactor to the army. If Mme. Jacques and her maid have sufficient personal attractions and will guarantee to fit the corsets, we think their scheme will be popular with the obese military gentlemen getting on in years for whom the corsets are intended.

Morphine

A painless home remedy for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY.
Suite 504, 1181 Broadway, New York.

FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

In Public Places Well Trained Do Not Attract Attention.

Gentleness of speech as well as of manner is one of the most attractive attributes a young girl may have. She is neither insignificant nor colorless simply because her tongue lacks edge. If she tries to see good in every one, and to interpret the actions of others in a kind way the atmosphere takes on an ease most graceful to all.

Other girls may tease and call her "good," but in their secret hearts they are glad of her gentleness, and they leave her presence without fear of being torn to bits, metaphorically speaking, afterward.

Making other people a subject of conversation is never a good thing, however great the temptation. If a girl chooses to let herself go in talking with intimate friends, she will comment and criticise, though the latter may have been furthest from her thoughts. As no one is perfect and the manners of the most punctilius may sometimes lapse, there is never lack of opportunity for this, and in thinking it over later it will be found that things better left unsaid were uttered.

A girl will feel less inclined to indulge in this kind of thing if she remembers that without doubt comments very similar might be made upon herself unless others were kind enough to forbear.

It is quite bad enough to discuss individuals in private, but far worse is it to talk personalities when in a public place. The frequency with which girls may be heard in street cars, at the play, and other like places, discussing the private affairs of others, calling them by name, is appalling. No end of gossip that would not go beyond the set in which it originates is spread by strangers who have herd the individuals, unknown to them except by name, talked over in public.

Two girls at the opera one afternoon recently regaled the curious about them with details of a family quarrel and as the persons named are known all over this country and in Europe all details were eagerly absorbed by those around.

There was no lowering of their voices while talking, though in justice to the girls it is unlikely that they realized the carrying pitch of tone that they had adopted. The strong temptation of well bred persons who heard was to shut the girls in a nursery for a week.

To learn to talk quietly when in the presence of entire strangers is a lesson most necessary to acquire. It is not that the subject discussed may be private, but that loud voices attract attention, never a good thing to do. To speak quietly and gently is in itself charming, but to talk in public in such a way as to excite the interest of those about is an exhibition of bad manners due frequently to thoughtlessness.

MARK TWAIN ON MONEY.

Mark Twain, at a dinner in New York, said that the recent financial panic had been caused by the removal from the coinage of the motto "In God We Trust."

Afterward, with a smile, he appended the following to that statement:

"Of course, I am joking. The panic was caused by a wrong idea of the use and value of money. That is the cause of all money troubles.

"The spendthrift says that money, being round, was made to roll. The miser says that, being flat, it was made to stack up. Both are wrong.

"Strangely wrong, too, in their ideas about money are the veteran Australian gold diggers. These simple old fellows, though worth perhaps a million or more, live in the simple dugouts and shanties of their lean early days. They have no conception of the value for their money they could get in the way of motor cars, diamonds, opera boxes. Their conception of luxury is a trip to town, a silk dress for the wife, and maybe a whisky spree.

"Once lecturing, I landed at an Australian port. There was no porter in sight to carry my luggage. Seeing a rough-looking old fellow leaning against a post with his hands in his pockets, I beckoned to him and said:

"'See here, if you'll carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a crown.'

"The man scowled at me. He took three or four gold sovereigns from his pocket, threw them into the sea, scowled at me again, and walked away without a word."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

New York Sun.

A dangerously careless statement dropped from the lips of the chairman of the committee on banking and currency in the course of a speech on the floor of the house of representatives last week. Fortunately, it escaped notice. Had it gone out in the news reports without challenge or explanation, it might well have disturbed the financial world and affected seriously the standing of American securities.

In a speech paradin the merits of his own bill and setting forth the fallacy of all other financial measures, Mr. Charles N. Fowler declared that the United States treasury has "already suspended gold payments." The grain of fact on which this statement rests is that the treasury, for readily explainable reasons, is paying more of its bills than is its custom in silver certificates and United States notes. There is neither law nor regulation obliging the treasury to pay the country's bills in gold or in gold certificates, and for all purposes of circulation these different forms of circulating medium are of equal value. The present change in the usual custom is due entirely to a temporary physical dislocation of the machinery of the treasurer's office.

Mr. Fowler thought that he found cause for alarm and support for his theories in the fact that on April 27, 1907, the treasury held about $146,000,000 of free gold, while on the same date of this year it held only about $39,000,000. A year ago it held about $9,000,000 in national bank notes and it now holds about $50,000,000. Therefore, according to Mr. Fowler's view, the national bank note is driving out gold and has compelled a supension of gold payments. Nothing of the kind has happened. The recent increase in the issue of bank notes and the present abundance of money have combined to flood the treasury with bank notes for redemption. The failure of congress to appropriate money which the treasurer could use for the hiring of clerks to count and arrange these bank notes and to call upon the issuing banks to redeem them has resulted in their accumulation, uncounted and unsorted, in the treasury vaults. Gold which would normally be held in place of them has been paid out. The matter has now been corrected and this week will see more than forty clerks reducing the accumulation. A few weeks will see $40,000,000 or more of it replaced by gold through the usual process of redemption.

Mr. Fowler also disregarded the fact the last fall some $22,000,000 of the free gold of the treasury was deposited with national banks. The regular process of redeeming these notes, resumed this week, and the adjustment of the redemption fund will effect a material change in the treasury statement. The proceeds of the converted notes, the adjusted redemption fund, the free gold on hand plus the gold deposited with banks, will put Mr. Cortelyou's cash boxes within a few weeks in practically the same condition that they were in a year ago.

Meanwhile there need be no doubt or even question. The national treasury has never been in sounder condition. Every dollar in circulation is as good as gold, and a statement that the treasurer has "suspended gold payments" is practically as far from the fact as would be a statement that the government has repudiated its bonds. Mr. Fowler's statement was inexcusably careless and might have led to difficulty if not to disaster.

CANADA'S GROWTH.

American Review of Reviews.

This national development took time in the progress of Canada. She seemed to be standing still. In reality she was only getting up steam.

Twenty-five years ago Canada had not 2,000 miles of railroads. Today she has 28,000 miles. Then she had no transcontinental road. Today she has three.

Twenty-five years ago her total output of gold for all time did not exceed $50,000,000. Today she has taken out of Klondike alone more than $1,000,000,000.

In 1851 Canada's total trade was $34,000,000. Today it is over $550,000,000.

In 1851 her population was not 3,000,000. Today it is almost 7,000,000.

In 1871 there was only one small town on the Canadian Pacific coast—Victoria. Today there are two large cities, and a third city is in the making—Prince Rupert, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific—and there are hundreds of smaller towns.

Twenty-five years ago you could not sell northwest land at $1.50 an acre. Today the minimum price rules from $6 to $10.

As late as 1908 Manitoba was proud of raising 47,000,000 bushels of wheat. Today her record is 87,000,000 bushels.

HAD PREJUDICE AGAINST OVERCOATS

"My venerated grandmother looked at me rather scornfully when I approached her clad in my first overcoat, and I'll never forget the 'roasting' she gave me for having one," said J. M. Bond, of St. Louis.

"She said that no sensible man would descend to the effeminacy of an overcoat and that the effect of wearing one was to reduce vigor and the hardiness that comes of battling with cold weather. She pointed to the fine example of a statesman with whom she had a personal acquaintance, the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, elected vice president of the United States with Lincoln, who in his whole career never put one on, no matter how low the mercury dropped."—Baltimore American.

MISTAKE OF WOMEN.

Many young wives, when the babies come, gradually get into a way of thinking that with house and children to look after it is quite impossible for them to get away long enough to pay visits, and too much trouble to have friends at home, and so after a while give up seeing their friends altogether.

This is one of the greatest mistakes a woman can make. The stay-at-home woman, who has practically no interests outside her home, is apt to grow narrow and old before her time, and is narrowing her chances of happiness immensely. If home happiness fails what has she left? Very little. But the woman who has kept up friendships, even though to do so entailed many a little self-denial and much arranging of time, if troubles come has still her friends to fall back upon, friends who will grieve with her and try their best to help her over the bad place.

Therefore, don't lose any chance you may have of making friends, and, once made, don't grudge the little time and trouble entailed in keeping them. Most people ask very little of a busy woman, says Home Chat. Just an occasional visit, to show that one is not forgotten, or a note, if visiting is impossible, or an invitation to a cup of tea, and your friend will remain your friend, whereas if you ignore her altogether for a few years you can hardly be surprised if she decides that such "friendship" is not worth having and drops you.

MEYERBEER'S INSPIRATION

Meyerbeer gathered his thoughts amid the rumble of thunder, the flash of lightning, and downpour of rain. In order more fully to expose himself to the stimulating effects of the elements, he had constructed for himself at the top of his house a room whose sides were entirely of glass, and here he would hasten at the approach of a storm and amid its fury would have a rush of musical thoughts.

There is a story about him to the effect that once when entertaining friends at dinner he heard a distant rumble of thunder just as the soup course was served, and to the astonishment of his guests he hastened from the room to his musical chamber, and left them to take care of themselves for the rest of the evening.

THE SEVERE CRITIC.

Oscar Hammerstein, at an Easter dinner, criticised a certain performance of an old-fashioned opera.

"But I must not be too severe," he concluded, "or you will put me down as a regular Beethoven."

"Was Beethoven so severe?" a young 'cellist asked.

"Was he severe? Bless your soul, yes," said Mr. Hammerstein. "Beethoven attended a performance of Paer's opera of Leonore, in Vienna.

"At the end of the performance Paer, approached eagerly, and Beethoven gave a loud laugh and said in his bluff, direct way:

"'I like your opera very much, Paer. I have a good mind to set it to music.'"

TEDDY FOOLED THEM

It was with a feeling of trepidation that the Boston reporter entered the imposing doorway of Claverly Hall, the pretentious dormitory of Harvard. He had been assigned to interview Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the son of the President, and he was disagreeably conscious of two disturbing facts. Young Mr. Roosevelt avoided newspaper men as he would the plague and he, himself, would not know the scion of the White House even if he should run plump into him.

"Watch for a chap in glasses, with hair that sticks up, and who looks like a farmer," the city editor had directed, "and when you find him, grab him!"

Room twenty-seven was the Roosevelt apartment, the reporter had been informed, and he beat a bold tattoo on the door. A gruff voice answered and he stepped resolutely within. At a corner table a young man was seated writing, whose personal appearance tallied exactly with that of Theodore, Jr.

"This is easy!" was the elated thought of the reporter. "Mr. Roosevelt?" he began confidently.

The young man interrupted him with a smile. "You have made a mistake," he said quietly. "Mr. Roosevelt's room is number seven."

The newspaper man stared.

"But you—" began the puzzled interviewer. The young man, however, had turned back in cold silence to his writing. The reporter fidgeted awkwardly and backed into the hall, swearing softly to himself. Was that a smile lurking behind the other's glasses?

When the newspaper man located number seven at the other end of the corridor, his knock was greeted by oppressive silence and its repetition by the janitor.

"Roosevelt?" the individual repeated. "Why, he's back at twenty-seven. This room hasn't been occupied for weeks!" And then as he caught sight of the other's scowl, "Teddy's been up to his old trick, eh? Number seven is his favorite dodge to escape the reporters," he chuckled. "When you get back, I'll wager he'll be gone!"

He was.

"And that's the chap who loks like a farmer!" the reporter muttered in disgust, as he gloomily descended the steps.

Story of the Beggar Maid's Mamma

A certain girl whose mamma was a manoeuverer found herself, on the death of her paternal relative, face to face with the hard proposition called life without a preserver.

Except for the paltry thousand which the doctor kindly agreed to let them keep until it was more convenient to pay him the rest, they would have had to take their places at once in the ranks of the world's workers.

The mother, though a newly made widow, was on to the possibilities of her role before she had found the most attractive angle at which to drape her long black veil.

After a decent period of mourning, in which she had leisure to lay her plans, she outlined the campaign to her daughter. She recalled the ancient wiles of the Beggar Maid and King Cophetua the Susceptible. The girl at first raised objections to the cold blooded suggestions of her official chaperon, but she grew more reconciled the longer she listened. At last she surrendered meekly, even hopefully. She promised to play her hand the best she could.

Half the capital was judiciously invested in clothes calculated to make an impression. They were deliciously simple, without being too severe. As the mother explained they were sweetly sad, as befitted half mourners, without being sombre. The other half of the good dust they reserved to pay board.

Instead of going in the height of the season to a certain smart resort, the two waited until the summer visitors had hied themselves homeward. The mother knew that this was the season when the most desirable and elusive bachelors came there to hunt. The other guests who remained were uninteresting invalids who had been benefited by the climate.

Naturally the crowd drifted together. The mother explained sadly that she had postponed coming until it was quiet. She was all alone since her bereavement and she knew she was selfish to try to keep her daughter with her. It was a touching

EVOLVING A SCHEME OF MARRIAGE.

role and she played it for all its possibilities.

Now the orphan girl shone, even in a crowd, but here, all alone with the contingent of invalids, she fairly dazzled the eyes of the millionaire beholders. Indeed, guarded as she was by the jealous eyes of her mother, not one thought he took any risk in noticing her. This is one of the wiles with which Eve beguiled Adam in the garden.

When finally all the capital was spent, except fifty shrinking dollars, the mother advised her daughter to Hurry Up. The next day the pjiace was shaken from center to circumference. The only daughter of her mother, and she a widow, eloped with the richest man at the Springs. She came tearfully back to beg her mother, who had planned the elopement—even specified the number of tears she should shed—to forgive her.

The whole family lived very comfortably ever after.

This simple story teaches that the modern mamma can catch King Cophetua or anybody elese for her daughter if she goes after him right.

DETECTIVE'S RECORD SHOT

In Crowded Hotel Luck Brought Him and His Man Together.

"Even the more or less built up yarns recounting the exploits of detectives rarely make reference to the almost weird streaks of bullhead luck which all of us occasionally have in snagging people we go after," said a headquarters sleuth who has had a lot of experience in tracking fugitives. "Seven years ago this spring I made a haul for which I got the glad word all around, and yet it was a piece of work that any sixteen-year-old boy with a pear shaped head could have pulled off, given the same amount of 1,000 to 1 shot luck that drifted my way in connection with the capture.

"A high flying young New York chap, the manager of a branch brokerage establishment in one of the Tenderloin hotels, got in over his head while his boss was in Europe. He gutted the works, taking not only the old man's cash but some tens of thousands of the customers' money. Then he bolted for it.

"I happened to know this runaway, so the chief tossed the case my way. At the outset of my inquiries among the runaway's pals I found out that the young fellow had often expressed a desire to visit Japan some old day. Having no other clue I determined to take a chance that he'd made for the cherry blossom country, so I made the quick hike for San Francisco.

"I reached San Francisco about 10 o'clock at night, dog tired, and had myself driven to the Palace Hotel, figuring on taking a long sleep before beginning the scour on the following day for traces of my man.

"The hotel was jammed. The night clerk gave me the con grin when I scribbled my name on the book.

"'You look like you're expecting to get about three rooms and a bath,' he said to me, cheerfully. 'That being the case, how'd you'd like to bunk in with another man?'

"'Just as soon sleep with a wet dog,' said I. 'Why?'

"'Because you've got to, chum, if you're going to abide with us this time,' said the night clerk. 'House is stuffed and you in a room where there's only one other duck—New York fellow, by the way, cluttered to the roof. But I can stick so you'll probably be able to make out better with him than you might with a bunch of native sons.'

"I murmured a few phrases to the night clerk about the jayness of an alleged town that couldn't give an old time guest of a hotel a decent night's rest without doubling him up with somebody else, but the clerk only beamed under my grouchiness and told me that he was doing the best he could for me. I told him that I'd take a poke around among some of the other hotels to see if I couldn't get a room to myself, and I started out. All the other hotels were in an even worse state than the Palace. So I hiked myself to the Palace, reaching there at midnight.

"'Still got that vacancy with the New York dub' I asked the clerk, and he told me yes.

"'And you needn't take it so much to heart, either,' said the night clerk. 'Wait'll you hear the beef that New York chap will put up when he's gently requested to move over and make room for another.'

"So I went up to the room occupied by the New Yorker, with the head bellhop to help me in making an entry of the preempted room. The head bellhop banged on the door—deep snores were proceeding from the room over the transom—but there was no reply until the bellman had slugged the panel for about five minutes, and slugged it hard. Then came a voice:

"'Hey! what the devil's coming off here, anyhow?'

"And I guess maybe I didn't stick my ears forward when I heard that voice. The man I was after had something the matter with his pipes and he spoke in a high, raspy, shrill tone that could have been recognized anywhere, once heard, by anybody. The voice of the man in this room was the voice, I would have bet a thousand, of the man I was hunting.

"'Dey's a gemman heah wot's uh—gwine to sleep wif yo'-al,' called out the bellhop.

"'I'll be jimswinkled if there is!' came back that piping voice from the room in a tone of considerable peevishness.

"'Ain't no help fo' it, suh,' sang out the bellman. 'De cluk he say de gemman done uh-gwine tuh sleep wif yo'-all. Open de do', please, suh.'

"'Open nothing!' piped the man in the room. 'Go chase yourself and give us a rest. Nobody backs into this stall while I'm in it.'

"I reached out and pulled the bellhop away from the door. Then I put my shoulder to the door, and it went in right enough. Then I switched on the lights—and there was my man sitting on the edge of the bed, regarding me with natural enough astonishment.

"'Hello, Jeff,' I said to him. 'Tag. You're it.'

"And that's about all. I occupied the some room with him that night, but I didn't sleep any—had 'em send me relays of black coffee so that I could keep my lamps open.

"The young fellow saw that the jig was up and he came back to New York with me without the papers. They haven't got through giving me the pat-pat yet for that stunt, and yet, as you see, it was just about equivalent to the stunt of the woman who sticks a pin in a racing program and lands on a 100 to 1 shot that proceeds to spreadeagle the field after she's got her ace note on it."—New York Sun.

SURE CURE FOR LAZINESS

A gang of "White Caps," in Atlanta City, Ga., the local representatives of "Judge Lynch," forced their way into the house of a man who had given great offence to the community by his laziness, and who compelled his wife to bring his meals to him while he lay comfortably in bed. The "White Caps" dragged the man out of bed and administered a hundred lashes to him.

WALL COLORS AND LIGHT

Result of Recent Practical Experiments Made in Germany

In painting or papering the walls of a room the question often arises. What color reflects the most, and what the least light?

Recent experiments in Germany give the following results: Dark blue reflects 6½ per cent of the light falling upon it; dark red about ten per cent; pale red a little more than 16 per cent; dark yellow 20 per cent; pale blue 30 per cent; pale yellow 40 per cent; pale green 46½ per cent; pale orange nearly 55 per cent; pale white 70 per cent. Glossiness and varnish, of course, increase the amount of light reflected.

TELEGRAPH TO THEODORE

If the ship of state needs caulking,
  Or the lion's tail a twist,
If the senators are balking,
  If a silver spoon is missed,
If there's a plague in Honolulu,
  If there's trouble in the cup,
Why, just write to Mr. Roosevelt,
  And he'll fix the matter up.

If they lynch a coon in Texas,
  If the green bug's in the wheat,
If there's anything to vex us,
  If you're troubled with cold feet,
If your dinner isn't ready,
  Or you're feeling rather dry,
Send a telegram to Teddy
  And you'll get a hot reply.

If there's too much rain in Kansas,
  Or it's dry in Tennessee,
If a summer cyclone fans us,
  Or if Towser has a flea,
If your sweetheart's proven fickle,
  If you want to know the score,
If you get a punctured nickel,
  Drop a line to Theodore.

If you need another member
  Of the Ananias club,
If you're sunstruck in December,
  If you're suffering for grub,
If the railroad rates are higher,
  Or the Beef Trust gets too gay;
Ring up Roosevelt on the wire,
  And there'll be the deuce to pay.

If the stork don't come in your path,
  If we lose to the Maroons,
If Ben Tillman's on the warpath,
  Or Maria's full of prunes,
If the troops shoot up a city,
  Or you cannot pay your rent,
Take a lesson from this ditty,
  Write to Roosevelt, President.

If there's scandal in Peoria,
  Or the city's filled with graft,
Or if Storer tells his story,
  Or they're knocking on Bill Taft,
If a panic hits the Nation,
  Or they loose the dogs of war,
If the world needs a vacation,
  Put it up to Theodore.
—New York Globe.

THEN HE VANISHED.

It was a dark afternoon in January, and all the gas jets were lighted. He opened the door and walked with easy assurance to the cashier's desk.

"I have a little article here that will save——"

"Very - busy - today - sir-good-day-sir," said the cashier, shortly.

"You can't be too busy to look at this, if you have your employer's interest at heart."

"Eh—well, what is it?"

"My own invention. A governor that will reduce your gas bills 50 per cent. The cost is nominal; I'm almost ashamed to mention it. I imagine that your gas item must be a large one from the number of burners that you use."

By this time all the clerks were interested, and the inventor, seeing the impression he had made, went on:

"My dear sir, you and your fellow-clerks are intelligent men. Let me tell you a few truths. Teetotallers talk of the wickedness of the publicans; of the thousands spent in drink. It isn't a patch on the wickedness of the gas companies. Every cent spent on rum represents so much liquor that has traversed some alimentary canal, but the people of this country spend millions for gas that was never burned!

"I am the friend of the gas consumer. I would save your employer, would save you young men enough on your gas bills to pay your holiday expenses; I——"

"It sounds like a good thing, Tom," said a clerk; "let him see Mr. Brown."

"Come in tomorrow morning, Mr.—er—man, and see our secretary, Mr. Brown. We do burn a great deal of gas, and a penny saved is a penny earned. As you pass out, look at the name of the firm, so that you will know where to come tomorrow. Good luck to you!"

The inventor bowed with ceremony, and stepping outside looked up at the name over the door. It read: "The Gaslight Company."

IT'S A FRIEND'S PRIVILEGE

You'll be my friend and stick to me
  Through storm and sunshine, foul and fair,
You'll share my joys, my comfort be,
  When I'm confronted with despair?
When fortune frowns, of course, you may
  This kindly promise recollect,
But I'll be bound you'll come and say:
  "You're getting what you might expect."

I make mistakes, as all men do,
  And have to bear the consequence;
It's often very bitter, too,
  And my chagrin is most intense,
In such a case a little spark
  Of sympathy is not amiss,
But you would probably remark:
  "I knew that it would come to this."

You'll be my friend, you say; but friends
  That privilege will always claim,
No matter what a man intends,
  His consolation is the same.
You're only human, like the rest,
  And when I'm overwhelmed with woe,
I don't care how you may protest,
  You'll tell me that you told me so.
—Chicago News.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS.

Patents Write me. A. S. PATTISON, 628 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS that PROTECT Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869.

PATENTS WATSON E. COLEMAN, Washington, D.C. Advice and Books Free Highest references. Best Service.

MEDICAL.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box J, Atlanta, Ga.

Ladies Dr. LaFranco's Compound. Safe speedy regulator; 25 cents. Druggists or mail. Booklet free. Dr. LaFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES, $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my Never Failing ERGO-KOLO Monthly Remedy. Safely relieves the longest, most obstinate, discouraging cases in 3 to 5 days without harm, pain or interference with work. Mail, $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. "BOOKLET FOR LADIES" FREE DR. C. B. SOUTHINGTON R. CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

HOW UNTRUTHFULNESS MAY ARISE.

Untruthfulness in children sometimes arises through the fault of their elders, who sugegst to them untruths, which children indorse from an innate sense of politness and a wish to be agreeable. "Don't you like so and so?" says the elder, and the child agrees. "Isn't this pretty?" comes later on, and the child partly believes that it is pretty since the suggestion has been made, and again agrees, whereas, had no suggestion been made, the child's idea regarding the article in question would have been that it was extremely ugly. A yet more fruitful source of untruthfulness lies in the fear of punishment, and this is particularly the case with children of delicate body or of nervous temperament. Children who are governed by love rather than by fear escape this temptation to lie, but when a child feels that punishment for a fault or failing is inevitable, it seems such a little thing to cover the frailty with a lie, and yet the child who lacks the moral courage to avow a fault suffers untold agonies of remorse for every lapse from truth. Let children be encouraged to own their faults, and even the most nervous can be made to do it, if sure that the confession takes away the punishment, or reduces it to such an extent that no bodily suffering is entailed.

A LAZY COMPOSER.

Rossini was perhaps the laziest of all musicians whose names are famous. He would rarely rise until midday, and often when he woke and the weather was dull, or the muse did not inspire him to write, he would turn over again and, after directions to his servant to be called the following day, would sleep blissfully for another twenty-four hours.

He did most of his writing in bed, and before retiring for the night he would place music paper and a pencil near his bedside, so that he would not have to move in order to have the means at hand for writing down the musical thoughts which came.

It is told of him that after writing part of a beautiful duet for an opera the sheet on which he was writing fell to the floor and, caught by a puff of wind, was soon beyond his reach. He was too lazy to get up and get it and thereby disturb the nicely arranged bed clothes; so he set to work and wrote another melody, as he could not remember how the first one went. Thus in the opera Il Turco in Italia, there are two duets for one situation, and singers can choose the one which pleases them best.

THE WIZARD

Some years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our southern states for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old darky belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Tom, if you will watch your chickens tomorrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at 11 o'clock."

Tom was, of course, skeptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened and the chickens retired to roost. At this the negro's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Perfesser," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the professor, smilingly.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the darky's comment. 'Perfesser, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"—Harper's Weekly.

JANE OF BOSTON.

Jane is a heterogeneous maid,
Incomprehensible, too, I'm afraid,
  Postulatory in dress—
Nor lives the man who could quite understand
Her odd insinuatoriness and
  All her salubriousness.

Yet she's no acatalectical girl,
No unaccountably statuesque pearl,
  No plus-phenomenal freak:
She is the purely compatible bud
Of that confabulatorial blood
  Which must evolve the unique.

All her marked cognoscibility proves
She breathes deep exigencies when she moves,
  Uncolloquied as can be;
Hyperaesthetical? Yes, but I'll state
Incrystallizableness makes that trait
  Superorogatory.

Sum her up, then, as an alogy lass,
Rather microphylous, hap, in the mass,
  Ultra-mundane when she balks;
Still she's as good as there is in the land—
I'd like her well could I but understand
Half what she says when she talks.
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

ECZEMA I want to send you a Free Trial of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure for Eczema. You do not have to risk one penny on my treatment as it actually stops the itching and cures you to stay cured. A free trial will prove this. I want you to write today—now for Free Treatment and book which will give you the names of some of your neighbors cured of eczema by my wonderful treatment. Dr. J. E. Cannaday. DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 431 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO............Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE..................Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 200,000

With eight moons, what a great place Jupiter must be for barking dogs.

The Ohio Democratic peach crop, it seems, has escaped the Tom Johnson frost.

Speaker Cannon will probably adjourn when he gets good and ready, and not before.

It seems rather pathetic that Harry Orchard can't have his own way about hanging.

"The Holy Rollers have invaded Oklahoma." Isn't it against the constitution?

It would seem almost impolite to speak of the Fairbanks presidential boom above a whisper.

There are times when we can't help loving the Ohio Democrats for the noise they make.

After July next all whisky must be straight, but the men who drink it will not be.

When Taft is elected president it will be a great change for him to have to stay at home.

The big fleet is all right. It got to San Francisco without smashing into the Golden Gateposts.

It would serve them both right if Mme. Gould and Prince Helle de Sagan should get married.

With five well-paid experts on each side in the Thaw case the score is pretty sure to be a tie.

Just as soon as everybody begins riding in automobiles you will hear no more kicking about them.

Nearly all of the states whose legislatures have adjourned are beginning to feel somewhat better.

It is quite evident that Evelyn Thaw, woman like, is going to stick to Harry until she gets rid of him.

Somebody asks this question: "Is it possible to marry on $20 a week?" Worse than that—it's easy.

If a few more millionaires would adopt Mr. Morgan's optimism confidence would come back and stay awhile.

High taxes in Japan should go a great way toward making the people of that country feel that they are Christians.

Jupiter's eighth satellite has just been discovered, and just to think how long and how nicely we got along without it.

What with her household duties and digging graves Mrs. Guinness, of Laporte, must have been a hard worked woman.

There are many times when congress might be doing something worse than listening to a message from the President.

In Illinois alfalfa widows who have married again can draw alimony from their first husbands. That is surely rubbing it in.

"Truth crushed to earth will often get up and hit you between the eyes," is the way our nextdoor neighbor paraphrases it.

The temperance movement, the way it is spreading, is not going to be like the milk sickness—confined to the next county.

There are times when bad weather is a good thing. It helps in the matter of overcoming the temptation to write spring poetry.

Twelve thousand doctors are to meet in Chicago, but there is no hope that they will agree as to what is the matter with the town.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Bronislawa Machszewsychowlyskis, of Philadelphia. Can you blame her?

Nobody in this country would be afraid to step up and look at an English suffragette, if she were in an iron cage that was safely locked.

There is one thing to be said in favor of the Democratic party of Ohio—it doesn't often get in a position where it can do much harm.

A minister of the gospel advises men to let the wife have the last word as a cure for domestic infelicity. What else can they do?

Mayor Tom Johnson comes out of the state convention looking like a man who has run up against a society for the suppression of useless noises.

"In the south," says the Arkansas Gazette, "1908 will be remembered as the year of the big wind." Must have reference to Senator Jeff Davis.

We see by the papers that Aunt Hetty Green, the richest woman in the country, has moved again, but not because it is cheaper to move than pay rent.

President Roosevelt can converse in five languages. However, he uses only one when talking to congress, though he must be tempted at times to use all five.

"Mr. Bryan's voice has been 'canned' for phonographic reproduction in the lecture field." Yes, but that two-by-four smile that accompanies the voice will be missing.

Somebody has dug up a love letter, written in strange characters on a sheet of clay, long before the dawn of the Christian era. It reads just like the ones you used to write.

ANOTHER TERM FOR HUGHES.

In a recent interview Herbert Parsons, chairman of the New York county Republican committee expresses the opinion that if the state senate refuses to pass the anti-race track gambling bill, Governor Hughes will stand for reelection. This statement has been construed in two ways, as actually representing the trend of sentiment among New York Republicans, and as cleverly put forth to influence certain Republican senators who are hostile to the governor and who might be inclined to vote for the bill in order to get rid of him.

The governor himself has said repeatedly that if the senate refused to pass the bill it would be an issue in the next campaign. While he declared sometime ago that he would not accept a renomination, the situation has veered since he made the declaration. There is reason to believe that the senate will not recede from its action on the race track measure. Cassidy, who voted against it and exhibited the "John and I" altered telegram in defense of his vote, has shown no sign of repentance. Indeed it will be remarkable, considering the desperate methods of the race track lobbyists, if the governor succeeds in holding the present alignment.

If the anti-race track legislation is to be an issue this fall, its friends say that the best man to put it before the people is the governor who has made and is making a valiant fight for it. There is no doubt that public sentiment is with the governor and if he heads the ticket he will land New York safely in the Republican column, besides achieving a great personal victory. To a man of the governor's temperament, one who enjoys a battle for principle and never acknowledges defeat, the temptation to revise his former declaration must be tempting.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

That the defeat of the four battleship plan is not precipitating the United States into bloody wars must take our friend Hobson clear off his feet.

It is significant, too, that Japan has failed to seize the advantage that our defenseless condition offers. Although knowing that congress had refused to approve the greater navy proposition, Ambassador Takahira calmly sat at a table with Secretary Root and deliberately affixed his signature to the treaty by the terms of which it is agreed that all disputes arising between this country and Japan, excepting those involving national honor and territorial rights, shall be submitted to arbitration. Instead of which, according to the picture portrayed by Hobson, Takahira should have megaphoned the mikado that he could have the United States for the taking.

But the great masses of the American people prefer the treaty habit to the gun habit. We have plenty to do at home without quarreling with our neighbors, and if we can dwell in peace without compromising our self-respect, that is the thing desired. If we armed ourselves to the teeth our thoughts would naturally revert to our guns, and we would be itching to test their efficiency. The nation that is always talking war and thinking war is sure to invite trouble, whereas if a people are occupied with peaceful pursuits and minding their own business, the right, at least, will be on their side when they are attacked.

Fortunately, the strength of this nation lies in its religion, its resources and in the tested patriotism of the people. These are our defense, more potent than a thousand Dreadnoughts and a million conscripts.

ENGLISH LIBERALS ALARMED.

When Winston Churchill, president of the board of trade, was defeated in his old district, Liberal leaders refused to regard it as a matter of much moment or as indicating a change in public sentiment. There were so many local issues involved, they said, that the loss of the seat could not properly be charged to disaffection of the government. Churchill could pick a safe district elsewhere, and thus insure his return to the house of commons.

But in the meantime another bye-election has been held, and although the Liberal candidate was returned, he had such a narrow squeak—a majority of only 8—that the party leaders are beginning to show signs of uneasiness. Two short years ago the same district—Wolverhampton—gave a Liberal majority of over 2,800, and this remarkable defection cannot be explained away. It is even feared that Churchill will meet with a second defeat notwithstanding that he thought he was picking out a sure thing.

The situation in England, in a measure is parallel with the situation in this country. The old free trade sentiment is rapidly giving place to a demand for moderate protection. Joe Chamberlin's gruelling campaigns are at last bearing fruit and the people are learning to appreciate the merits of his fiscal policy. Just as in the United States where we have gone to the other extreme, the people are insisting on a modification of the tariff. The party to be entrusted with the affairs of government is the party that heeds the voice of the people and responds promptly to the demand. If the party in power follows the bent of its leaders regardless, its retirement is inevitable.

TUBERCULOSIS CONGRESS.

The keen interest displayed in all parts of the civilized world over the international tuberculosis congress that is to be held in September at Washington is gratifying to the promoters of the movement and leads to the hope that practical results will be accomplished in the human warfare on this dread disease. Large delegations are promised from foreign conutries and it is certain tnat these will include physicians of international reputation.

This country will take a leading part in the discussions and proceedings. Organizations to battle with tuberculosis have been formed in many of the states and progress has been made in varying degree. Gradually medical authorities are coming to an agreement on the best method of combating the disease and it is acknowledged that the greatest requisites now are education and co-operation.

That is, the success of the campaign, after all, depends largely on the people. They must be taught the value of sanitation and segregation. Cleanliness is one of the worst foes of consumption and the individual can do much. The segregation of persons afflicted with the disease can be secured with the aid of the authorities and that will be of material aid in checking its ravages.

In a few of the states, notably Pennsylvania, the health departments, leagued with the anti-tuberculosis organizations, are turning their attention to the public schools and are seeking the aid of parents and pupils. It is purposed to provide separate institutions for children suffering from tuberculosis in order that the disease may not be communicated to the healthy. By this arrangement the schools will be better protected and the authorities will be able to treat afflicted cases in a proper manner.

This is only one of the many features of the campaign that will be discussed before the congress, but it shows the wide range the public mind has taken in combating a disease which exacts yearly an awful toll of the human race—a toll larger than that exacted by war or famine.

BIG DECREASE IN LIQUOR PRODUCTION

There was a greater decrease in the production of whisky and beer the first three months of the present year than probably ever before in the same length of time in the history of the government. The shrinkage is so unprecedented that the trade cannot mistake its significance.

According to Deputy Commissioner Wheeler, of the treasury department, the internal revenue receipts for January, 1908, compared with January, 1907, shows a loss in liquor collections of $502,114.

February, this year, shows a shrinkage of $1,322,157 compared with February, 1907.

The liquor receipts for March of this year, compared with the same month last year, show a decrease of $3,035,472.

The average monthly decrease in liquor revenues for the past nine months is less than one-third of the shrinkage for the month of March alone.

This enormous decline in liquor revenue means a tremendous decline in the production of whisky and beer.

According to government officials more than 95 per cent of this revenue decrease is in production.

Liquor periodicals and government statisticians agree that during the first ninety days of 1908 there was a shrinkage of nearly $25,000,000 worth in the quantity of liquor manufactured.

Of this decrease 60 per cent is in whisky production and 40 per cent in the making of beer.

This decrease of nearly $10,000,000 worth of beer production in 90 days is a new record and one which the brewer has never before faced, for while the revenue receipts from whisky has been decreasing for some time the receipts from beer have shown an increase until during the recent months.

At this rate of decrease the present fiscal year, ending the first of July, will show a reduction of liquor production to the value of nearly $50,000,000.

The financial flurry has no doubt been a factor in this falling off in liquor production, but there is little doubt that the country-wide temperance movement has also been a contributing cause.

THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE.

The perfect control under which the Wright brothers sailed their aeroplane at Nag's Head, North Caroline, seems fully to bear out their claim that they have solved the problem of aerial navigation. The experiment was confined almost wholly to the operation of the steering gear, and the manner in which the ship obeyed her machinery demonstrated the wonderful progress of the young inventors.

At times the aeroplane was 3,000 feet in the air and the distance traveled is estimated at 25 miles. But in all the maneuvers which were undertaken in the short turns and in the ascents and descents, her managers were the absolute masters, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the experiment.

The ambition of the Wrights is to furnish the United States government a practical machine that can be utilized by the army. It is said foreign nations have already made contingent offers for the patents, but the boys from Ohio prefer to do business with Uncle Sam.

WORK OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The seventy-seventh general assembly of Ohio, which practically completed its labors last week, has made a most creditable record. Many laws were passed, and while some are not exactly what the people want, the trend was toward reform.

The passage of the Bronson joint primary bill, giving the people the right to vote directly for candidates, marks a revolution in Ohio politics. Agitation for a law of this character was begun several years ago, but the bosses successfully fought the issue until the people were thoroughly aroused. The Bronson law does not square absolutely with the popular wish, but it is a great step in advance and its operation will help materially to purify the politics of the state.

The temperance forces won a signal victory by the passage of the Rose local option bill, the Jones anti-pocket bill and the Crist bill, all of which have been discussed at length by the Blade. The liquor interests conducted a bitter fight, but it was manifest early in the session that the friends of temperance and the home were in control of the situation.

Following the recommendation of Governor Harris, the assembly passed a banking bill, which provides for state inspection of state and savings banks and trust institutions. A strong lobby succeeded in eliminating private banks from the list, which we believe to have been a mistake, both for the banks and the people who patronize them. Just as government inspection of national banks strengthens public confidence in them so state inspection of private institutions should be of real and direct value to the men whose capital is so invested. The knowledge that private bankers opposed this effort at regulation is not calculated to inspire trust in institutions of that kind.

The passage of the child labor law prohibiting employment of children of a certain age in factories and limiting the working hours of those who are exempt from the prohibition is likewise in conformity with the governor's recommendation and will meet with general approval. Another law affecting the welfare of the child is the one modifying the methods of the juvenile court and defining punishment for delinquents.

In the matter of legislation affecting municipalities, the Paine municipal bill giving cities a federal form of government and abolishing the present board plan, leads in importance. The Schmidt street railway bill, affording the people, on petition, a chance to vote on street railway franchises, marks a radical change in the Ohio system of dealing with franchises of that character. The Kealey park bill authorizes cities to place the control and management of their parks in the hands of a park commission which is clothed with extensive powers.

These are a few of the major measures enacted by the seventy-seventh assembly, but they indicate the general nature of the work of that body. The session opened unauspiciously and it was not until several weeks had elapsed that results began to show, but taken as a whole, the record denotes an intelligent understanding of the people's wishes, an indifference to the demands of the bosses and a victory for progressive reform.

REPUBLICANS ARE ALARMED.

Republican congressmen are reported as being genuinely alarmed over the methods pursued by Speaker Cannon and his allies who have been directing the course of national legislation. The obvious purpose of the speaker to obstruct any tariff discussion in face of public opinion which is crystallizing rapidly toward revision, and his studied opposition to the President's policies have brought about a political situation that is far from being satisfactory. With the national convention only a little more than a month distant, fear is expressed that unless there is a radical change in plans, the majority party will be put on the defensive, with great danger of losing the next house.

Such a condition seems almost incredible. The present Republican majority in the lower branch of congress is so large that nothing short of a political upheaval can give the Democrats control. Yet it must be admitted that from the day the present session opened, the dominant forces have been steadily losing ground. John Sharp Williams has handled his Democratic colleagues with the skill of a general, and like one who had made a careful analysis of the popular mind. He has placed the Democrats on record as favoring certain legislation recommended by the President and shifted all responsibility for failure to carry out the administration policies to the shoulders of the speaker. To the extent then that the people are in sympathy with the President's program, they are criticising the Republican leaders.

That Mr. Cannon has committed grave blunders in his autocratic method of steering legislation is no longer denied, and strenuous efforts are being put forth to make him see the light. Indeed, it is reported at Washington that there is to be a decided change in the program and that Cannon has virtually surrendered on all propositions advanced by the President except the one which provides for an amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law. It is now confidently predicted that some relief will be given the customers of the paper trust, that the injunction law will be modified, a child labor law for the District of Columbia enacted and an emergency currency bill passed. This legislation, it is believed, will accomplish much toward getting the party right before the people.

As to the Hepburn bill, which clothes the interstate commerce commission with extraordinary powers to regulate corporations and exempts certain organizations from the penalty provided by the law, there is a wide difference of opinion. Before the amending bill can receive the support of a majority of the congressmen it must undergo material changes, and the indications are that no measure of this character which will meet the expressed views of the President will pass the present house. That, however, is not one of the vital issues. The important thing is to convince the people that the Republican party is sincere in its declaration for tariff revision, and to accomplish this it will be necessary for the Republican leaders in congress to modify their tactics.

Two years ago The Blade warned the party managers that the sentiment for revision was daily gaining momentum and that unless they heeded the demand the party would lose control of congress. The crisis has arrived and it remains to be seen if the devotion of these leaders to an admittedly unjust tariff schedule is stronger than their desire for continued Republican supremacy.

HARRIS AND HARMON.

The voters of Ohio will choose either Andrew L. Harris or Judson Harmon for governor at the November election.

There is much to admire in both men, but when their elements of strength and weakness are contrasted there is little doubt that Governor Harris has a decided advantage aside from the fact that his party is in the majority in the state.

Judson Harmon is a man of unusual intellectual power. He has had a brilliant career at the bar and on the bench. He ranks as one of the greatest lawyers of the country. His entire life has been devoted to legal work since he was graduated from the Cincinnati law school 40 years ago. He sat upon the the common pleas and superior court benches and for two years was attorney general of the United States, called to the cabinet by President Cleveland.

Since his retirement from Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, Mr. Harmon has devoted himself to the practice of law. He is a corporation lawyer, especially interested in railroads. It is charged, and not denied, that he is the legal representative of the Morgan interests and also that he is the attorney for large brewery interests. The authority for this is Mayor Tom L. Johnson, a fellow-Democrat.

Mr. Harmon has given neither time nor attention to state affairs. He has never mixed with the people of Ohio as that phrase is known among politicians. He has not been a familiar figure at state conventions and gatherings of his party and is not in touch with the mass of the voters.

He enters the race for governor under a decided disadvantage. He is a factional candidate. A large number of delegates in yesterday's convention preferred another leader. He received a severe pummeling at the hands of Tom Johnson who laid bare his weaknesses.

Harmon stands upon a platform with which he does not agree. That platform declares for the initiative and referendum, and Judge Harmon is opposed to the proposition. The platform also demands a franchise tax, and corporation lawyer that he is, Harmon is against it. As the standard bearer of his party he finds himself directly opposed to its declaration of principles.

Ohio Democracy declared for the nomination of Bryan, and its next act was to name as its candidate for governor a man out of sympathy with Bryan principles and who was chary in his support of the Nebraskan in 1896 and 1900, and who may become an opponent of Bryan for the presidential nomination at Denver in July.

This is a bad year for a great corporation lawyer to plead for the support of Ohio voters. It is a bad year for a legal representative of the brewery interests to ask for votes in Ohio. It is a bad year for a Democrat who is not in touch and in sympathy with his own party to make the race for chief executive of a state strong in its Republicanism.

Judge Harmon's many weaknesses stand out all the more prominent when contrasted with the qualifications of Andrew L. Harris, the Republican candidate.

While Judge Harmon has given years to the practice and interpretation of the law, Governor Harris has devoted much of his time to the study of state affairs. No man in this commonwealth knows better than he the people and their needs and the condition of the state's great institutions. He served in both branches of the general assembly; was lieutenant governor for several years, and has had two years' experience as governor. He is Ohio's greatest commoner. He mingles freely with the people and comes in personal contact with all classes. No man needs a card to secure an audience with Governor Andrew L. Harris.

A farmer by profession, he is free from corporation influences. A type of the highest standard of citizenship, he has time and again given his voice and influence to the enactment of laws having for their purpose a better citizenship by suppressing and regulating those institutions which tend to degrade rather than uplift. Instead of protecting the interests of those engaged in the liquor traffic, he stands for the home and for temperance and good government. He measures up to the full requirements of the progressive people of this state and rings true whenever sounded.

It is gratifying to know that both candidates for governor are men of the highest personal character and standing. In this respect they are upon equal footing, and a clean campaign is assured. But when it comes to a division of the popular will of the voters as expressed by the ballot it will be found that Governor Harris will have an overwhelming majority of the citizens of the state with him, and among these will be many thousands of Democrats.

RETRIBUTION IN BREATHITT.

Light is breaking over Breathitt county, the most benighted spot in Christendom. The weapons of the feudists that so long have been wielded against the best citizens are now doing fearful execution among their owners, and there is hope that the fires, kindled in passion and vengeance, will die out for want of material to feed upon.

The people of Breathitt had not yet ceased talking of the tragic end of Jim Hargis, king of the feudists, at the hands of his own drunken son, when they were confronted with the news that Hargis' chief lieutenant, Ed Callahan, had been fatally wounded by his brother-in-law, John Spicer, who, in turn, was shot dead by Callahan's 17-year-old son. It was Curt Jett who swore that Callahan furnished the gun for the cruel murder of James B. Marcum, and it is common knowledge that Hargis paid his usual price for Marcum's lifeblood.

Retribution is slow but sure. Both Hargis and Callahan died with their boots on, and at the hands of their own people. A few more tragedies of the kind ought to clear the Breathitt atmosphere and pave the way for that county's redemption.

REGAINING LOST GROUND.

Judge Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest business organization in the world, believes that trade conditions are gradually reaching normal and that the year's business will equal the average. He observes that in almost every branch of human activity there are signs of improvement and he deduces from this fact that the country is recovering from the effect of the October depression.

J. P. Morgan, just arrived in France, echoes the sentiments of Judge Gary and is anticipating a return of prosperous conditions within a reasonable period.

This being presidential year it is not to be expected that the railroads and other industries will enter at once on a period of expansion, but the signs are favorable. The Pennsylvania company has negotiated successfully a $40,000,000 loan and the Interborough company of New York, controlling the urban traffic of the metropolis, is placing a $25,000,000 loan, operations that are obviously preparatory to extensive improvements of these properties.

The banks have plenty of money, the farmers are prosperous and factories that have been idle for several months, are starting up. We may not reach the flood-tide of our former prosperity for several months, but the pendulum of business is again swinging in almost perfect rhythm to our rapidly improving conditions and the pessimists are losing their voices.

CORNERS THAT HURT.

Two citizens of Chicago, it is claimed, have engineered a corner in corn; that is, they have bought up so much of the grain that when the men who have sold short for future delivery are called upon to fill their contracts they will be compelled to pay the price demanded.

It is said, further, that J. Ogden Armour, by reason of the millions left him by his father, has been enabled to corral so much of May wheat that he practically controls the market and is waiting for the time when the shorts must come to him and accept his terms of settlement.

This is not a new condition. Corners in the grain market have been organized for many years. Some have failed and carried the promoters to financial ruin; others have succeeded and yielded enormous profits to the men behind them. But whichever way it turns, there are violent fluctuations in individual fortunes and the country at large suffers.

Yet we are told the government is powerless to prevent these corners, although recognizing the harm they do. They are transactions in restraint of trade and as injurious to the well being of the country as if they were the results of illegal combinations. In spite of this, lawmakers confess their inability to meet the situation by effective legislation. With all our boasted intelligence in some directions, we seem almost hopelessly helpless.

LANDS SOLD TOO CHEAP.

The statement of Congressman Hitchcock that the department of the Interior in selling government lands has misconstrued legislation may start another investigation. Mr. Hitchcock asserts that millions of acres have been sold at the "minimum" price fixed by congress, $2.50 per acre, when it was clearly the intent of the law that no land should be sold for less than its actual value. He estimates the loss to the government at over $50,000,000.

But another congressman, Mondell, of Wyoming, denies the truth of Mr. Hitchcock's statement. His counter-assertion is that 95 per cent of the lands was worth no more than $2.50 at the time they were sold. Thus there is a discrepancy in the two opinions which affects practically the entire Hitchcock claim. But the gravity of the charge would seem to make it incumbent on congress to institute an inquiry. Even if Mr. Hitchcock can prove only a tithe of his charges, there is enough in it to warrant attention. There has been so much scandal, actual and inferred, in the matter of selling public lands, that it would seem time for congress to make the terms of sale so rigid and definite that scarcely nothing will be left to the whim or judgment of subordinate officials.

THE GUN HABIT.

The demand for the suppression of the "gun toter" is bearing fruit. In Texas the legislature has decreed that a person found guilty of carrying concealed weapons shall be placed in stripes and made to work on the public highways. This may seem drastic, but it must be remembered that a large per cent of the crime committed can be traced to a practice that has not a single feature to commend it.

Authorities in other states have been forced to take cognizance of the evil, which of late years has been increasing, and most likely experience will teach us that the only way to break it up is to make punishment severe and certain. It has been demonstrated in Toledo that nominal fines are useless as a deterrent. They are promptly paid and the offender promises himself that he will be more cautious in the future about displaying his guns. But where a sentence is imposed and enforced, that is a horse of an entirely different color. It is proposed, also, to make it more difficult for an irresponsible person to purchase fire arms by imposing restrictions on the dealer, and to this end in several states, the men who traffics in deadly weapons are required to keep a record of every purchase, the name of the buyer, and the date of the transaction. The time may come when no one will be premitted to buy weapons of this character unless he procures a license from the police or the executive officer. In this way the authorities will be possessed of information that will enable them to keep a closer tab on the man with the gun.

HUGHES, KNOX AND TAFT.

The statement credited to the White House to the effect that Secretary Taft will have 700 votes on the first ballot has started a fresh bit of gossip concerning Governor Hughes. It is admitted that the secretary cannot receive so large a vote unless some of the favorite sons withdraw, and in this connection New York's governor figures prominently.

Conditions have arisen in New York which make it seem probable that Mr. Hughes will prefer to restrict his public service to that commonwealth for the time being. He has taken up the cudgel against the bosses, and the reception accorded him by the people shows that they are ripe for a new alignment. The men who are assuming Republican leadership in that state have aroused a bitter antagonism by their efforts to defeat the anti-race track gambling bill, and unless they are dislodged, Republican supremacy is threatened. That the voters have the utmost confidence in Governor Hughes' ability to win his battle against the bosses is apparent, and they are already urging him to stand for re-election. As The Blade said recently, he can afford to curb his political ambition and trust to the future for an easier path to achievement. Another term as governor will broaden his influence and make him an active factor in national politics.

But there is another source from which the Taft managers have good reason to hope for acquisition. The Pennsylvania convention instructed for Senator Knox, but practically left the disposition of the delegation to the judgment of that statesman. While it has been claimed that the senator prefers Roosevelt to Taft, he is a loyal friend of the administration and a far-seeing patriot. The political situation is such that he has no reasonable hope for the nomnation. This affords him an opportunity to make good use of the Pennsylvania votes to give added prestige to his state, and also to place himself in an advantageous position with reference to the next administration. What can be more natural, then, than that he should throw his strength to the man who more than any other candidate stands for the Roosevelt policies, to which the American people are pledged?

There have been repeated attempts on the part of the reactionaries to make it appear that President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes were not on the friendliest terms; likewise that the President and his former attorney general were at odds, but inasmuch as Roosevelt is still pursuing a course that has frequently been commended by both Knox and Hughes, and neither has done anything to merit the President's ill-will, not much reliance is placed on the stories that the reactionaries have originated. But, on the contrary, there is every reason for supposing that Hughes and Knox, knowing the patriotic motives that inspire the President's acts, will co-operate in every possible way to promote his wishes. Under these circumstances it is highly improbable that either will prove stumbling blocks to Secretary Taft's nomination.

METHODISTS AT BALTIMORE.

The general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, now in session at Baltimore, is one of the most powerful and distinguished assemblages ever convened in this country. It is the highest official body of that great and aggressive religious denomination which is wielding such a tremendous influence throughout the world, leaving its imprint upon civilization and proving a potent factor in the affairs of state.

Including its actual membership of more than 3,000,000 in the United States and those closely allied with it in interest and sympathy, the Methodist Episcopal church in this country represents an army of 8,000,000 Americans, and in this is not included the southern branch of the church nor that distinct organization known as the African Methodist Episcopal church.

But of all branches of Methodism that known as the Methodist Episcopal church leads in numbers, in influence, in aggressiveness, in wealth and in prestige of things done.

Methodism has flourished and is flourishing in every part of the world. It appeals to all classes and the rich and the poor are alike at home within its portals. It has always been known as the church which does things. Its members and adherents come from all classes. Its 17,000 ministers are active and alert. In its pews are found the foremost men of the times. Its laymen are numerous in business and commercial life; they are found in the front ranks of the various professions; many of them are senators and governors, judges and congressmen. And these men who have won distinction in every field of endeavor worship and work side by side with the most humble citizens of the land. It is the most cosmopolitan of churches.

It is a patriotic church. American to the core, it exemplifies in its work and purpose the best spirit of American institutions. That pure patriot, General W. H. Gibson, himself a Methodist of Methodists, expressed the sentiments of that church when he declared the proper place for the flag of his country was just a little below the emblem of the Cross of Christ.

In peace and in war, in every emergency in which are needed courageous fighters as well as the highest standard of statesmanship, the Christian citizenship as exemplified by the rank and file of the Methodist church has been equal to every requirement. This denomination has grown rich as well as great. It has gladly and willingly spent millions of dollars in pushing Christianity among nations which knew not God, and its missionaries are found in every part of the known world.

It is the controlling body of this powerful denomination which is now beginning a month's deliberation. Its findings will prove of interest and importance, not only to its members, but to the entire country and the whole world. It will discuss and settle questions vital to all who come within reach of the church, will elect new bishops and will open the way for yet greater achievements in the Christian world.

CURRENCY LEGISLATION.

Nearly every day marks a shifting of position on the discussion over currency legislation.

On one point only the majority in congress seem to be agreed, and it is that some sort of a makeshift measure should pass.

After that come divisions and many of them. Some congressmen look upon the currency question as important merely from a political point of view. They think the people are expecting something in that line and for that reason should have it. But they do not see any economic necessity for action. They have no faith in temporary relief and no fear of a recurrence of conditions that led to the October panic.

There is another contingent that has made a study of the national system and found serious defects in it. Congressmen who belong to this category would refer the whole question to a commission for careful and scientific investigation. Burton, of Ohio, is one of the leaders in the movement. And because reports of commissions seldom bear fruit, he would pass a temporary bill, modeled on the Vreeland clearing house association plan, but permitting an asset guaranty, and limiting its operation, say, to two years, within which time the commission could submit a scheme of reorganization. The termination of the emergency law would make it incumbent on congress to act.

Senator Aldrich and his followers naturally are opposed to the asset currency bill, but he is said to be willing to accept it, if the bond security feature of his own measure is attached as an alternative.

It is a curious situation that promises curious results. With a wide divergence of opinion as to the kind of relief which should be furnished and with practical agreement that something must be done, it is very evident that the legislation will be of the crazy-quilt order. For that reason, if for no other, it should be given as short a life as it is possible to give it.

Chicago now claims a population of 2,500,000. The surprising thing is that 2,500,000 people are content to live in Chicago.

It may be a long time before another President announces, on the night of election, that under no circumstances will he accept another term.

It is to be hoped that, just because "Fighting Bob" has retired, no foolish nation will get the idea that it will now be easy to whip the United States navy.

It wouldn't enthuse and encourage the average small boy very much to tell him that some day he might become a second-choice candidate for President.

VARIETIES

Premier Asquith's budget provid old age pensions in Britain.

The rate of production of gold i proximately a million dollars a day.

During the last six months there h been burned in New York city 10, tons of coal.

Chairman E. H. Gary, of the Un States Steel Corporation, declares him an optimist on the business outlook.

Lord Beaconsfield's love for the hu primrose has been perpetuated by foundation of the Primrose League.

John Norris tells congressional com tee that in his opinion print paper, selling for from $50 to $60 a ton, can manufactured for $20 a ton.

Ohio publisher tells congressional mittee that extortions of the paper t have brought many smaller publica to the verge of bankruptcy.

Hetty Green has decided to quit palatial Plaza Hotel and return to simple life owing to the nrtoriety w her recent move gained for her.

Since the earthquake and fire at Francisco 9,800 buildings have been er ed and 4,000 others remodeled. The aster destroyed 28,000 buildings.

Australia's largest cattle herd is running on the Victoria river sta Northern Territory, 320 miles south Port Darwin. It numbers 60,000 hea

New York city gets a portion of its supply from as far as four hundred distant, and the product of 86,000 fa is drawn on to meet its daily wants

There has been a noticeable increa the negro population of New York recently, and most of it is settling on upper west side of Manhattan Island

London's greatest rush hours are 8 to 9 in the morning and at about 6 the evening. Between 8 and 9 164,000 sons enter the city, between 6 and 7 leave.

It takes four years to train a for exhibition work, and only animal in four is fit for training well-trained lion is worth five times price of one untrained.

Walter Wellman says one of greatest problems before the Amer people is how to reform the house representatives to make it represe tive and abolish despotic power speaker.

Since the establishment of the Ro Catholic diocese of New York a cent ago there has been erected in the ritory of Greater New York one ch building in every two hundred days

It has become known that the attempts made by Sir Thomas Li to capture the America's cup, the trinsic value of which is about have cost him $500,000 for yachts al

Altogether during the year 1908 th will have been under considera buildings directly or indirectly nected with Princeton University resenting an expenditure of nearly million dollars.

As a result of a drought it is generally acknowledged in sugar cles that the Cuban sugar produc this season will not exceed 900,000 t a deficit of about 500,000 tons from previous crop.

A black and white spotted and a low lizard, full grown and alive, found in the heart of an oak log by Joseph McCloskey, near Bellv Pa. The log had been cut from a more than fifty years old.

The production of lumber, lath shingles in the United States in was 37,490,067 M feet board meas against 30,502,961 in 1905, and 34,1 in 1904. The figures cover returns f 21,077 mills in 1906, 11,666 in 1905 18,277 in 1904.

Criminal records kept in New Y county for the last six years show a trifle more than one-half of the sons charged with crimes are fo guilty, while expert opinion is ag that not two out of one hundred innocent.

With the accession of Profes Capps and Abbott, the classical partment of Princeton university enroll twenty-four professors, pre tors and instructors, being prob the largest and strongest faculty America.

At an auction sale at Christy's, London, of the late Marchioness Conyngham's art collection, a si ewer and dish, weighing toge ninety ounces, a gift of George IV an ancestor of the marchioness, for $21,000. This is a record price.

Since the United States government gan to patronize expositions, down to Jamestown fair, congress has appr ated a total of $28,752,251 for world's f of which only $485,000 has been spent of the Rocky Mountains, at the L and Clark exposition.

The most remarkable clock weigh Maine is that of the Baptist church Cherryfield, an old smooth-bore can The old cannon was one of the smooth-bore type and was brought Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on of the return trips of lumber vessels

In Brazil the federal government and operates 1,287 miles of railroad It also owns four lines of 734 miles told, and leases them to private co nies. State governments own 110 m Under private ownership and opera are something like 8,000 miles.

It is estimated that Italian rivers w yield about four and five million ho power, of which scarcely 20 per cent present turned to account. The cit Rome has obtained a concession w will mean an addition of 25,000 horsepo and Naples also adds 16,000 horsepow her supply.

The first dress suit that ever cam Kansas came with the "aid" from Bo during the dry summer of 1860. Some man in the east contributed it, ha outgrown it, and a farmer named well, in Kapioma township, in this cou plowed corn in it all summer.—Atch Globe.

Census statistics show that as a pe we are increasing in violence. From to 1906 there was an increase in the centage of persons who came to their by violence. In 1902 only 6.1 per cent thus taken off out of every 100. In 1 was 7.5 per cent, while the average 1901 to 1905, was 6.6 per cent.

The fishing industry of the Pacific during 1907 exceeded $26,000,000 in value cording to the statistics of the Pa Fisherman. The pack of canned sal during 1907 for the whole coast was 169 cases, as compared with 3,817,316 in 1906. The pack in Alaska was exce in only one other year, that of 1902.

In the United States last year 103,0 railway ties were used, which dem 600,000 acres of forest to supply. British railways are supplied from sia, 4,000,000 ties a year being needed. Russian forests are now so much hausted that the peasants have to sl trees for making these ties a distanc 20 miles to get into the rivers.

Since 1860 the Republican party has ried every presidential election ex two, the two exceptions being in 1884 1892, when Cleveland was elected. largest number of electoral votes polled for a presidential candidate w 1904, when Roosevelt received 336 v Since 1872 New York has been ca three times by the Democratic party six times by the Republican party.

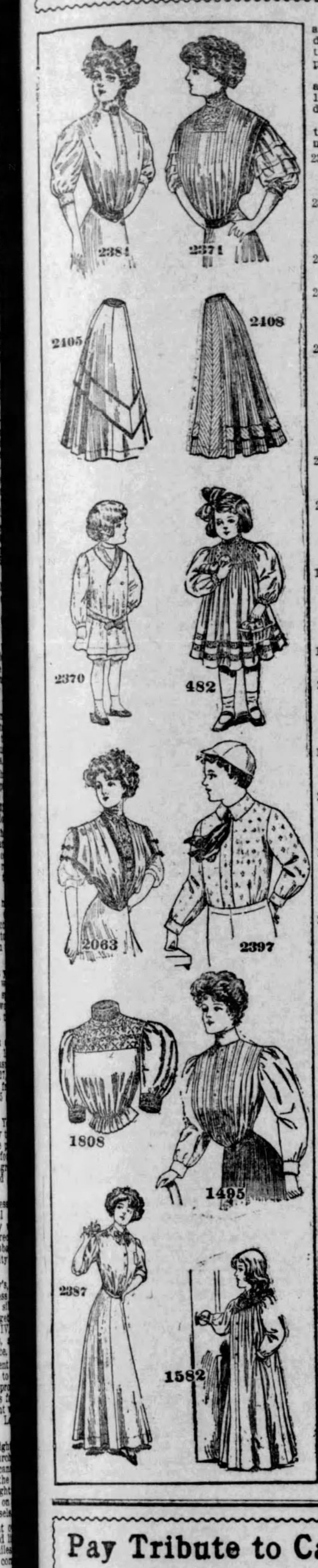
Of 33,387 boys and girls enrolle Greater New York's nineteen high sc in the school year 1906-'07, only 1,713 g uated and 406 received certificates of ing completed commercial or tech courses. During the same year, 6,78 pils left the first year high school cla or 46 per cent of all those entering. other words, almost half of those ent the high school drop out during the year and a good many more than during the first two years.

There is but one county without road connection in the state of Colo Heretofore it has been considered qu distinction out there to be outside railroad belt, and Grand, Rio Bla Baca and Routt counties were in the of exclusives; but one after the other been annexed, so to speak, to the ou world, Routt being the latest, until little Baca county, away down in southeast corner of the state, is le enjoy the honor all by itself. In 188 wasn't a foot of railroad track in the territory.

A spring bubbles up through the ce floor in the basement of the new hom Hook and Ladder 25, in West Sixty- street, New York. The contractor put up the building could not control spring. He did the next best thing built a basin for it in the basement o building with an overflow pipe leadin the sewer. Now the members of truck company have good spring w for drinking purposes and if they feel it they can get it in the old country of lying flat on their stomachs and s ing their faces into the bubbling wa

In 1852 two rabbits were imported Australia from England. These ar in that continent now number bill and are a great pest. Five rabbits e much grass as one sheep. From 18 1888 the Australian government paid $5,888,015 as bounty for the noxious mals, at the rate of 25 cents each, from 1883 to 1886 $2,200,000 for the purpose. For some years the rabbits by millions owing to the drought, since 1904, with the rainy seasons inc ing, they have again come into notice bid fair to become as great pests the past.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES



These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2384—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, closed at back and with long or three-quarter length sleeves. An excellent model for linen. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2371—Ladies' Jumper, with guimpe having three-quarter length sleeves. This pretty model is suitable for marquisette, cotton voile, chambray, linen, Shantung, Tussor or China silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2405—Misses' Fire-Gored Skirt. Any of the washable materials develop well in this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2408—Ladies' Ten-Gored Skirt. Striped flannel, thin serge, mohair, Panama cloth or any of the washable materials may be used in the development of this garment. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2370—Boy's Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with a removable shield and knickerbockers. The model here illustrated was developed in slate-gray Indian-head cotton. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

482—Child's Dress, with yoke. Any of the sheer white goods develop well in this style combined with insertion of lace or embroidery. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2063—Ladies' Bretelle Jumper. Taffeta silk was used for the development of this neat little jumper. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

2397—Boy's Shirtwaist with Turn-Down Collar. The model is adaptable to any of the washable materials and may be worn with a white linen collar or one made from the material of the blouse. 7 sizes—3 to 15 years.

1808—Ladies' Guimpe, with high neck or Dutch round or square neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Lawn or batiste with yoke and cuffs of all over lace or embroidery would be very suitable materials for this guimpe. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

1495—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. An excellent model for any of the season's shirtings. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2387—Ladies, House Dress, consisting of a waist with high or Dutch neck and long or elbow sleeves and an attached seven-gored skirt. Copenhagen-blue chambray has been used to develop this natty little house dress. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1582—Girls' and Child's Yoke Night-Gown. Nainsook, jaconette or Persian lawn are good materials for this model. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2406—Ladies' Tailored Shirt or Shirt Waist, with or without yoke facing. An excellent model for butchers' linen or any of the striped shirtings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1938—Ladies' Yoke Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length Sleeves and with or without collar. Flowered organdie or lawn trimmed with narrow lace edging make this a delightful negligee. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2396—Ladies' Ten-Gored Skirt. This simple model is adaptable to thin serge, flannel, whipcord, Panama cloth, linen, khaki or duck. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2048—Ladies' Nine-Gored Ripple Skirt, in round or ankle length. An excellent model for linen, duck, Panama cloth, mohair or thin serge. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2376—Girl's Dress, with a separate guimpe having high or low neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Blue and white cotton voile has been used for this pretty model, the guimpe being made of white batiste. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2381—Girl's and Child's Box-Plaited Coat, in seven-eighths Length. A very neat model to wear during the cool days of summer developed in flannel, linen or duck. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2012—Ladies' Jumper Waist, with a separate guimpe having three-quarter length sleeves. A very neat model for taffetas silk, marquisette or any of the pretty summer silks. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1948—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, closed at left side of front and with high or square neck. Figured percale was used to develop this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

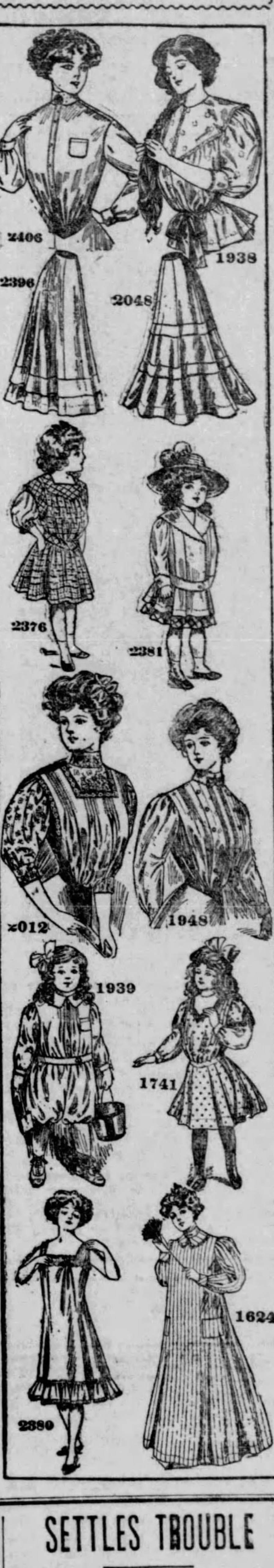
1939—Childs' Rompers. Any of the striped or checked ginghams or plain colored chambrays are good materials for this style. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

1741—Girls' Jumper Dress, with guimpe and plaited Skirt. Dotted lawn has been used for this pretty little frock, the guimpe being of plain white lawn. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2380—Ladies' Chemise. This dainty little undergarment is made up in jaconet, though Persian lawn, batiste and fine cambric are equally appropriate. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

1624—Ladies' Sack Apron, with high neck and turndown collar or Dutch round or square neck. A splendid all-over apron which thoroughly protects the dress is here shown developed in striped gingham. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.



Pay Tribute to Cannon on His Seventy-Second Birthday

Washington, May 8.—A touching tribute was paid by the house of representatives yesterday to Speaker Cannon upon the occasion of the seventy-second anniversary of his birth. The usual roll call on taking a recess at the close of the day had proceeded for some time, when it was interrupted by Champ Clark, of Missouri.

"Mr. Speaker," he inquired, "is not this the seventy-second anniversary of the birth of the speaker?"

The speaker seemed taken by surprise and modestly bowed that it was.

"Well," remarked Mr. Clark, "I wish to say we all wish you many happy returns."

Cries of "Speech!" Speech!" followed, and the speaker, leaning on his gavel, said:

"Except by unanimous consent, it ought not to be in order for anybody to interrupt the roll call, but in the absence of objection I sincerely thank the gentleman from Missouri—my friend, personal friend, as I am his; political opponent, as I am his—for his kindly remembrance on this the seventy-second anniversary of my birth. I sometimes wish I could forget it and everybody else could. (Here the house broke out in applause and laughter.)

"But," he said, "after all, it is some compensation for being 72 when friends recollect the birthday with kind words and thoughts."

Tells of Organization of the Big Harvester Trust

Jefferson City, Mo., May 9.—Cyrus H. McCormick, president of the International Harvester company of America and New Jersey, yesterday completed his testimony before Special Commissioner Brace in the hearing of the ouster suit instituted by the attorney general.

Mr. McCormick told further of the organization of the International Harvester company of New Jersey. He said that of the $120,000,000 capital stock $20,000,000 was contributed by J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, and that the other $100,000,000 by five harvester companies, whose property was sold to the New Jersey company and was appraised at $76,000,000. He said the company had expended $15,000,000 since 1902 in betterments and that dividends amounting to $22,200,000 had been paid in the last five years by the New Jersey company.

Mr. McCormick said the International Harvester Company of America had not paid any dividends, but has a surplus of $400,000. He further stated that prices remained the same after the merger in 1902 until this year, when a general increase of five per cent was made for the selling price of 1908. He agreed to furnish all papers that Attorney General Hadley might require in the hearing.

More Battleships and Fewer Statesmen Needed, Says Evans

San Francisco, May 9.—Rear Admiral Evans bade a personal farewell to the officers of his command at the banquet given last night in honor of the visit of the Atlantic fleet by the city of San Francisco.

He was wheeled into the room, and in a 15-minute address declared that what is needed to preserve the peace of the world is more battleships and fewer statesmen. As to armor belts, the admiral declared it made no difference whether they were at the water line or whether they were made of leather, wood or egg shells.

It is the men who can shoot the straightest and stand punishment the longest who win battles, he declared, and it is of such stuff that the American navy is made.

Admiral Evans was cheered time and time again.

HOUSE OPPOSES CANTEEN

Vote Down Re-establishment in National Soldiers' Homes.

Washington, May 7.—By the overwhelming vote of 167 to 46, and following a two hours' debate, the house yesterday again went on record against the re-establishment of the canteen in National Soldiers' homes.

DOCKS TO COST $16,000,000

Liverpool, May 7.—The Mersey dock board has finally approved a big scheme for the extension of the docking facilities of Liverpool to cost over $16,000,000. The rapidly increasing trade with America has made necessary an enlargement of the existing facilities.

WANTED Information Regarding A GOOD FARM for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from owner only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. L. Darbyshire, Box 403A Rochester, N. Y.

SETTLES TROUBLE

Secretary Taft Adjusts Central American Difficulties.

Panama, May 11.—Ever since his arrival here Secretary Taft has been busy holding conferences with President Amador, Foreign Secretary Arias, Senor Arango, the Panama minister to the United States, Mr. Squeirs, the American minister to Panama, and William Nelson Cromwell, the adviser of the Panama canal company. The conferences were concluded yesterday. They covered numerous topics relating to the treaties which it is desired to negotiate between Colombia, the United States and Panama.

Agreement Reached.

While details are lacking it is stated that a tentative accord has been reached upon important points and that a decision with reference to the others only awaits special inquiries now in progress. The result of the conferences, it is announced, is satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Colombia's recent seizure of the town of Jurado on the frontier, involved in the general boundary question between the two countries, has been fully considered. The Panaman government has agreed to the suggestion made by Mr. Taft to withhold all action until the secretary of war has had an opportunity to confer with President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Root.

One of the most important questions affecting the canal zone has been to determine the titles of individual occupants of lands in the zone and the valuation of lands appropriated for canal uses. Until now adjustment had been impossible, but a solution has been reached by which an arbitration tribunal will be instituted under the existing treaty.

To Decide All Questions.

This tribunal will have the power to determine all questions as to valuations and legal titles. It will be composed of two citizens of the United States and two citizens of Panama, with Governor Magoon, of Cuba, as umpire.

Secretary Taft expects to conclude his business relative to the canal administration and inspection today, and will sail for the United States on Tuesday morning.

AGREEMENT IS REACHED

By Republicans and Currency Plan Is Mapped Out.

Washington, May 7.—At 11:20 o'clock last night the Republican caucus of the house of representatives committed itself by a vote of 155 to 21 to the principle of commercial paper as an asset upon which to issue extra circulation in time of emergency. This is in accordance with the Vreeland bill, but by a separate action the resolution was so amended as to eliminate Mr. Vreeland's name from the measure.

By still another vote the caucus decided to recommend the appointment of a commission to consider the currency question and report a bill at the next session of congress. Coupled with this provision was another providing for the immediate appointment of a committee of five members to draft a new bill in accordance with the action of the caucus and along the general lines of the second Vreeland bill.

In accordance with this action the chair appointed as such committee Messrs. Vreeland, of New Jersey; Burton, of Ohio; Weeks, of Massachusetts; McKinney, of Illinois, and Knowland, of California.

Under the terms of the resolution the committee will be expected to report a perfected bill to an adjourned conference to be held next Monday evening.

TROOP IS FIRED UPON

Ambushed by Night Riders From Kentucky Shore.

Another Raid From the Kentucky Night Riders Is Expected.

Ripley, O., May 9.—Troop A, of Cleveland, was under fire yesterday afternoon. While on the road between Aberdeen and Manchester the troopers were halted by a fusillade of bullets from the Kentucky shore of the Ohio river.

The troop was on the river road, close to the shore, when the first fire rattled through the air near them. Captain Scofield ordered his men to dismount and load their carbines.

For about five minutes the men were in readiness to return the fire, but as no further shots came from the Kentuckians the troopers remounted and continued toward Manchester, where they arrived at 9:15 last night.

Rumors that a body of 300 mounted night riders are about to make a raid from Kentucky into this region caused Troop A to be rushed into the heart of the threatened district yesterday.

From here the troop went by rail to Aberdeen. There it divided, one part taking a towboat for Manchester and the other making the journey to that town by road.

Threat to Repeat Morgan's Raid.

This city is in a state of wildest excitement over a communication sent to several citizens from Kentucky night riders, stating that a repetition of Morgan's raid during the civil war will be made unless action is taken to suppress the activity of the agents representing the American Tobacco company.

The Dover News, a paper published at Dover, Ky., a few miles down the river from here, declares that the sending of militia to Ripley is an insult to the Kentucky people and that it ought to be resented by the inhabitants of the state. The editorial has created anxiety here, as it is taken as an indication of the sentiment of Kentuckians across the river.

Martial Law May Come.

Governor Harris is considering the advisability of placing all the southern counties under martial law.

The march of Troop A through this city yesterday afternoon was not marked with enthusiasm. Several hundred men, women and children lined the course of the march and watched the troop pass without comment. Sullen looks were exchanged and several men in the crowd commented on the movement as unnecessary and calculated to work harm.

Mayor Williams, of Ripley, said that the calling out of the troops was not required by the conditions. His opinion, however, was not shared by C. L. Head, buyer for the American Tobacco company, who said that the worst might occur at any moment.

May Appeal to Roosevelt.

Edmund Martin, president of the Law and Order League, who owns 600 acres of land and has armed men stationed on his grounds, says that the troops are needed. He is preparing to appeal directly to President Roosevelt for federal protection if the militia cannot handle the situation.

The calling of a big indignation meeting of the members of the Society of Equity, against whom the raids on independent tobacco growers is charged, to be held at Georgetown tomorrow, is considered significant, and the tobacco growers in this county are worked up over what may follow the meeting. Appeals for continued military protection are pouring in from the growers hourly.

Two Night Riders Killed.

Frankfort, Ky., May 9.—The adjutant general's department learned of an encounter between a Madison county tobacco grower and night riders a few nights ago.

A half dozen masked men called on the farmer and demanded that he destroy his tobacco plant bed. On his refusal the riders started to scrape the bed.

The farmer opened fire on the marauders with a shotgun. Two negroes fell dead, and an arm was shot off a white man, said to be a prominent citizen.

BISHOP ASKS TO RETIRE

Gives His Advanced Age as His Reason.

Resolution Appealing to Congress for Prohibition of Polygamy Is Adopted.

Baltimore, Md., May 8.—Giving advanced years as his reason, Rev. Dr. J. M. Thoburn, missionary bishop of Bombay, India, today asked the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church to retire him from active service. His request which was referred to the commission Episcopacy, was made personally at the conclusion of the reading of the missionary bishop's report. It created a deep impression among the delegates, who testified their regard for him by rising and applauding as he finished.

BISHOP JAMES M. THOBURN.

Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell, presided at today's meeting. A large number of memorials and resolutions were read and adopted. The others were referred to appropriate committees.

Mrs. Florence D. Richards, of the central Ohio conference, secured the unanimous adoption of a resolution appealing to congress to submit to the states of the union an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the practice of polygamy. The resolution points out that two such measures are before the United States senate and urges action at the present session of congress.

Bishop Thoburn is an Ohio man. He was born in St. Clairsville, O., in 1836, and was one of a family of ten children, the parents being people of sterling worth and deep religious fervor. He has seen fifty years' service in India.

TWO MORE FOR TAFT.

Albion, Mich., May 9.—The Third congressional district convention held at Albion named William R. Wooden, of Battle Creek, and Dallas Botheman, of Kalamazoo, as delegates to the national Republican convention, instructing them for Wm. H. Taft as presidential nominee.

DEMOCRATS OF BAY STATE FOR BRYAN

But Governor Johnson Wins in His Own State—Texas for Roosevelt.

Boston, May 7.—Following a session that lasted several hours last night the committee on resolutions of the Democratic state convention reassembled at 9 o'clock today to consider the matter of instructions to the delegates-at-large to the national convention. The outcome of the meeting was a decision to report to the convention a resolution instructing for William J. Bryan for the presidential nomination.

The resolutions committee was in session until 11:30 o'clock at the Quincy house. Meanwhile a small number of delegates were scattered about Faneuil hall, waiting for the opening of the convention.

Gov. Johnson Wins.

St. Paul, Minn., May 7.—Returns received from all parts of Minnesota indicate that Governor John A. Johnson last night carried the Democratic primaries against William J. Bryan, and that the state convention, which will meet in St. Paul on May 14, will instruct the 22 delegates from Minnesota to the national convention to vote for Governor Johnson for the presidential nomination.

Returns received assure Johnson of about 335 delegates in the state convention to 45 for Bryan. There will be 950 delegates in the convention, but it is not thought that later returns will wipe out the tremendous lead of Johnson.

Texas for Roosevelt.

Austin Tex., May 7.—It is indicated by returns that a majority of the counties of Texas which held Republican conventions yesterday to send delegates to the Republican national convention instructed in favor of Roosevelt for first choice and Taft for second choice.

The Roosevelt movement is being engineered by Colonel Cecil Lyon, national committeeman from Texas and chairman of the state executive committee.

All for Taft.

Birmingham, Ala., May 7.—The state convention yesterday of the Thompson, or administration wing of the Republican party was all for Taft. Resolutions indorsing his candidacy for the presidency were adopted and the delegates to the national convention were instructed to vote for the secretary of war.

STRANGER STOPS HOUSE PROCEEDINGS

Commotion Created When Officers Hustle Him Out and Take Him to Guard House.

Washington, May 7.—The proceedings of the house yesterday were completely stopped by a well-dressed man in the gallery rising and making a speech while the proposition for the re-establishment of canteens in soldiers' homes was being discussed. Mr. Parsons, of New York, had just taken his seat, when the man, who was about 40 years old, unfurled a small American flag and addressed the chair in a loud voice:

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I hope you will recognize the rights of this flag of American citizens." The floor and galleries were packed and everybody turned in the man's direction. House attaches quickly took the intruder out. He struggled desperately, all the while addressing the house. Most of his remarks were drowned in the confusion which reigned, but his concluding words ended with "and deprive the people of their homes."

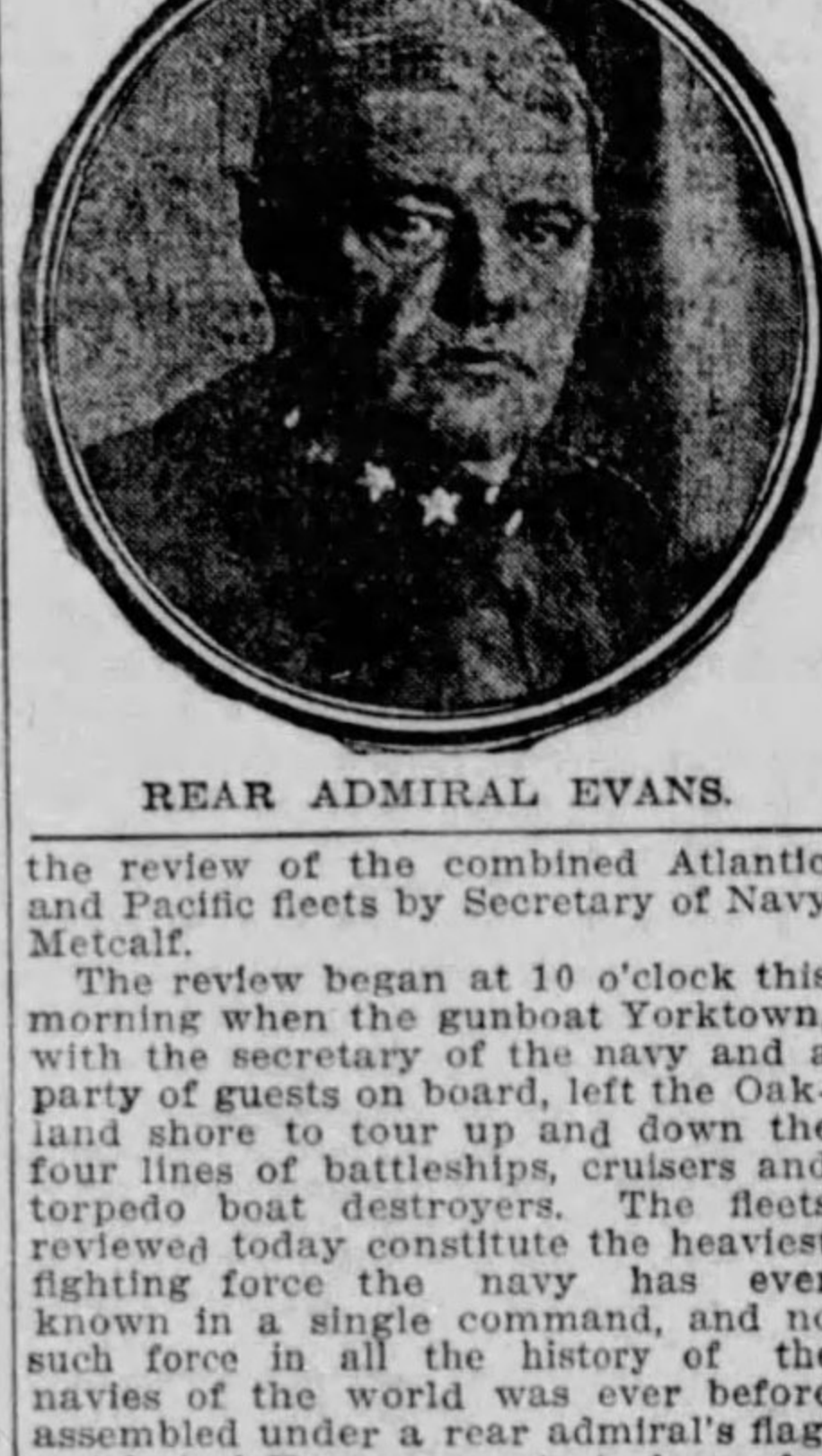
In the guard house he gave his name as George C. Fridley, and said he was from Providence, R. I. He called attention to the fact that he had $850 in his pocket.

ENDS CAREER IN NAVY

"Fighting Bob" Boards Flagship for Last Time.

He Will Be Succeeded on May 15 by Admiral Sperry—All Ships Dressed Today.

San Francisco, May 8.—Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, closed his long sea career today when he went aboard his flagship, the Connecticut, for the last time, to be present at the review of the combined Atlantic and Pacific fleets by Secretary of Navy Metcalf.


REAR ADMIRAL EVANS.

The review began at 10 o'clock this morning when the gunboat Yorktown, with the secretary of the navy and a party of guests on board, left the Oakland shore to tour up and down the four lines of battleships, cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers. The fleets reviewed today constitute the heaviest fighting force the navy has ever known in a single command, and no such force in all the history of the navies of the world was ever before assembled under a rear admiral's flag.

Admiral Evans expects to leave for Washington tonight, so when his flag was run down the Connecticut's halyards today his last sea service was done. He relinquished command now at his own request because of ill health. He will not be placed on the retired list until August.

Rear Admiral Thomas resumed his place as "senior officer present," and on next Sunday becomes the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet. The Pacific fleet is to be retained in the harbor until May 15, so that until that time Admiral Thomas will have supreme command of all the 44 ships that fill the Oakland fairway of the harbor.

On May 15 Admiral Thomas is to be relieved, at his own request, and then Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, now commanding the fourth division of the Atlantic fleet, will assume command to take the 16 world-girdling battleships on the remainder of their cruise. The tour of the fleet will end at Hampton Roads on February 22 next, when President Roosevelt will receive the ships on the Mayflower, as he sent them away the 16th of last December.

The ships today are all dressed in the full radiance of rainbow flags.

AGREE ON THE ARMY BILL

As Decided in Senate, Carries $95,382,246 Appropriation.

Washington, May 6.—Senator Warren today reported to the senate a complete agreement of the conferences on the army appropriation bill, and it was adopted. It makes a flat increase of $500 a year in the pay of officers and of 35 per cent in the pay of enlisted men of the army. The bill carries $95,382,246.

The additional appropriations made by the senate for supplies and incidental expenses for the quartermaster's department, construction of barracks and quarters for the field artillery for the organized militia, manufacture of arms and other items were scaled down, and $3,463,162 eliminated from the bill.

ASKS HEINZE TO ACCOUNT

Is Made Defendant in Suit for $180,000.

New York, May 9.—A suit to recover approximately $180,000 from F. Augustus Heinze and A. B. Clements was begun in the supreme court here yesterday by Robert Lyons, receiver of the Aetna Banking and Trust company, of Butte, Montana.

Heinze was formerly president, and Clements manager, of the institution. They are asked to account for $100,000 worth of stock, a credit of $37,770, and for another amount of $43,000.

They also are asked to account for alleged loss and damages to the company, which, it is charged, were "due to their negligence, unlawful acts, misconduct and fraud."

PRES. STIRS SENATORS

Asserts Supremacy as Commander-in-Chief of Military.

Intense Feeling Created and Conference of Republicans May Be Held as Result.

Washington, May 9.—Three members of the United States senate have received letters from President Roosevelt within the last few days declaring his supremacy, as commander-in-chief, in all matters referring to the control of the army and navy. The letters have created intense feeling in the senate and it is not unlikely that they will precipitate a conference of Republican members.

The letters are in defense of his course in discharging, without honor, the negro soldiers he believed to be guilty of shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas, and his action in banishing Colonel William F. Stewart to an abandoned military post in a desert section of Arizona.

Third to Stewart.

The third letter came yesterday to Senator Stewart, of Vermont. A few days ago, during the debate on the Brownsville case, Senator Stewart asked a question, indicating that he had doubt as to the wisdom of extending to the President the power of passing on the innocence or guilt of ex-soldiers applying for reinstatement, in view of the fact that it appeared that the President still believes all of the negroes to have been guilty of complicity in the affray.

The senator was surprised to receive from the President a letter bearing on both the Colonel Stewart and the Brownsville cases.

Attached to the communications were letters to Senators Rayner and William Alden Smith, the one to Mr. Rayner asserting chiefly the President's right, as commander-in-chief, to deal with an officer in such a manner as he pleased, while the one to Mr. Smith was confined to the Brownsville affair and reiterated the President's belief that he had dealt with the case as conditions demanded.

The President went still farther in his letter to Senator Stewart in addition to repeating much that he said to the other senators.

After this discussion the President wrote that in every community there is found a maudlin sympathy with murderers, and the Thaw case in New York is cited by him as an example. None of the senators who have received letters from the White House have decided whether they will make them public. All have been asked to do so.

CONGRESSMAN IS INDICTED

Heflin Faces Three Counts Charging Assault.

Washington, May 11.—The federal grand jury today returned an indictment charging Representative J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, with assault with a dangerous weapon.

The indictment contains three counts, two of which relate to the assault on Lewis Lundy, a negro, with whom Mr. Heflin had a dispute on a stret car in this city on March 27 last.

The third count charges an asasult on Thomas McCreery, of New York, a horseman, who was standing on the sidewalk and was struck by a bullet from Mr. Heflin's pistol.

In the first count Mr. Heflin is charged with beating the negro on the head with the pistol. The second count charges that he discharged the pistol, causing the bullet to strike the negro. Lundy appeared before the grand jury, but McCreery made no appearance before the body.

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion.

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well.

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

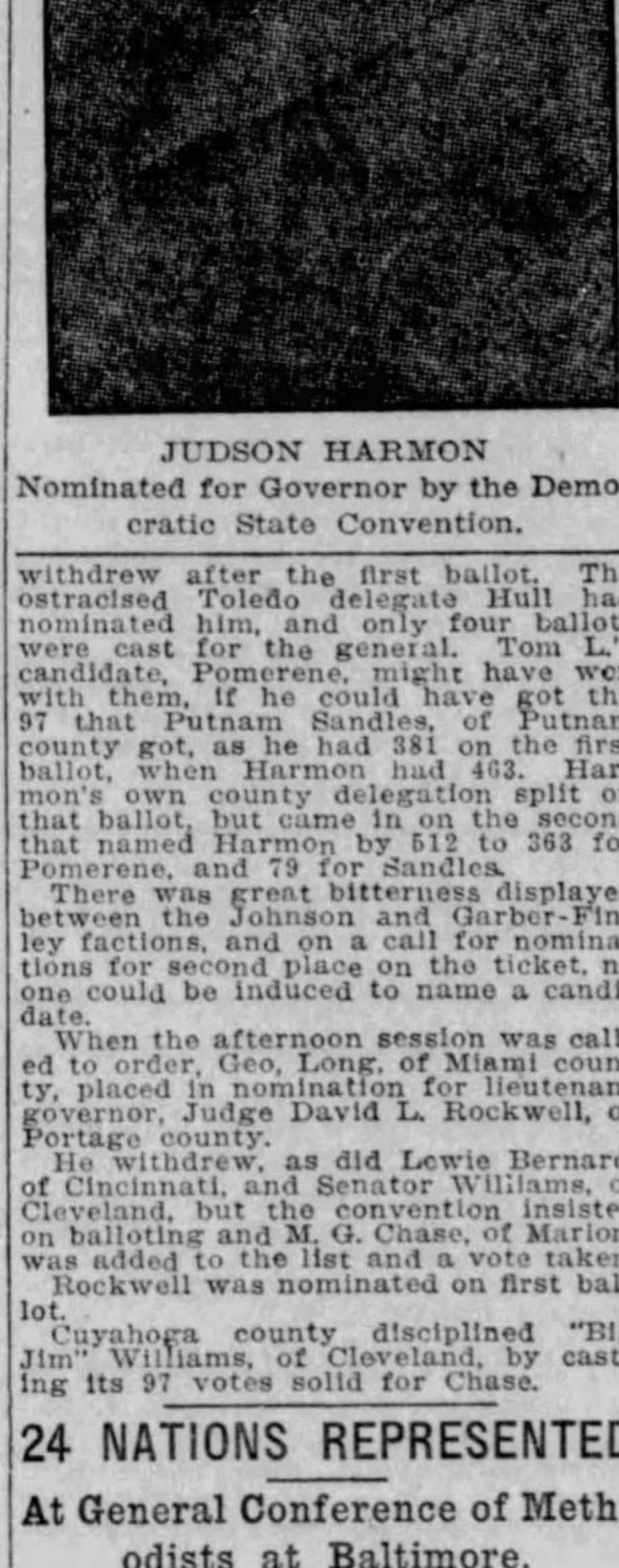
HARMON FOR GOVERNOR

Garber-Finley Crowd Dominates State Convention.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Governor—
  Judson Harmon, of Hamilton.
Lieutenant-Governor—
  David L. Rockwell, of Portage.
Judges Supreme Court—
  Hugh T. Mathers, of Sidney.
  George B. Okey, of Franklin.
Secretary of State—
  J. H. Newman, of Miami.
Auditor of State—
  W. W. Durbin, of Hardin.
Treasurer of State—
  D. S. Creamer, of Belmont.
Attorney General—
  T. S. Hogan, of Jackson.
Board of Public Works—
  J. H. States, of Allen.
  Bernard Doran, of Perry.
Dairy-Food Commissioner—
  David A. Eley, of Ashland.
School Commissioner—
  John A. McDowell, of Holmes.
Clerk of Supreme Court—
  O. C. Larason, of Licking.
Presidential Electors-at-Large—
  J. J. Lentz, of Franklin.
  S. A. Hoskins, of Auglaize.
For United States Senate—
  James E. Campbell, of Butler.
Delegates-at-Large—
  Tom L. Johnson, of Cuyahoga,
  M. R. Denver, of Clinton,
  E. W. Hanley, of Montgomery,
  W. S. Thomas, of Clark.
Alternates-at-Large—
  H. T. Sutton, of Muskingum,
  I. R. Sherwood, of Lucas,
  G. M. Saltzgaber, of Van Wert.
  J. E. Monnot, of Stark.

Columbus, O., May 6.—Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati, who thought a little while ago that he was a presidential possibility, fought for the nomination for governor in the Democratic state convention this morning and won it on the second ballot, even though Tom L. Johnson sprang the name of Gen. Sherwood on the convention in a desperate effort to stampede it from the anti-Bryan man. Harmon wasn't there, but after hearing of the bitter attack on him by Tom Johnson in the convention last night, he sent hasty word to his friends to nominate him, if they could, even though he had coldly declined to be a candidate not so many hours before. Gen. Sherwood


JUDSON HARMON.
Nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention.

withdrew after the first ballot. The ostracized Toledo delegate Hull had nominated him, and only four ballots were cast for the general. Tom L's [illegible] were [illegible] with 97 [illegible] county [illegible] Putnam [illegible] the first ballot, [illegible] Harmon's [illegible] split on [illegible] second [illegible] 363 for Pomerene [illegible].

There was great bitterness displayed between the Johnson and Garber-Finley factions, and [illegible] tions for [illegible] ticket, no one could get a majority for a candidate.

When the afternoon session was called to order, [illegible] county, placed in nomination for lieutenant governor [illegible] Judge David L. Rockwell, of Portage.

He withdrew, as did Lewis Bernard, of Cincinnati, and Senator Williams, of Cleveland, but the convention insisted on balloting and M. G. Chase, of Marion, was added to the list and a vote taken.

Rockwell was nominated on first ballot.

Cuyahoga county disciplined "Big Jim" Williams, of Cleveland, by casting its 97 votes solid for Chase.

24 NATIONS REPRESENTED

At General Conference of Methodists at Baltimore.

Baltimore, May 6.—With hymns of praise and prayers for divine guidance the twenty-fifth delegated session of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was begun at the Lyric in this city today. At the first sitting, which began at 10 o'clock and lasted a little more than two hours, the formal ceremonies of the opening were gone through and organization was effected, leaving everything in readiness for the vast amount of business that is expected to come before the body for disposition.

Bishop Henry W. Warren, of Denver, Colo., called the assemblage to order. There are accredited to the conference 787 delegates, who, with the fraternal visitors come from 24 different countries and represent more than 3,000,000 communicants of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. Among them are men of national and international reputation, conspicuous in the church and in professional and business life.

MAJOR O. P. CHAFFEE DEAD

Kidney Trouble Causes Death of Confederate Officer.

Kansas City, Mo., May 7.—Major O. P. Chaffee, who was an officer in the confederate army and was a brother of Lieutenant General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., (retired), of Los Angeles, died at his home here today of kidney trouble, aged 79 years.

Major Chaffee, in the civil war, was a staff officer. He was connected with the commissary department part of the time, and later saw service with the Twentieth Alabama regiment. He was acquainted with Generals Longstreet, Bragg and Wheeler.

Major Chaffee had lived in Kansas City for the past 18 years. He leaves a widow here. Interment will be at Mount Washington, Kansas City.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, 28 Avers av., Chicago.

MARRY Best plan on Earth. Nothing like it. Photos of every lady member published with description. Many Beautiful, Wealthy, etc. Act quick. The Pilot, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

IF YOU APPRECIATE FINE WHISKEY Write us promptly and you will place yourself in position to receive free of cost, a full quart of the best straight whiskey ever made. SECURITY CO., 46 S. Water St., Chicago.
Name
Address

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—21 W. Adams St., Chicago.

A BOOK OF INTEREST TO EVERY MAN
I want every man who desires more vitality, more nerve-force, more vigor, to read my new book. The time has come for plain talking, for every man should know the vital facts of life. If you are weak and nervous, you must learn how to be cured. The right way has been found at last. I want you to read this book and will send it to you free of charge by mail in plain sealed envelope if you write for it at once. Address the author, Dr. G. H. ROBERTS, 10 Roberts Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERFECTLY REMOVED. I have a safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, neck, arms, etc. FOREVER. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information, I send it sealed, FREE. Address HELEN DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St. New York.

Agents $103.50 per month selling these wonderful Scissors. V. C. Giebner, Columbus, O. sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, made $13; you can do it; we show how. Free Outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., 819 [illegible] St., Dayton, O.

AGENTS $50 Per WEEK WANTED To sell the DR. HAUX famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles—finest on earth. State present occupation. DR. HAUX SPECTACLE COMPANY, Dept. 190, St. Louis, Mo.

$4 TO $10 A DAY EITHER SEX—selling our patented rapid selling articles. No scheme. SAMPLES FREE. A. M. YOUNG & CO., 232 Howland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

You Can Make $36.00 a Week And expenses and a Motorcycle or Automobile. Frank W. Williams will show you how. Address 1210, 91 Taylor St., Chicago.

FISTULA AND POLL EVIL CURE. A Reliable and Effective Remedy. No cutting or pulling of pipes; easy and simple to apply; no experience required; cure guaranteed or money refunded. Write for particulars. W. M. Johnson, Box 184, Smithfield, Ohio.

Cancer How to cure cancer in 10 to 20 days by my new home treatment mailed free to all sending address. Dr. Curry Cancer Cure Co., 39 Curry Bldg., Lebanon, Ohio. Refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

POST CARDS 25 Beautiful Raised, Embossed, Gilded and Silk POSTALS for 25c. Every one new and attractive. Desk 7, Wayne Supply Co., Toledo, O.

Young lady of refinement desires position as companion to elderly lady. Y89, care Blade, Toledo, O.

KENTUCKY FOR SEC. TAFT

Endorsement Came After Long and Bitter Contest.

Louisville, Ky., May 8.—After having controlled the organization and seated their delegates in all save a few of the contested counties during an all night session of the committee on credentials, the Taft men were apparently about to put their slate of delegates at large through without a hitch at yesterday's session of the Kentucky Republican convention when their program was endangered and at the state at one time apparently broken.

Instead of winding up the business of selecting delegates-at-large of the Republican national convention in an hour or two there was a session lasting from 10 a. m. until 5:30 o'clock, when, after hours of disorder, wire pulling and suspense, the Taft men finally won out and elected the following delegates at large, instructed for the secretary of war to the Chicago convention:

Governor A. E. Willson, Louisville; Judge A. R. Burnam, Richmond; W. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville; E. D. Lane (colored), Louisville.

The upset, which came when the Fairbanks men were apparently hopelessly beaten, was precipitated by a harmony speech delivered by United States Senator-elect William O. Bradley, the leader of the Fairbanks forces in Kentucky.

CONNECTICUT FOR TAFT

Delegates to Chicago Convention Instructed for Ohioan.

Hartford, Conn., May 6.—President Roosevelt's administration was heartily endorsed today by the Connecticut Republicans in state convention assembled, and the delegates to the national convention at Chicago were instructed to vote for Wiliam H. Taft for the party's presidential nomination.

In the county and district caucuses, held before the convention met, there was some opposition to instruction, the vote in the first congressional convention being 42 ayes to 74 noes. The second district caucus gave an overwhelming vote for instruction.

United States Senators Bulkeley and Brandegee telegraphed withdrawing their names as candidates for delegates at large.

FIVE CHILDREN BURN

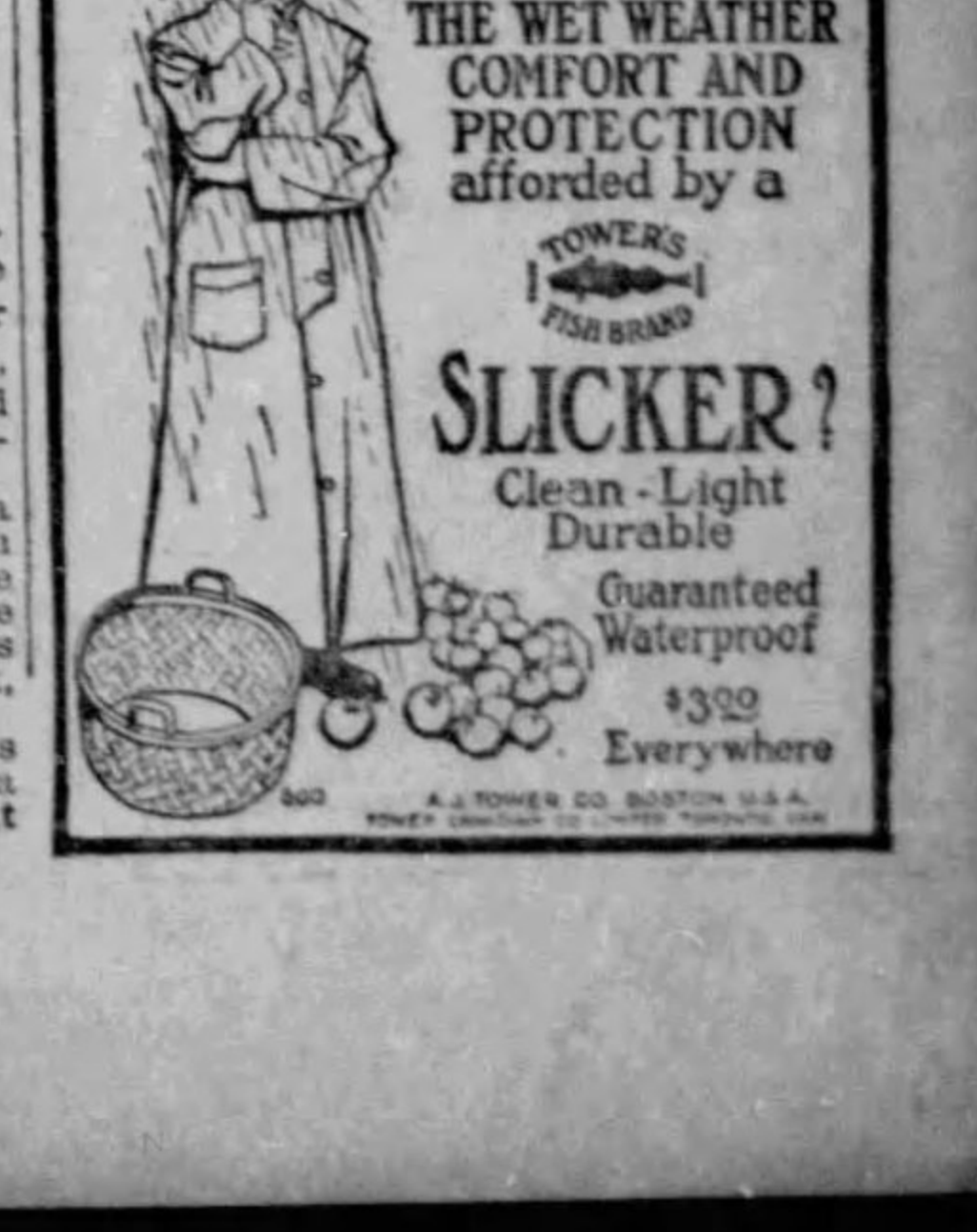
Alleged That Their Father Set Fire to House.

Montgomery, Ala., May 11.—Five children of James Kennedy, a negro of this city, were burned to death last night, and two others so bady burned that they are not expected to live.

Kennedy's wife alleges that her husband locked the children in the place and then set it on fire. The man and woman have been living apart and the question of the possession of the children was being fought out in the courts. Kennedy escaped.

Girl Suffocated.

New York, May 11.—In a tenement house fire yesterday Annie Bates, 19 years old, a domestic, was suffocated, and three persons, one a policeman, were injured. The girl was employed by a family living on the fourth floor of an East Sixty-fifth street tenement. The prompt work of a patrolman in assisting tenants from the burning house saved many lives. Most of the occupants escaped in their night clothes.


DO YOU KNOW THE WET WEATHER COMFORT AND PROTECTION afforded by a
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
SLICKER?
Clean-Light Durable
Guaranteed Waterproof
$3.00 Everywhere
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON U.S.A.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

I am glad to think,
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and do
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

MONDAY.

Would you have a happy state of mind? Act happy, and before you know it the world will be full of glory.

TUESDAY.

God does not send strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
The violet is here.

WEDNESDAY.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

THURSDAY.

Yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision, but today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day!

FRIDAY.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

SATURDAY.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Origin of Memorial Day

In most of the northern states of the Union, May 30 is set apart by statute as a day for decorating the graves of soldiers who fell in the Civil War, and for holding exercises in their memory, in order that their sufferings and heroisms may never be forgotten.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves originated in the south. Two years after the close of the Rebellion, there appeared in the New York Tribune an item stating that "the women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederates and of the National soldiers."

A thrill of tenderness ran through the north admirably expressed in Francis Miles Finch's verses, The Blue and the Gray, which this little item inspired. The verses are these:

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

But not for some years was there any general observance of this beautiful custom at the north. Finally, early in May, 1868, General John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order in which the thirtieth day of May was set apart "for the purpose of stewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion." He added that "it is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

This purpose has been achieved. The state legislatures soon took up the idea, and the day is now a legal holiday through practically the whole north.—From Days and Deeds. Published by The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

HOME AND CHILDREN.

I am an interested friend of The Household Page, and I find there are others busy with this world's work, hardly knowing which to do first. I go to Sunday school and the Ladies' Aid Society, even if my work is left undone. I can always work and get supper with a better heart, after having a day out. I have three children, two boys nine and seven years old, and a little girl of three. I have been married over eleven years. All the hired help I have had during that time would not exceed three weeks, excepting when my mother has been with me. She has always been my doctor and nurse.

My husband and I have but one pocketbook. The money from the butter, eggs, calves and pigs, along with everything else that is sold, goes into the common fund.

My little boy says to tell "Wifie" to give her little boy a box of buttons with a needle and thread, and let him string them. Spools can be used instead of buttons.

I was one of eleven children. Nine of us have families of our own. Our mother never refused us any games we chose to play, so long as we did not quarrel. After we had an organ, violin and cornet in the home we drifted away from the other games. We are not all supplied with music, but the children must be amused one way or another. I believe it is more dangerous to forbid cards in the home, than to allow them. You may keep them out of our home, but do you save your boys?

I heard a mother say once, that her children could not trace their gambling to her door. She never permitted cards in her house. I thought it was little to her credit. If she had allowed a few games to keep her boys at home evenings, they might have avoided the greater evils of drinking and gambling. I would not advise cards in preference to music or other amusements, only if your boys must play them, let it be in the home, instead of some barn or vacant house where you will not be able to watch the game.

"Just Me," spoke truly when she said the father and mother should look after their own lives. The future good or evil of our children depend more on our everyday example, than on a game of cards, or any other amusement. Hold the reign tight on yourselves. The children will keep in sight, if they do occasionally run loose. I stand ready for conviction if I am wrong.

I think the Elsie Books are good reading for children. I wish every minister for the next year would take for his text the Eleventh commandment. If they do not, I fear a monument in memory of brotherly love will be our next.—Farmer's Wife from Penn.

IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

I want a seat close to Alvina, as I too, am a farmer's wife and can sympathize with her in her trouble. I would advise her to take a day off and spend it in looking on the bright side of life. Just lay your work aside. What is more beautiful than a walk through the woods in early spring, when Dame Nature is busy preparing her new dress of green after the chilly winds and frosts of winter have given way to the sun and showers of spring? All nature seems to be rejoicing in the change. The wild flowers are beginning to scent the woods with their fragrance, and the green shoots are putting forth every effort to burst into full life.

How pleasant it is to listen to the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will somewhere far off in the dusky twilight. After the busy day, how soothing it is to sit and watch the pale moon floating across the sky, and listen to the revelry of nature. The little birds are busy all day, flitting from branch to branch, looking for some hiding place where they can build their nests and rear their young, safe from danger of intruders.

Go into the woods. You will see the frisky grey squirrel dining on the sweet, juicy buds of some tree, or the red squirrel, as he digs up the last of his winter's store of nuts. In the orchard you will hear the hum of the bees, rifling the sweets from the blossoms of the pear and cherry trees. The green fields, the distant lowing of the cows, and the rippling brook, all seem to have a welcome sound for the approaching summer. The farmer is busy from early dawn till the last, faint rays of the setting sun, turning the soil and planting his crops. Life on the farm is one of unceasing labor, but after all, it is a happy one, and has many advantages that city life does not possess.—Virginie Belle.

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE.

I have long wished to tell you what a benefit your letters have been to me. I think, dear friends, that we should each one of us try to introduce our excellent paper into new homes this present year.

I wonder how many are as fond of maple syrup with batter cakes for breakfast as we are? You will then be glad to know a substitute for this delicious adjunct when the maple sugar is gone and there will be no more until a year from this spring. The substitute is this: Dissolve one pound of brown sugar in the least possible water, just enough to keep the sugar from sticking to the bottom of a porcelain-lined kettle. Boil it one minute. Remove from the fire. Pour into your syrup cup, add three drops of extract of vanilla—and thank the one who told you how to make it.

I would say to Illiana, yes, I for one, think old-time hospitality is a thing of the past. If I waited until I was ready to receive company I should never have any. If they drop in unexpectedly, always make them welcome and at ease, for it is not what I get to eat that I care for when I go to see my friends, but the spirit in which it is given.

Ruth, I am one of the over-worked housewives, but instead of joining a club and having an afternoon out, I feel more like curling down on my couch for a good afternoon's rest, and then have a walk in the early morning in the open air for half an hour. I will close with this little bit of poetry:

Oh, do not stand with idle hands
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away,
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully;
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.
—Augusta Hay.

ENJOYS LIFE.

I enjoy reading your letters and have received a great deal of benefit from them. I enjoy life very much, as I have a kind husband and four healthy little children. We are trying very hard to raise our children right, and we think there is a great responsibility resting on parents. We are kind, but firm, with our little ones. When either one of us has to punish one of them, the other never objects, and by this way of doing we have very obedient children.

I agree with Illinois that by being very careful in what we do and say in our homes, and abroad also, that we can make ourselves and those around us much happier.

I want to say to those sisters in trouble, to always try to look for the bright side of everything, and endeavor to forget your troubles and be thankful they are no worse. If we forget self, we will be pretty sure to think of some one just a little worse off than we are.

With best wishes for all, I will close by sending some home remedies:

For burns—Scrape a raw Irish potato and bind to the burn immediately.

For earache—Take a small pinch of black pepper (pulverized), and tie it up in a small piece of cotton. Dip in sweet oil and put in the ear. This will give almost instant relief.

For proud flesh—Burn alum on the stove. Pulverize it and sprinkle on the sore. Burnt alum is also said to be very good for catarrh in the head, if snuffed up the nose once a day.—Jennie.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

A Busy Wife asked about giving cow's milk to lambs. Give them the pure milk, just as it comes from the cow, and all they want. We use a half pint bottle for young lambs, and a larger one as they grow. We feed them every two hours while they are young. When the little lambs are coming, I always save a small jar of milk for emergency cases. Where there are twins that do not seem to get enough, we catch them and feed them twice a day to help the mother. We never lose a lamb from feeding.—The Shepherd's Wife.

INQUIRY.

I should be glad if any of the Household readers could tell how to kill moth eggs in heavy things such as carpets, overcoats and pincushions that are stuffed with wool. I have tried turpentine, but without success.—The Missus.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters recently received are from O. G. F., Myrtle, Pet Lamb, A North Carolinian, Mrs. Emma Palmer, and A Mill Worker.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor written in the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Reba Marie sends us the following recipes:

Rice Cakes—One cup of cold, cooked rice, mixed with one egg, and one cup of cracker crumbs. Let the mixture stand half an hour. Then form into cakes, and fry in a spoonful of hot butter. Left over corn may be used in the same way.

Fish Balls—Take cold fish, pick out the bones and season with pepper and salt. Beat one egg, add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream and enough mashed potatoes to thicken. Make into cakes or balls and fry in hot butter.

Beef Loaf—Put the beef in a pan, add one egg, one cup of cracker or bread crumbs rolled fine, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and one cup of boiling water. Turn into a bread pan which has been well-greased. Form into a long loaf and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve on a platter garnished with lettuce leaves. This loaf is the recipe for 15 cents worth of beef, ground fine.

Apple Snow—Pare, core and bring to a boil in as little water as possible, six tart apples. Cool, strain and beat well. Add the well-whipped whites of three eggs. Sweeten to taste. Beat until it is like snow. Favor with lemon or vanilla, or add the grated rind of a lemon. Serve with sweetened cream, or make a custard of the yolks of eggs, a little sugar and a pint of milk. When done, place in a deep dish and drop the snow in alternate layers with the custard.

Quince Honey—Four large grated quinces are required for each 25 cents' worth of sugar. Put sugar in a pan with a quart of hot water. When it begins to boil, sprinkle in the grated quinces, a little at a time. Let boil 20 minutes. Do not stir it, or it will go to sugar. When done, I put it in glasses and put the lids on. It will keep all winter.

We should like to have your fruit, time table and more recipes, if you feel like sending them. Thank you for these.—Editor.

German Blonde sends this recipe for a cake without milk or butter—One tablespoonful of lard, one cup of sugar, one egg, and the white of another; one teaspoonful of flavoring, one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Any kind of frosting may be used.

From Mrs. J. T. F. we have these:

Sugar Jumbles—One egg, two cups of soft sugar, one cup each of butter and milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Stir stiff, drop in dripping pan, dip the spoon in water and shape. Then sprinkle with granulated sugar. I double the recipe and use only one egg. They are excellent.

Graham Pudding—One-half cup of molasses, one cup of sweep milk, two cups of graham flour, one-half cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, salt and spice to taste. Steam three hours.

Mrs. J. H. kindly sends this recipe for Potato Croquettes—Mix two cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rich milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and the yolk of one egg. Beat thoroughly, shape, dip in bread crumbs, then in egg well beaten, then in the crumbs again. Fry in deep fat. Croquettes are shaped in a variety of forms. The most common way is to shape a smooth ball by rolling the mixture between the hands, then roll on a board until it is the desired length. Flatten the ends.

From "Mayme" we have this way of making Boston Cream Pie—One cup of white sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

The cream sponge for filling requires one pint of sweet milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Flavor with vanilla. This makes three pies. Bake, and then split open and put in the filling.

Mrs. A. A. B. sends these helpful hints. The first is a way to keep bugs from meat: After smoking the meat, take a new paint brush and cover the meat with a paste made of molasses and red pepper. It will not need to be sacked.

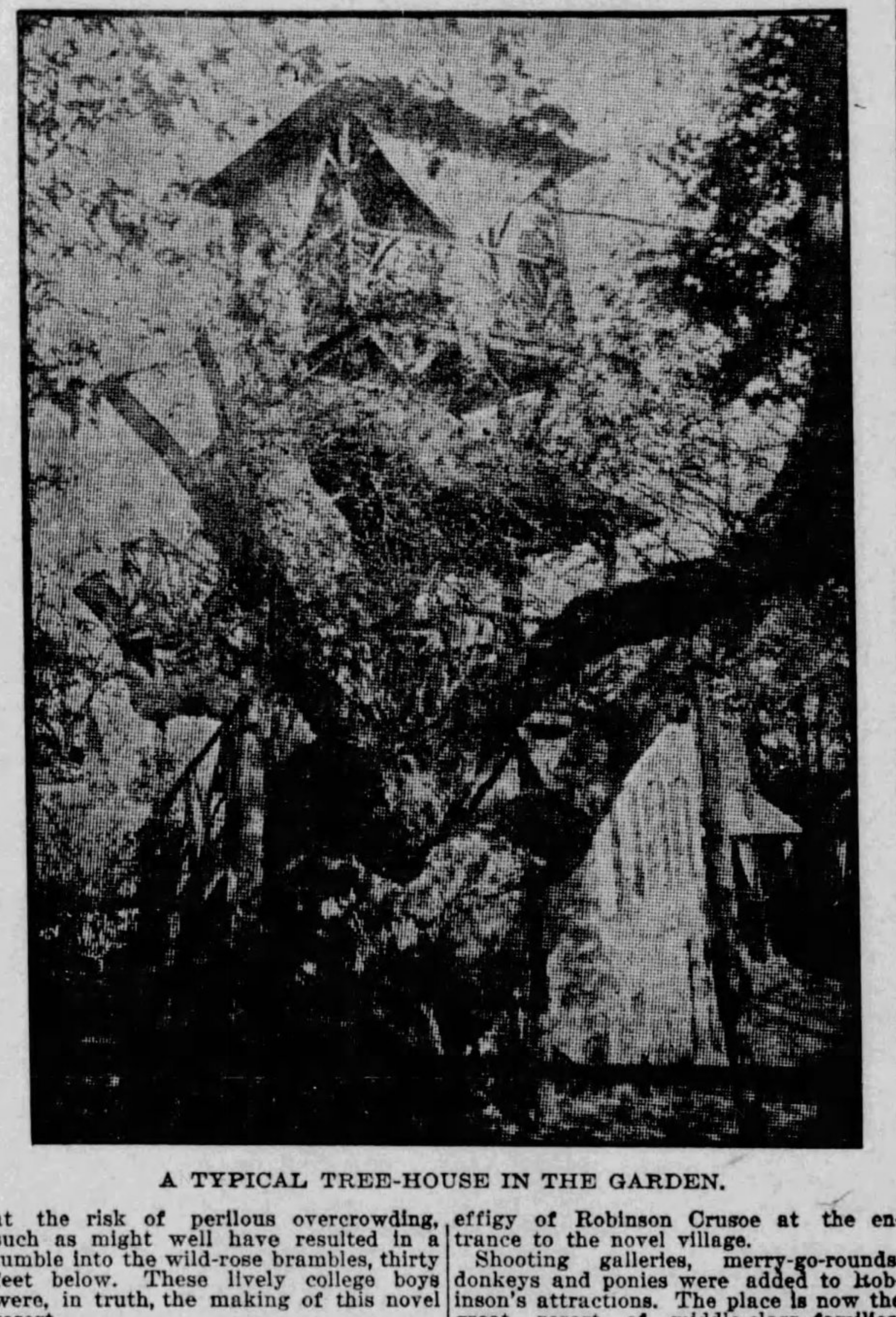
To Freshen Salted Meat—Slice and cover with buttermilk. Heat, then wash and roll in flour. Fry brown.

When using meat, always spread lard where you have cut away the meat and it will not spoil.

To Bake Apples—Peel, core, then sift flour over them. Cover with brown sugar and a cup of water and vinegar.

Mrs. C. W. would like a recipe for making a cooked lemon filling that is to be put in a cooked crust. Also a recipe for frosting.

A Village in the Tree Tops



A TYPICAL TREE-HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

So far as I know—and I have traveled the world over—there is but one place in civilization where a whole village is built high up in big forest trees. Of course, in savage lands, especially in cannibal New Guinea, tree houses are common enough, and so are dwellings propped on stilts out in the shallow seas. But then the occupants are always terrified lest fierce raiders come to burn and kill and kidnap; and while in their treetop huts or seapropped homes they feel themselves secure and in a position to espy the stranger from afar, and accost him from a safe distance.

Vastly different, however, is the charming village of Robinson, near Paris. You may call it the Coney Island of the French metropolis; but there is no noise, no vulgarity, nothing but a quiet appreciation of lovely scenery and a wholesome resolve to spend a few hours in novel surroundings, away from the fret and turmoil of a vast city. Robinson was "invented" by Jacques Guesquin, a humble rentier, a man who had made a little fortune in Paris, and then retired into the suburb to "plant cabbages," as the French say, alluding to their ideal of the country life.

But that was sixty years ago. Monsieur Guesquin cast about for a likely site for his retirement and hit at last upon the vicinity of Sceaux and Fontenay-aux-Roses, only seven miles from the city. A lovely spot. The quiet lane was hedged with wild roses, and ran along the shoulder of the hill, flanked by immemorial elms and immense chestnuts, survivals of the great forest that once encircled all Paris.

Here old Guesquin built a cottage, but soon found he must occupy his mind with other things besides planting cabbages. For his had been an active life. He therefore decided to open a little store and thus keep his slender capital from diminishing too quickly. He wondered why the weary brainworkers of the city close by had never found out this retreat. He presently bought another plot of land, higher up the lane, and there built a second cottage—why, he hardly knew himself; he was even wiser than he knew.

"Someone may come," he thought vaguely. Then he had a fine idea. He began to nail massive beams to the mighty limb of an elm on his tiny estate, and on this novel platform he built a summerhouse, reached by a staircase within the hollowed trunk. This afforded the old fellow a delightful panorama of the lovely valley of the Seine, as he sat and smoked his pipe on a summer's eve, looking down upon the city where he, too, had so recently borne the heat and burden of the day.

One morning some young students from the great Sorbonne university found Guesquin on his perch and with merry laughter insisted on joining him, even at the risk of perilous overcrowding, such as might well have resulted in a tumble into the wild-rose brambles, thirty feet below. These lively college boys were, in truth, the making of this novel resort.

"What shall we call it?" they wondered. And immediately the utter loneliness and the lofty lookout in the tree suggested Defoe's immortal hero. "Let's dub it 'Robinson,'" cried one, in a flash of inspiration. With that the lads ran away to spread the fame of the charming spot.

Soon there was not a tree within a mile or so of Guesquin's that had not a restaurant or pleasure pavilion clasped within its leafy bosom. All Paris was delighted with the notion and the country roads were fairly lined with "explorers," all seeking the now familiar effigy of Robinson Crusoe at the entrance to the novel village.

Shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, donkeys and ponies were added to Robinson's attractions. The place is now the great resort of middle-class families, especially on a Sunday afternoon. During the week there is a constant succession of wedding parties, especially of the working classes.

These good folks have a merry time. They go for pony rides, take walks in the woods, besiege the swings, have their portraits taken under the forest trees and finally tramp up the creaking stairways that lead to the restaurants in the air. Of these there are entire streets, and the service is arranged by ropes and pulleys from the kitchens below.—W. G. Fitzgerald in May St. Nicholas.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.; Mental, moral and social improvement.

Again we have the pleasure of beginning our column with a letter from one of our early members. Miss Prudence sincerely hopes that all of the old friends who have "dropped out," will soon "drop in."

I am glad that some one suggested a sort of "reminiscent party," as I think we all love to occasionally turn back the pages and review in our mind some of the bright spots in our memory.

When I was 16 I gained admission to the circle, and I am now—well, never mind. I know no one cares to know. However, I will say this: During the interval since my first visit here I have known what is to be a wanderer. I have always worn my badge conspicuously, but have never felt the warm handshake and hearty, "How are you?" from a fellow M. G. R. Recently I passed through the home town of an old-time M. G. R., and so hoped to see her, but failed. Next time, "Lena Rivers," let's make an appointment. I will mention a few places where I often tie to and if there be any members living near the places named I hope to meet them some day.

My native state is the Wolverine state. For two years I lived in the next county to an M. G. R. girl, but did not know it until many miles were between us. Several times I have spent many happy months in the beautiful Ozarks. I expect to be there this summer again and hope to meet some Ozarkite members.

Cherokee Girl, I wonder how far apart we are now. At present I claim Oklahoma as my place of residence.

I do so want to meet a real live M. G. R. The experience would be such a novel and strange one. I am afraid, however, it might prove a great shock. Will risk, it though, if I ever get the chance.

I hope others of the old members will follow N. E. Girl's and Hoosere Puer Poeta's example and come back into the fold.—Bonnie Burnie.

Leonie was kind enough to send us this little verse:

I reach a duty, though I do it not,
I therefore climb no higher.
But if done, my view is brightened
And another spot
Seen on my mortal sun.
For be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfill it, and a higher will arise,
Even from its ashes.
Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And climbing not, we fall.

As I have read your good letters for over a year with great interest I thought I would venture to ask admission to your circle. Like Abou Ben Adhem, I am one of those who love their fellow beings and I enjoy communicating with them, by letter, at least.

The glorious spring time and the lovely blossoms are here, and I delight in standing under the blossom-laden trees to listen to the warbling of the birds. Their songs sound so beautiful. I am a great lover of nature, music, art and poetry. My favorite American poet is Longfellow, although I admire the English poet, Byron. In art, I think St. Cecelia one of the finest subjects ever created for a picture. It is music, poetry and flowers combined. My favorite flower is the white rose:

Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower.
—Sweet Peas.

We have taken The Blade years and years, it seems to me. My husband says his folks took it years ago, and I know my father took it when I was a little girl. I would not dare tell how many years ago that was. I always turn to the M. G. R. and Cozy Corner first, and look for our old friends.

I think my favorite author is Sir Gilbert Parker, but there are so many I like it is hard to tell my favorite. I read aloud evenings to my husband. I have read all of the E. P. Roe's books, Winston Churchill, Robert Barr and Elizabeth S. Phelps.

My favorite character in American history is Abraham Lincoln. My favorite poet is Longfellow, but I don't care very much for poetry.

Cherokee Girl, I wish I knew you personally, and I wish, too, you would tell us where you live. I lived near the Indians when I was a child, but I never got used to them; in fact, I was afraid of them.—Fatima.

I am very much interested in the M. G. R.'s, and I think your motto a beautiful one. If we would all live up to it how much happier the world would be. I think one of the surest ways of doing good is to do the little things that are near us and never neglect a little kindness.

I live in the beautiful hills of California. There are so many who come here for their health, and some are very near the borderland of that brighter world. Here they are strangers in a strange land, and how glad they are of a kind word or a friendly smile or a plate of hot biscuits. Most of them are homesick, everything is so different, and after a while when deeper sorrow comes to them, if you can smooth their pathway just a little how glad you are to know you did what you could.

I have been an interested reader of the discussions. Now it is books, and the spirit moves me to tell the members of the M. G. R. what I like to read. I cannot tell which one is my favorite author. I like so many books by different writers. Ralph Connor I like because, when the story ends, I always feel that the characters have done something worth while. That is the kind I like best.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Lorna Doone, John Halifax, Cap'n Eri and Ivanhoe are all favorites of mine. E. P. Roe's books I think are very interesting. There are many more, but I will not name them all this time.

I admire the characters in history who have worked for the good of humanity. Washington, Lincoln, D. L. Moody, Frances E. Willard and General Booth are all noble characters.

Burns is my favorite poet because he expresses such great sentiments in few words. There are many other poems I like. A few are: The Boat Race, The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571; Barefoot Boy, and Snow Bound. I am also fond of patriotic poems such as Paul Revere's Ride, The Uprising 1775, and Barbara Frietchie.

I have read a great many stories that interested me while reading them, then they were laid aside and forgotten. Such reading spoils one's memory for holding what is good to remember.—A Lover of Books.

I might be able to tell you some stories of my own experiences as a "hobo," but this time I will turn my attention to the questions. History and historical works are my favorites, but I like a good novel once in awhile. I have seen some writers spoken of in these columns that I could hardly approve, but each to his own taste. I can hardly say which poet is my favorite, as I have read almost all, or most of them. Our own poet, Longfellow, seems to hold the ascendency, though his poems are not so lofty and high-sounding as some. I like them for their simplicity and purity of thought, and common subjects treated.

How many really know how to read a book? Princess, do you know me?—Penn Sylvania.

Here I come again after a long absence. I suppose you have all forgotten me, but I have not forgotten you, for I read the letters every week. I see there are many of us West Virginia members now. I should like to meet you all and have a talk.—Bertha.

I have never written a letter to you before and I have never seen one from northern Wisconsin. I enjoy reading your letters and I think the motto is all right. I liked Leni Leoti's letter very much, because it was a good long one. I like to read and I think Longfellow's poems are very nice.—Ruth.

I am a Michigan girl and enjoy reading the letters. I am sixteen years old, am five feet two inches tall and have light hair and blue eyes. I am attending the high school at Wolverine, and like my studies. I am very fond of music and can play some.—Margaret.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

During the past week the mail has brought letters to the M. G. R. from Sunshine of Pa., Doc, Harriet Perkins, New England Girl, Mac, and Clara from Ohio.

Peggy:—Will you send your name and address to Miss Prudence? I would have a word with you.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor written in the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

BILLY AND THE DWARF

Billy was called a bothersome little boy. His brothers and sisters thought him a bother because he was always teasing them. The neighbors closed their doors when they saw him coming, for he was sure to get into mischief. The chickens all ran into a corner of the yard when he came, for he was likely to chase them, and the kittens ran and hid, too, for he was not good to them.

Billy sat one evening on the big stone at the bottom of the steps. He was lonely, and he was thinking "I guess nobody likes me," when suddenly a funny little man, about as big as his thumb, hopped upon his knee.

"Do you want me to help you?" said the funny dwarf.

"Yes," said Billy, "if you will make people like me."

"I will," said he, "but you must promise to do everything I say. I will get into your coat pocket, and you must listen and obey."

Billy thought it would be very nice to have the tiny creature always with him, so he promised. Then he lifted him gently into his pocket.

Just then his father called: "Billy, run into the house for my newspaper."

Billy was just on the point of saying, "Can't somebody else get it?" when the dwarf called in his sharp little voice, "Run, Billy, run on tiptoe." Then Billy ran on tiptoe, found his father's paper, and brought it with a smile.

"Thank you Billy," said his father kindly.

Just then Billy heard the voices of his brothers and sisters, who had been to the woods for flowers and birch. They had gone without inviting Billy, for they thought he would be in the way. Billy ran to meet them.

"I think you're real mean," he was about to say, when the dwarf whispered, "Billy, share your apples."

Now Billy had a bagful that his uncle had given him. He had meant to eat them all himself, but when he heard that tiny voice he skipped away to the shed, got his bag of apples, and gave a big rosy one to each of his brothers and sisters. They were surprised and they gladly shared their birch and flowers with the little brother who had been so generous to them.

Early the next morning Billy remembered that the old hen had a coup full of fluffy yellow chickens.

As soon as he was dressed he ran out to see them. He found them all running to hide under their mother's wing. One chicken lost its way, and Billy began chasing it, but the dwarf, still resting in his pocket, whispered, "Give them some breakfast, Billy."

Billy heard the little voice. Then he ran quickly and shelled an ear of corn for the mother hen. He mixed some Indian meal with water in a big yellow bowl for the chickens. They all gathered around while he fed them, and, as he did not try to catch them, Billy knew that they were afraid of him no longer.

On his way to school that morning Billy met Sambo, a little colored boy in a big straw hat. Billy's hand went up to snatch the big hat and throw it over the fence, when the tiny dwarf called out, "Ask him to play ball with you."

"Say, Sambo, will you play with my new ball at recess?"

"Yes," said Sambo, "do you mean it?"

"To be sure," said Billy, with a smile.

The boys had a fine game of ball at recess, and in a few days Sambo had learned that Billy was always good to him now.

As Billy walked toward home that afternoon he remembered a pond where the fishes played. He whispered to his little brother, "Let's run away to the pond," though his mother had often said, "Never go to the pond unless I am with you." The tiny friend in his pocket said, "Go ask your mother."

Billy's mother was sitting on the porch and the boys, politely raising their caps, asked her: "Will you please go with us to the pond?" Mother was pleased to see the children so courteous, and she gladly left her sewing to go with them.

One night Billy sat again on the big stone at the bottom of the steps. He was saying to himself, "Most everybody likes me I guess."

The dwarf whispered from his pocket, "Shall I stay with you, Billy?"

"Yes," said Billy. "I will not let you go."

Billy grew up tall, stragiht and handsome, and, best of all, he grew to like everyone—and everyone liked him.—Elizabeth Stoll, in Kindergarten Review.

THE POETS' CORNER

We have had a number of requests for poems appropriate for Decoration Day recitations, and for this reason we are glad to give considerable space in the Poets' Corner to these poems.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By Francis Scott Key.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

MEMORIAL DAY.

By Cy Warman.

Gather the garlands rare today,
Snow-white roses and roses red;
Gather the fairest flowers of May,
Heap them up on the graves of clay,
Gladden the graves of the noble dead.

Pile them high as the soldiers were
Piled on the field when they fought and fell;
They will rejoice in their new place there
Today, as they walk where the fragrant air
Is sweet with the scent of asphodel.

Many a time, I've heard it said,
They fell so thick where the battles were,
Their hot blood rippled, and, running red,
Ran out like a rill from the drifted dead
Staining the heath and the daisies there.

This day the friends of the soldiers keep,
And they will keep it through all the years,
To the silent city where soldiers sleep
Will come with flowers, to watch and weep
And water the garlands with their tears.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

By Henry Holcomb Bennett.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong!
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

LINCOLN.

From the Commemoration Ode by James Russell Lowell.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

CAN'T.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

How history repeats itself,
You'll say when you remember Grant
Who, in his boyhood days, once sought
Throughout the lexicon for "can't."

He could not find the word that day,
The earnest boy whose name was Grant;
He never found it through long years,
With all their power to disenchant.

No hostile host could give him pause;
Rivers and mountains could not daunt;
He never found that hindering word—
The steadfast man whose name was Grant.

The three following poems are especially fitted as recitations for children on Memorial day:

OUR NATION'S DEAD.

By Susie M. Best.

All over our fair land today
The grateful people pause and say,
"We'll gather all earth's fairest blooms
To decorate the soldiers' tombs;
For well indeed our bosoms know
The debt of gratitude we owe
To those who ventured limb and life
When war in all the land was rife."

Today all over our fair land
The people dwell, a peace-blessed band;
From bound to bound, in home and hall,
One honored flag waves over all!
For this we bless our nation's dead,
And, as we reverently tread
Beside their graves, we place with care
Love's fadeless laurels everywhere!

REMEMBRANCE.

By Lillie V. Mickel.

A little blue violet looked up to the sky,
And nodded and smiled—I asked her why.
"O little blossom, what would you say?
Why do you nod so glad and gay?"
"I am telling of soldiers brave and true.
Come close, and I'll whisper it all to you."

A little brown wren with eyes so bright,
Was warbling a song at morning light.
"O little bird, what is it you say?
What are you singing all the day?"
"O the soldiers did so brave a thing,
And that is why I love to sing."

If some little child you chance to meet,
Who does not know why this day we greet,
"O little child," you all would say,
"We'll tell you why we keep this day;
We give to the soldiers love and praise
Who gave us their lives in other days."

FLOWERS FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

By C. Phillips.

We love the flowers, the little flowers
So beautiful and bright;
They come to cheer our dreary hours,
They come for our delight.

We love their rich and varied hues,
Their forms and perfumes sweet;
We love to think 'tis God who strews
These blessings at our feet.

They're tokens of unfailing love,
Sweet harbingers of bliss;
They point to fairer realms above,
E'en while they brighten this.

Then let us gently lift them up,
Nor bruise the fragile stem,
Nor crush the tiny pearly cup
Wherein the dew-drops blend.

But bear them to yon hill and dell,
Where sleep the honored brave,
The heroes who in battle fell
Our own dear land to save.

There gratefully and tenderly
We'll place above each head
The fairest of our floral gifts,
A tribute to our dead.

And with these simple offerings
Let humble prayers ascend,
That war no more shall blight our land,
No more shall slay a friend.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

Little words of kindness,
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost,
Yet when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.
Little deeds of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

POEMS WANTED.

Does anyone know the pretty old song, Kitty Klyde? These are two of its lines:

Oh, who has not seen Kitty Klyde;
She lives at the foot of the hill.

The song containing these words is wanted:

Kiss her for yourself, Jack, and kiss her once for me,
For she's the sweetest girl in this dear land to me.

These oldtime poems are asked for: The Burning of Sir Robert Peel, beginning: "In the soft month of May in the year thirty-eight." Also Skewball and the English Grey Mare; The Life Prisoner's Farewell; George Riely; and the old hymn, When the Warfare Is Over.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Poems received in answer to recent inquiries are: The Forest, The Stolen Stars, Song of a Thousand Years, The World We Live On, The Sunlight is Beautiful, Mother; The Drunkard's Lone Child, Lucy Winter, The Wonderful Sack, John the Beloved, The Dying Soldier, The Challenge, and Sweet Kathleen.

Mrs. I. Vansant:—Thank you for sending the beautiful poem. I shall use it as soon as possible.

Please do not send in any more requests for poems. There is no chance of their being published at present.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

ABY'S ITCHING HUMOR

othing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Skin Healed and Trouble Has Never Returned.

VES QUICK CURE TO CUTICURA

"Several months ago my little boy gan to break out with itching sores. doctored him, but as soon as I got em healed up in one place they ould break out in another. I was most in despair. I could not get ything that would help him. Then began to use Cuticura Soap and Cutira Ointment, and after using them ree times the sores commenced to al. He is now well, and not a scar left on his body. They have never turned nor left him with bad blood, one would think. Cuticura Remies are the best I have ever tried, d I shall highly recommend them to yone who is suffering likewise. rs. William Geeding, 102 Washingn St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907."

WRIGHTS FLY MORE THAN 30 MILES

Ohioans Make Third Successful Flight in Aeroplane—Will Try to Go 320 Miles.

Norfolk, Va., May 9.—The Wright brothers, aeronauts, of Dayton, Ohio, who are experimenting with their aeroplane at Kill Devil Hill, near Manteo, N. C., made their third successful flight yesterday, covering thirty odd miles and ascending to a considerable height. The absolute control of the machine shown by the aeronauts was the feature of the experiment.

The ship glided easily from the ground, the aeronauts taking a fifteen mile dart seaward, probably going 2,500 feet in the air, circled and followed an elliptical course back to the starting point. A ten mile wind was blowing, but it did not interfere with the ship.

At the conclusion of their experiment the Wright brothers announced that Saturday or Sunday, the weather permitting, they will attempt a flight from Kill Devil Hill to Cape Henry and return, a distance both ways of 160 miles.

In yesterday's test the aeroplane showed a speed of 30 miles an hour, the operators keeping perfect control of the machine, although at one time the wind blew fifteen miles an hour. The aeroplane weighs 350 pounds. The gasoline engine weighs 150 pounds of this.

HOUSE OF MYSTERY

wful List of Murders Unearthed at Laport.

risoner, However, Held and Is Expected to Tell of Eleven or More Murders.

Laporte, Ind., May 6.—From out of e mass of tangled and sensational idence which indicates that Mrs. lla Guinness was one of the most onstrous murderers of the century, d her beautiful and well kept farm, mile from Laporte, was a clearing use of assassination and crime, ere developed today the startling eory that the woman did not die in e fire which destroyed her home on e night of April 28, and that she is ll alive and in hiding, probably in icago. This theory is strengthened the fact that the head of the body the woman found in the ruins of the inness home after the fire, is still ssing, although every effort has been ade by the authorities to locate it, en to going through the charred mbers piece by piece. Unless the ad is found today, the officers will ake a post mortem examination of e remains of Mrs. Guinness and subt them to a more careful analysis learn whether or not the woman s herself killed in the fire, or had bstituted the remains of one of her male victims for herself and set fire the house in order to cover up the ime. In case it is proved that Mrs. inness did substitute the body of other woman for her own, it is very ely that she was also guilty of the urder of her three children.

Developments show that this murr mystery takes rank with the ormity of the crimes perpetrated by . Holmes of Chicago and the Benr family of Kansas. Eleven deaths s the total this morning for which explanation was being sought. The al eleven includes two husbands of rs. Guinness, five bodies found yesrday, and four bodies previously.

Five bodies, some of them dismemred and the parts sewn in gunnycks, were unearthed yesterday in oft spots" in the barnyard of the rned Gunness house, one mile out town.

Still another body was unearthed the Gunness farm at noon today. e body is that of an adult. It was und in a pine box, face downward, d had been buried probably two ars. It has not been identified.

Later this afternoon two more dies were found in the same place. With the four imperfectly identified dies recovered from the ruins of e house since the fire April 28, hich led to the arrest of Roy Lampere, a carpenter, on suspicion of urdering Mrs. Belle Gunness, 44 ars old, and her daughters, Myrtle orenson, 11 years old; Lucy Sorenn, 9 years, and their half-brother, hilip Gunness, 5 years old, there are n bodies to be identified.

Mrs. Gunness is believed to be the urderer of the men and children. ne of the dead men was lured to the unness home by a matrimonial adrtisement. Lamphere was jealous him and in that there may be a ssible solution of at least one of the imes.

Two of Mrs. Gunness' husbands died nder suspicious circumstances. The e of the first, Max Sorenson, was sured for $8,500, and that of the cond, Gunness, for $3,500. The comnies paid the money over to her.

Twice in her career fire destroyed roperty belonging to Mrs. Gunness d in both cases she collected the inrance from the fire underwriters.

Today it is even intimated that the oman herself may not be dead—that e procured a female corpse, set fire her own house, and then fled, leavg the world to believe she had perhed in the flames. But this is not ccepted by the police, who still think e woman is dead. The first body g up was that of Andrew Helgelein, wealthy bachelor of Aberdeen, S. D., ho came here in January and dispeared about February 1.

The limbs and head had been sawed f and placed in gunnysacks which en had been sewn up. The body was ude.

In a second excavation, a skeleton elieved to be that of Jennie Olson, an dopted daughter of Mrs. Gunness ho disappeared in September, 1906, as discovered.

The girl was nearly 17 years old at e time and it was reported by Mrs. unnes that she had gone to Los ngeles, Cal., to attend college.

Continued digging brought the earchers to more sacks which conined the dismembered body of a rge man. Decomposition had reuced the body to such a state that e only features recognizable as such ere a dark mustache and dark hair. Beneath this body was another layr of earth, under which were found e bodies of two children, apparently about 12 years of age. There are several more suspicious places in the grounds about the ruins, and the authorities resumed the search today with the chance of finding more bodies.

Roy Lamphere was told of the gruesome discoveries.

"My God, five bodies. What wouldn't that woman do!" exclaimed Lamphere, who is awaiting grand jury action on a charge of first degree murder. The dim lighting of the cell in which he has been confined since his arrest following the fatal fire, revealed the spasm of horror, shaded with relief, which crossed his features.

"I always thought something was wrong out there," he cried when Sheriff Smutzer questioned him. "Several people came to that farm who were never seen to go away. One was a mani big, with black hair and mustache. Mrs. Gunness told me he was Jennie Olson's sweetheart. He was around there about two years ago. Then one day a man and woman drove up with a baby. They went away without it. Now, that's all I know about it, but I guess there must have been others. I ain't sure just when that big man was there."

It is the hope of Justice Smith that Lamphere will shed light on the bodies found in the barnyard of the Gunness home yesterday. One is believed to be that of Andrew Helgelein of Mansfield, S. D. Another may be that of Jennie Olsen, a foster daughter of Mrs. Gunness, who disappeared in 1906. A third is partially accounted for as that of an unidentified man who visited the place two or more years ago. The other skeletons, though to be those of children, are unexplained, although Lamphere told the sheriff last night that a child had disappeared from the farm some time ago. Sheriff Smutzer has advanced the theory that some of the bodies may have been sent here from Chicago in an effort to cover up crimes in that city. He has asked the Chicago police to investigate the antecedents of the Gunness woman, she having lived in that city prior to her appearance here in 1900.

But even if these mysteries are solved there remains yet the puzzling incidents surrounding the burning of the house when Mrs. Gunness and her children met their deaths. Two of these children, Myrtle, aged 11, and Lucy, four years her junior, bore the patronymic, "Sorensen," having been born to Mrs. Gunness' first husband. The third was Philip Gunness, aged 6 years. His father was killed by a blow on the head, said to to have been caused by a sausage machine falling on his head four years ago. Sorensen died suddenly in Chicago prior to 1900.

That the fire which caused the death of these children and their mother was of incendiary origin is the firm belief of the authorities. Also they have deep suspicion that Ray Lamphere, driven by jealousy, was the man who started the fatal blaze.

Sisters After Estate.

Chicago, May 6.—Mrs. Belle Gunness lived for fifteen years on Alma street, in this city. At that time she was married to John Sorenson, who died, it is said, in a mysterious manned. No charges, however, of foul play was ever made in connection with the case. Two sisters of Mrs. Gunness, Mrs. Nellie Larson and Mrs. L. A. Olander, are now living in Chicago, though both of them are at the present time in Laporte. The two sisters went to the latter place determined to ascertain what had become of a will which they said they knew Mrs. Gunness had made, leaving clared that the statement by virtue of which Mrs. Gunness' estate of $15,000 was bequeated to the Norwegian orphan asylum of Chicago, is fraudulent. They said they would contest the will in the court, even if they did not succeed in finding the will in which, they declare, the money of their sister was given to them.

Inquiry in Chicago.

Chicago, May 6.—Coroner Peter M. Hoffman has taken official cognizance of one phase of the Laporte (Ind.) murders, and today said that if evidence of foul play should be advanced he would exhume the body of Mads Sorensen, a former husband of Mrs. Bella Guinness, who died suddenly at his home in Austin, a suburb of Chicago, several years ago.

JUST MISSED BEING VICTIM

Missouri Man Tells of Experience at the Gunness Farm.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 11.—"The fact that I had no money, I now believe, is the only thing that saved me from being murdered by Mrs. Gunness, near Laporte, Ind.," said George Anderson, of Tarkio, Mo., last night at the St. Joseph union station as he boarded the Rock Island "Flyer" for Chicago, where he will offer his testimony and letters written him by Mrs. Gunness, to the authorities.

"I think the woman is still alive, and that she set fire to the farmhouse herself. I believe that the oldest girl knew of her mother's crimes. I now recollect that she acted very strangely. She would eye me with a pitiful look, and when I glanced at her during a meal she was as white as a sheet."

Anderson is a Swede, 39 years old. Two years ago, while at Monteith, Mich., he answered one of Mrs. Gunness' advertisements, posing himself as a wealthy farmer. She wrote him to come on, and he did so. The second day she asked him point blank how much money he had. He claimed only a few hundred dollars cash but had a 320-acre farm. She told him to sell the farm and bring the money to her and they would be married. He went away for a few days and returned one night without notifying Mrs. Gunness. He found a man who he now believes was Ray Lamphere, in her company. He confessed to her that he had no money. She was incensed, but told him to spend the night at her place. He went to bed, but was awakened and found the woman bending over him. He spoke and she ran from the room. Greatly frightened, he did not close his eyes after that, and at daylight left the place.

"I will try to identify Ray Lamphere as the man I came upon at Mrs. Gunness' home," said Anderson. "Somehow I connect that man's present with her visit to my room.

okomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Mil r has spent $125,000.00 in giving medical eatment to afflicted women. Some time ago we announced in the colmns of this paper that she would send ee treatment to every woman who sufered from female diseases or piles. More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller still receiving requests from thousands f women from all parts of the world, ho have not yet used the remedy, she as decided to continue the offer for a hile longer, at least. This is the simple, mild and harmless reparation that has cured so many omen in the privacy of their own homes fter doctors and other remedies failed. It is especially prepared for the speedy nd permanent cure of leucorrhoea or hitish discharges, ulceration, displacents or falling of the womb, profuse, canty or painful periods, uterine or ovaan tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelgs, nervousness, creeping feeling up the pine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot ashes, weariness and piles from any ause, or no matter of how long standing. Every woman sufferer, unable to find who will write Mrs. Miller now, ithout delay, will receive by mail free f charge, a 50-cent box of this simple ome remedy, also a book with explanary illustrations showing why women ffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician. Don't suffer another day, but write at ce to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 6608 Miller uilding, Kokomo, Ind.

Pupils Strike When Teachers Ride on "Unfair" Street Car

Chester, Pa., May 9.—As a manifestation of the bitterness with which many people regard the Chester Traction Co. and the men who took the places of the motormen and conductors when they went on a strike several weeks ago, this city yesterday witnessed a sympathetic strike of the pupils of the Morton avenue school because two teachers, Miss Anderson and Miss MacFarland, rode on the trolley cars manned by strikebreakers.

When the pupils learned that the teachers had ridden on the cars they refused to attend the sessions. As a climax to the incident, mothers of the children went before the school board last night and demanded the removal of the teachers.

The parents were promised that the teachers would make an apology to the children on Monday and also make a public apology through the columns of the local newspapers.

MORE VICTIMS AT FARM

Bodies of Mrs. Guinness' Dupes Dug Up Today.

Latest Remains Discovered Evidently Those of Victims Lured to Death.

Laporte, Ind., May 8.—Skeletons of two more bodies were unearthed at the Guinness farm today in a grave near the spot where three of the four bodies were exhumed Wednesday. The first to be turned up is undoubtedly that of a grown male, and the second is believed to be that of a woman.

The rain having ceased, the diggers were put to work at an early hour. A soft spot under a pile of refuse was selected as the most promising place to begin operations. The digger had not been long at his task when he turned up a spadeful of bones, and before 9 o'clock the body, the skeleton of a full-grown man, had been entirely exposed. The bones of the skeleton were scattered, but were in a good state of preservation.

It is believed that the body was put underground about two years ago. The second skeleton was found directly underneath the first, with an intervening space of earth. It is because the bones are much smaller that they are thought to be those of a woman. The skeleton also was not in an articulated state, the tools of the diggers probably having to do with the breaking and scattering of the smaller bones.

The news that digging operations were to be resumed today attracted a large crowd. As early as 7 o'clock this morning, buggies, hacks, wagons, and all sorts of conveyances started for the farm, and by 8 o'clock the crowd was more than a thousand strong.

Farmers from the surrounding country, merchants, clerks and townspeople of adjacent towns and villages and visitors from far away cities, made up the crowd that watched the diggers.

That still more bodies would be found today was confidently believed this morning.

New evidence has been drifting into Laporte. One of the outside communications which attracted attention came from Providence, R. I. A message from the eastern city said that one of the victims of the death farm may have been from that city.

What the inquiries of Prosecutor R. N. Smith into the alleged connection of Roy Lamphere with the crimes will develop, is exciting interest. Deputy Sheriff Roy Marr, who is aiding the state attorney in this line of work, claims that he will produce witnesses to strengthen the testimony of Louis Roule, Bessie Wallace and Nettie Shoemaker, who yesterday told the authorities that Lamphere had asserted that he knew enough concerning Mrs. Guinness to convict her of serious crimes and had threatened to reveal this evidence in revenge for her prosecutions of him. One of these new witnesses, it is said, took part in the conversation between Roule and Lamphere, and it is further reported, is of unquestioned integrity and standing in the community. If more bodies are found on the Guinness farm fresh mysteries will confront the authorities. Thurs far only three of the eleven bodies have been identified. The known victims are:

Jennie Olsen, the 16-year-old foster daughter of Mrs. Guinness; Andrew Helgelein, of Mansfield, S. D., and Ole O. Budsberg, of Iola, Wis.

One female corpse and those of five males yet remain unidentified.

Despite the searching investigations of the sheriff and state attorney there is as yet almost no clew to the identity of these bodies. Their task is complicated by the fact that the bodies have been in the ground for at least 18 months.

That the Pinkerton operatives who were brought into the affair yesterday may be able to discover fresh evidence is the hope of Sheriff Smutzer and Prosecutor Smith. The outsiders are in charge of C. J. Smith and he is said to have four assistants. Two of these, it is said, have been detailed to search neighboring farms for information regarding Mrs. Guinness' establishment. The others are working under the direction of the sheriff.

Postponement of grand jury action on the case against Lamphere was decided upon last night at a conference of officials of Laporte county. The action was taken on the advice of Detective Smith. While Ralph N. Smith, prosecutor of the county, had announced that he was ready to proceed before the grand jury which had been scheduled to meet next Monday, new evidence unearthed led to the change in plans.

It became public today that Roy Lamphere made a statement to Mayor Darrow, who is the partner of Lamphere's attorney, a day or two ago, that a man from Chicago, whose name he did not know, came to the Guinness farm several months ago and remained there for several days. He disappeared suddenly, leaving a trunk and a few belongings behind.

Nothing was ever heard of this person after he left the Guinness place, and he is supposed to have met the same fate as those whose bodies are now being dug up at the Guinness farm.

FOUR KILLED IN EXPLOSION

Gas Stove in Tenement House Blows Up.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., May 8.—Mrs. John Wilson, her two small children and her sister, a Miss Lee, lost their lives today as the result of the explosion of a gas stove in a tenement house here.

REUNIONS OF VETERANS

Will Be Feature of Grand Army Encampment.

Old Soldiers Will Come From All Parts of the Land and Will Be Made Welcome.

The report of Capt. W. G. Alexander, chairman of the reunions committee of the G. A. R. encampment, reports 130 regimental reunions scheduled to date, with more coming in. He has also booked brigade reunions of some of the most famous organizations participating in the civil war, all of which will meet in Toledo during the encampment, August 31 to September 5.

The work of preparing for these reunions has been going on for two months and will continue well into August, and by that time the committee hopes to have fully 180 scheduled. The requests that the reunions be held in Toledo are sent out in the form of a notification in general orders and blanks are furnished for a response.

Thus far most of the regiments and brigades have sent a delegate to Toledo to inspect the quarters assigned to them by the committee in the halls and hotels, and their suggestions have as far as possible in these matters been acted upon. The list includes a number of regiments that have not held a reunion in connection with an encampment in years.

Halls have been assigned to all the organizations booked. The completed list to date follows:

Ex-Prisoners of War, 5,000.
General Fuller's "Ohio brigade," four regiments: 27th O. V. V. I., 43rd O. V. V. I., 39th O. V. V. I., 63rd O. V. V. I.
General Sherwood's brigade, six regiments: 111th O. V. V. I., 118th O. V. V. I., 80th Ind. V. I., 129th Ind. V. I., 23rd Mich. V. I., 107th Ill. V. I.
"Sykes Regulars," Army of the Potomac, including the 9th Vt. V. I., 2nd U. S. infantry.
Regular brigade 14th corps, Army of the Cumberland, consisting of the 15th, 16th, 18th and 19th U. S. infantry, and Battery H, 5th U. S. artillery, Col. Dan S. Wilder, pres., Columbus, O.
U. S. Engineer corps, regular army, Col. A. G. Alford, pres., Baltimore, Maryland.
U. S. Engineer corps, volunteer army, A. H. Boise, Hudson, Mich.
Miss. Ram Fleet and Marine brigade, Capt. W. D. Crandall, historian and treasurer, St. Louis, Mo.
U. S. Signal corps, Col. J. L. Pray, sec.
General Barnett's regiment, First O. light artillery; 12 batteries.
The famous U. S. Berdan sharpshooters, 1st and 2nd regiments made up from seven different states. Will hold their first reunion ever held at this national encampment.
2nd Ohio heavy artillery, Col. W. S. Roebuck, pres., Bellefontaine.
3rd Ohio volunteer cavalry, 200 strong (mounted), Thomas Crofts, sec., Toledo, O. With them will brigade 1st, 3rd and 4th O. V. C. and Chicago Board of Trade battery.
The 2nd, 4th, 5th, 15th, 18th, 19th and 35th Michigan infantry.
2nd brigade, 1st division, 14th army corps, Col. W. S. Wilder, pres., Columbus, O. The four regiments of this brigade not given.
6th O. V. V. I. with 3rd brigade, 3rd division, 4th army corps, brigade reunion.
7th O. V. V. I. brigaded with 12th and 20th corps, L. F. Bauder, sec., Cleveland, O.
8th O. V. V. I., Col. A. G. Danniels, sec., Mt. Vernon, O.
"Carroll's Gibraltar Brigade," consisting of the 4th and 8th O. V. V. I., 14th Ind. and 7th W. Va.
8th N. Y. C., C. H. Moody, sec. Expected.
9th O. V. V. C. and the 9th O. V. V. I. will be booked later.
11th Penn. cavalry, 100 strong, Col. D. S. Orcutt, pres., Pittsburg, Pa.
10th, 12th, 13th and 35th Ind. V. I. and others coming.
12th Ohio Independent battery, J. M. Bellman, sec., Chicago, Ill.
14th O. V. V. I., J. M. Miller, sec., Toledo, O.
First Michigan Sharpshooters, George W. Hartley, sec., Toledo, O.
17th Maine V. I., Col. R. G. W. Fester (sponsor), brigaded with the U. S. Berdan Sharpshooters.
18th Mich. V. I., Col. W. H. Stevens, Tecumseh, Mich., pres.
19th O. V. V. I., 300 strong, Col. James Brierly Warren, sec.
20th O. V. V. I., Col. Leroy G. Hunt, sec., Mt. Vernon, O. With them will brigade 32nd, 68th and 78th O. V. V. I., being the 2nd brigade, 3rd division, 17th army corps, at Y. M. C. A., 500 strong.
The 21st, 57th and the 99th are expected as a brigade reunion not yet booked. And we are looking for the old 23rd to get in line.
24th O. V. V. I., George Vining, pres., Oak Harbor, O. With them in a brigade reunion will be the 6th O. V. V. I., 36th Ind., 84th Ill., 3rd brigade, 3rd division, 4th army corps.
25th O. V. V. I., Capt. A. D. Stewart, sec., Toledo, O.
27th O. V. V. I. with the Fuller brigade.
29th O. V. V. I. not yet booked. (Sorry; must come in.)
29th Missouri V. I., 100 strong, Capt. W. H. Gray, sec., St. Louis, Mo.
32nd O. V. V. I., Col. Warner Mills, sec., Columbus, O., 150 strong. Brigaded with 20th, 67th and 78th, Y. M. C. A.
37th O. V. V. I., L. E. Lambert, sec., St. Marys, O.
38th O. V. V. I., V. W. Wicks, sec., Delta, O.
43rd O. V. V. I., Fuller brigade.
47th O. V. V. I., Col. Sol Zarbaugh, sec., Toledo, O.
51st O. V. V. I., J. A. Correll, sec., New Philadelphia, O.
54th O. V. V. I., Henry Weitzel, sec., Toledo, O.
Stewart's and Thomas Kerby Smith's brigade, consisting of the 54th and 71st O. V. V. I. and the 55th Ill.
55th O. V. V. I., D. E. Jefferson, sec., Toledo, O.
56th O. V. V. I. with Gen. Raynor, court house.
62nd O. V. V. I. with the 1st brigade, 1st division, 10th army corps, Army of the James. With them the 67th O. V. V. I., 13th Ind., 39th Ill. and 85th Penn., Capt. Charles P. Schafer, sec., Toledo, O.
68th O. V. V. I., Simeon Gillis, sec., Bryan, O. Brigade at Y. M. C. A.
78th O. V. V. I. brigades with the 20th, 32nd and 67th.
86th O. V. V. I., W. B. Noyes, sec., Weston, O.
89th O. V. V. I., Isma Troth, sec., Lynchberg, O.
97th O. V. V. I., John H. Drake, sec., Zanesville, O.
103rd O. V. V. I., C. F. Chapman, pres., Perrysburg, O.
111th O. V. V. I., Capt. W. S. Thurston, sec., Toledo, O. (Sherwood brigade.)
118th O. V. V. I., J. S. Clum, sec., Ft. Recovery, O. (Sherwood brigade.)
123rd O. V. V. I., Dr. R. N. McConnell, sec., Upper Sandusky, O.
128th O. V. V. I., L. W. Bailey, sec., Lakewood, O.
130th O. V. V. I., Doc Thorn, Toledo, O.
144th O. V. V. I. expected.
2nd O. V. C. Ass., Col. W. R. Austin, sec., Cleveland, O. With them will be the 1st brigade, 3rd division cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, Custer's brigade, consisting of the 2nd O. V. C., 2nd N. Y. C., 5th N. Y. C., 1st Conn. V. C., 17th Penn. V. C. and the 3rd New Jersey V. C. This will be a "buster."
The American Woman's Press Ass. of the W. R. C., Mary M. North, sec., Snow Hill, Md.
3rd division, 4th army corps, Penn. Reserves (Penn. Bucktails), they never miss a national encampment. "Good boys are they." R. F. Willson (sponsor).
1st and 2nd O. V. I., 3 Mo. ass., Isaac Kendall, sec., O. S. home.
Battery I, 1st Ill. light artillery.
60th O. V. V. I., T. T. Armstrong, sec., Hicksville, O.
10th O. V. C., Dr. Wm. W. Hill, sec., Weston, O.
14th Michigan Battery, J. H. Emery, Toledo (sponsor).

MOB LYNCHES NEGRO BOY

Three Hundred Unmasked Men Take Part in Bee.

Nashville, Tenn., May 9.—Elmo Harvard, 18 years old, a negro, arrested Wednesday at Pulaski for attempted assault, was lynched yesterday afternoon by 300 unmasked men.

The men broke open the jail and, over the protest of the sheriff, carried the negro to a bridge and hanged him. Several shots were fired into the negro's body.

HOSPITAL HEAD SAYS THAW IS INSANE

Court Will Limit Number of Experts and Save Money for His County.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 6.—Dr. Amos T. Baker, acting superintendent of the Matteawan state hospital, in his return to the writ of habeas corpus obtained by counsel for Harry K. Thaw, denied the allegations in the petition of counsel that Thaw is now sane and alleges on the contrary that Thaw is insane. Dr. Baker has had Thaw under observation during his confinement in Matteawan following the trial for the slaying of Stanford White.

District Attorney Mack, of Dutchess county, informed the Associated Press that he had been advised by Justice Marschauser that the number of expert witnesses to be called in the proceedings would be limited to five on each side.

Justice Marschauser's decision to limit the number of expert witnesses on each side is taken as an indication of his intention to have the Thaw proceedings, when they are resumed here next Monday, conducted expeditiously and without extravagant expenditure of public money.

LURED TO DEATH BY ADS

Mrs. Guinness Used Matrimonial Bait.

Authorities Busy Trying to Identify Victims of Woman's Awful Crimes.

THE LURE TO DEATH.

Chicago, May 7.—Following is Mrs. Guinness' "matrimonial ad" with which victims were lured to death:

PERSONAL — Comely widow, who owns large farm in one of finest districts in Laporte county, Ind., desires to make the acquaintance of gentleman equally well provided, with view of joining fortunes. No replies by letter considered unless sender is willing to follow answer with personal visit.

Laporte, Ind., May 7.—Additional light on the methods by which Mrs. Belle Guinness caused the deaths on her farm, one mile north of here the persons who are supposed to have fallen victims to her lust for money, was shed early this morning by Ask K. Helgelein, brother of Andrew Helgelein, of Mansfield, S. D., whose dismembered body is among the nine thus far found. Helgelein told the coroner that not only had his brother been in communication with the woman, but also that she had written to him after Andrew's disappearance in an attempt to induce him to visit this city.

"Sell your brother's stock and come here and we will hunt your brother together," was the gist of the epistles written in Norwegian and as yet only partially translated. The letters are jealously guarded by Helgelein under orders of Ralph N. Smith, prosecuting attorney, but enough was revealed to show that the woman had not hesitated to dare to attempt to gain a hold over the nearest relative of her latest victim.

Rain may interfere with further exhumations today on the death enshrouded farm of Mrs. Guinness. Sheriff Smutzer announced that unless the downpour, which began early this morning, ceased, it would be impossible to explore the lawn of the homestead, where it is believed more bodies have been concealed.

The circumstance leads the investigators here to believe that Mrs. Guinness established communication with her victims through this agency, such a premise accounting for her relations with Ole B. Budsberg, the farmer of Iola, Wis., whose sons are expected here today. It is reported that the Iola men will bring with them copies of the advertisements which brought him to Mrs. Guinness and eventually to his death.

Roy Lamphere, accused of first degree murder in connection with the tragedies at Mrs. Guinness' farm, is expected to be a center of interest today. Efforts to connect him more closely with the appalling series of violent deaths will be made by the public prosecutor, although that official asserted yesterday that sufficient evidence to convict the prisoner of complicity in the murders is already in his possession. Lamphere revealed yesterday that his former employer had urged him to insure his life in her favor, asserting that Mrs. Guinness had offered to pay the premiums on such a policy provided that he agreed to marry her. He also said that he believed that his refusal to fall in with her plans had caused the enmity which the latter manifested toward him, resulting in his arrest on three occasions and his trial before a lunacy commission on a fourth.

Lamphere's statement about a closed room in the Guinness home, to which, he asserted, he was always denied admission, is partially corroborated by the evidence of Joseph Maxon, who was working on the farm when the house caught fire April 28. Maxon asserts that he had never been allowed access to the second story of the farmhouse where the closed room was located.

Ask K. Helgelein, of Mansfield, South Dakota, was in conference with Dr. C. S. Mack, coroner of the county, until long after midnight. The steps by which the Norwegian farmer became infatuated with the Indiana woman were canvassed once more, but only partial progress was made toward clearing the mystery. Helgelein told again of the secrecy with which his brother had shrouded his movements before his departure from South Dakota. Enough was evolved to show that the advertisements for a matrimonial agency had been printed in Scandinavian papers in the northwest, Helgelein asserting that a single sheet printed in Norwegian and full of such notices had been circulated among his acquaintances.

Woman Held as a Witness.

Bessie Conklin, a young woman residing in Michigan City, Ind., whose former home was in Laporte, has been arrested by Sheriff Smutzer and is held in jail as an important witness.

The woman was a friend of Roy Lamphere, who is accused of complicity in the murders at the Guinness home. Miss Conklin is not accused of complicity, but her testimony is considered of so great importance that she will remain locked up until the grand jury hears her testimony next week. It is said that Lamphere, while talking to Miss Conklin, made threats against Mrs. Guinness, and said that he had information, which if disclosed, would hang Mrs. Guinness.

"He told me that Mrs. Guinness had to be good to him, or he would make it hot for her and send her to the gallows," said Miss Conklin to Sheriff Smutzer.

She further said that she was ready to disclose all that Lamphere told her, adding that "he was in love with Mrs. Guinness and was crazy with jealousy."

Lamphere is said to have made statements which conflict with false stories told in letters written by Mrs. Guinness to account for the disappearance of her victims.

Reward to Solve Mystery.

Believing that the best talent in the country will become interested in the case, the Laporte county commissioners yesterday afternoon decided to offer a reward of $1,000 for the solution of the mystery. Part of this money will be offered for the production of Mrs. Guinness alive.

Another possible solution developed late yesterday afternoon. Evidence that some of the dismembered corpses unearthed had been shipped to this city, probably from Chicago, came to light, the testimony of draymen, who had carted trunks and boxes to the Guinness home, bearing this out.

Watching for Mrs. Guinness.

It was still a mooted question this morning whether or not the body of the woman found in the fire ruins was that of Mrs. Guinness. At all events, the police of New York, Chicago and other big cities have been asked to watch for her.

In the opinion of many, four bodies were shipped to the home of Mrs. Guinness and placed in the cellar, where they were found in their charred condition after she had burned the house where she had been the principal in many dark crimes. She could have left the city with her three children under cover of darkness and been many miles from Laporte before break of dawn, when Ray Lamphere says he saw flames issuing from the roof of the home. She was possessed of abundance of money, which would have enabled her to have found her way to a large city, where her identity would be lost.

On the other hand, one week before the fire Mrs. Guinness refused $8,000 cash for her place, and the day before the fire she deposited $700 in the bank and placed $200 in a safety deposit box. Had she contemplated flight, some argue, she would have gobbled up all available cash before departing.

Some Victims in Chicago.

Chicago, May 7.—Coroner Hoffman today began a search of the records of the coroner's office, police and police and health departments, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, whether Max Sorenson, the first husband of Mrs. Guinness, was murdered.

The records show that the body was exhumed September 3, 1900, and that a post-mortem was held, but no record of the finding in the case is to be had. It was also found that Carolina Sorenson, a daughter of Mrs. Guinness, died August 24, 1896, and that an infant, age not given, died April 10, 1896. Coroner Hoffman is seeking to ascertain whether there was any insurance upon Carolina Sorenson and the younger child.

WOULD TELL OF CRIMES

But Lamphere's Lawyer Forbids Confession.

Body Found in Ruins of Farm House Not That of the Woman.

Laporte, Ind., May 9.—A sharp contest between the prosecution and the defense in the case of Ray Lamphere, who is accused of having caused the deaths of some of the persons whose bodies have been found buried at the Guinness farm is expected. H. W. Worden, attorney for the prisoner, said that he would file an action in court today with the object of compelling the authorities to abandon their policy of keeping Lamphere in seclusion. Worden complains that when he went to the jail last night he was refused admittance, despite the fact that his client had sent for him.

A possible explanation of the refusal of the sheriff to admit Worden to Lamphere's cell is found in the fact that the former hired man of Mrs. Guinness said yesterday that he was willing to break the silence which he has maintained since his arrest, provided that his attorney would agree to such a procedure.

"I want to tell something I know, because I know that it will help my case if I do so," said Lamphere. "But my attorney says that I must not talk and I won't until he says I can."

This attitude of the prisoner has given the prosecution hope that he may soon reveal secrets which they have been endeavoring to solve by the slow system of circumstantial evidence. At the same time it is realized that Attorney Worden will scarcely change his attitude regarding the prisoner's making any admissions concerning relations with Mrs. Guinness, and that once the two have conferred on the subject silence will again be the policy of the prisoner.

So, if Attorney Worden begins court action against the officers of the prosecution, his movements probably will be resisted strenuously.

Yesterday's developments, beyond the discovery of one more body on the farm, centered mainly about Lamphere's possible connection with the deaths. Many more witnesses were interviewed by the prosecuting officers and at least two were subpoenaed formally. This brings the present list of witnesses to 21.

Most important of the evidence secured yesterday was the trunk which Lamphere left on the farm of John Wheatbrook, where he was employed since February last. It was secured early yesterday morning, but it was not until along in the evening that the fact that the authorities had found it became known.

The Wheatbrook farm is in the vicinity of Springville, a hamlet seven miles north of here, and in the neighborhood where Lamphere spent his boyhood. His father was formerly a justice of the peace in that township, and the earlier habits of Lamphere are to be investigated by the Pinkerton operatives who are aiding Sheriff Smutzer. Letters from Mrs. Guinness found in Lamphere's trunk urged him to return to the death farm and to bring his sweetheart with him. These letters were sent to Springville, and the investigation to be made there may result in discovering the "sweetheart" mentioned by Mrs. Guinness. Thus far her identity is not known.

Dr. Harry H. Long, for two terms coroner of Laporte county, who assisted in the postmortem examination over the body supposed to be that of Mrs. Guinness, declares positively that the body in the morgue is that of a woman who weighed fully 50 pounds less than did Mrs. Guinness ;also that it is five inches shoter than Mrs. Guinness. Dr. Long says that Mrs. Guinness is still alive.

A sinister fact in connection with the death of Mads Sorensen, the first husband of Mrs. Guinness, was revealed in Chicago, when it became known that he died just one day before an insurance policy which he had been carrying for some years, would have expired and two days after a second policy which he intended to substitute for the first had become operative.

The authorities are endeavoring to trace a young man named Canary, whom it is believed may have been one of the victims of Mrs. Guinness. A letter was received this morning from his mother at Pine Lake, Ind., saying that her son, who was about 20 years old, had completely disappeared and that she had no word from him for almost two years. It is known that young Canary worked for Henry Bisege, who lived about a quarter of a mile from the Guinness farm. He disappeared entirely in June, 1906. Mrs. Canary declares in her letter that the boy was not bright and that he once burned an empty cottage for the pleasure of seeing it destroyed. It is known that he was around the Guinness place at various times.

About one year ago a man arrived in Laporte from some place in the state of New York. He said that he had made arrangements to work for Mrs. Guinness and that she was going to buy a horse and buggy which he had. He has never been heard of since he went to the Guinness farm and his buggy was today found in a shed on the Guinness place.

The story given out by Mrs. Guinness that Jennie Olson went to attend the Lutheran school at Fergus Falls, Minn., has been proved false. A letter received today from the authorities of that institution declares that Jennie Olson was never there, and that they never heard of her.

Lamphere's attorney was allowed to see him this afternoon. He is investigating a story that on the night of the burning of the Guinness home, and a short time before it was destroyed, a farmer who attempted to drive past the place was stopped and turned back by two masked men. The name of the farmer is not known at present.

James E. Lowe, a hardware merchant, who has lived in Laporte all his life and was acquainted with everybody in this vicinity, says that Mrs. Guinness once entered his store to purchase a buggy whip. She was accompanied by a man of strong Scandinavian features. Mrs. Guinness introduced him as her husband, remarking that it was too bad that she must live here while her husband was compelled to reside in Minnesota. Mr. Lowe never saw the stranger again.

A great crowd of sightseers is expected tomorrow to view the Guinness farm. An extra force of deputies and guards will be on duty to see that the fences and other appurtenances of the place are not dismantled and carried off by relic hunters.

Another Possible Victim.

Washington, Pa., May 9.—It is possible that Gustav Thun, a former resident of this city, met an untimely end at the farm of Mrs. Guinness, Laporte. A years ago after corresponding with a Chicago matrimonial bureau concerning a widow and three children, who lived on a farm near Chicago, Thun departed for the purpose of marrying the widow. When he left here he had $1,000, and nothing has ever been heard of him since by intimate friends.

500 U. S. School Teachers to Be Taken to England

New York, May 7.—Before sailing for England today Alfred Mosley, the English educator, said that arrangements have been perfected for the visit of 500 school teachers from the United States and a similar number from Canada to England next winter.

Applications, he said, should be made to the National Civic Federation. The International Mercantile Marine Co., he announced, will carry the teachers to England free of other charge than the cost of food, which will be $25 for the round trip; but they will be required to travel in the second cabin.

Peruvian Gold

For Americans

You are offered an opportunity that comes only to the rich; a real good investment at the start.

The Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation own and control an immense group of placer mines, situated in the Nosiniscato River beds in the Province of Quispicanchi, State of Cuzco, Peru, consisting of eleven mines, and having a total of 384 mining claims covering 3,795 acres. Every acre is proven to contain $24,280 worth of flake gold, 23 karats fine.

Estimated Worth of Our Property, $92,160,000.00.

Our deeds, countersigned by the United States Legation at Peru, show our absolute ownership of claims totaling 40,000 square yards each of gold bearing sand, averaging nine feet in depth, or over 46,080,000 yards, guaranteed to contain at the lowest estimate $2.00 per yard.

We therefore make the positive statement, which is more than confirmed by government tests and our own workings to date, that our property is worth in pure, free, flake gold, $92,160,000.00.

If you know the history of Golden Peru, and the incredible wealth of her ancient rulers, you must realize that modern methods applied to these gold sands will produce many times the riches that once flowed in a steady stream from Peru to Spain.

50 cts Per Share, Par Value $1.00

Labor, water and supplies are very plentiful. Wood is abundant, and there is ample water force for electric installations. The Syndicate "Madre de Dios," who has a concession to build a road to the Madre de Dios district, has completed a very good road right up to the Nosiniscato river, thus saving our corporation about $40,000 and many months of valuable time. We are, therefore, able to send machinery to our property at once.

r object is to sell enough stock to meet the expenses of the board and place one dredge on our property, which will earn not less than $4,000 per day. The subscription list will be closed just as soon as the present allotment of stock at 50 cents on the dollar is taken up.

A $10 Bill Invested

with us today will buy 20 shares of stock, par value $20.00. This will earn for you in dividends, after we install the first dredge, over $360.00.

For copies of Survey Maps, Booklets, and "The President's Story," address

SEE NEXT ISSUE.

The Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation
624 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Members of Church Council Are Poisoned at Luncheon

Houston, Texas, May 9.—Agonizing pains, the result of poisoning, nearly broke up the Protestant Episcopal church council of the diocese of Texas, after a luncheon served by the women of Christ church in the parish house Thursday night.

Ten members of the council were laid on the grass on the lawn, among them being Judge Simpkins, of the University of Texas, and five others were carried to beds in the parish house.

Mrs. Kinsolving, wife of Bishop Kinsolving, was among those most seriously affected. All of the patients have recovered.

TO TRY LAMPHERE

Prosecutor Believes He Has a Strong Case.

Picking of a Jury to Try the Hired Man Likely to Be Difficult.

Laporte, Ind., May 11.—Picking up the shreds of the evidence tending to connect Ray Lamphere with the deaths of Mrs. Gunness and her three children and perhaps also of Andrew Helgelein, is the main purpose of the authorities here now.

Sheriff Smutzer has found difficulty in carrying on the work of searching for more bodies because of the morbidly curious persons who have flocked to the place where ten bodies were discovered last week. Friday the excavating in the barnyard was hindered and Saturday it was halted by the crowds. It is expected, however, that the number of visitors will be lessened now. Nearly 15,000 persons inspected the grounds yesterday and presumably satisfied their curiosity.

The grand jury was to have met today to consider Lamphere's case but this procedure has been postponed for a week. Experts who were called into the affair by Sheriff Smutzer advised this course, although Prosecuting Attorney Smith had announced that he was ready to go into court with the evidence at hand. Since then the case has been strengthened by the discovery of Lamphere's trunk containing several letters which are said to establish his participation in the murder of Helgelein, and by information extracted from a number of persons who were intimate enough with the prisoner to learn from him much concerning his relations with Mrs. Gunness.

Anxious to Prosecute Lamphere.

If the sifting and sluicing of the ashes in the cellar of the home result in the discovery of yet more evidence, it is likely that the case will be pushed toward a conclusion rapidly. Prosecutor Smith is anxious to bring Lamphere before a jury during the term of court which opens today, and will endeavor to clear the docket of several minor cases which are scheduled to be heard.

The attitude of the defense has not been revealed to any great extent. The prisoner has received stringent orders from his attorneys not to discuss the charges against him with anyone, and the attorneys themselves have not committed themselves to any particular line of action. They have been free in announcing theories to account for Lamphere's actions before and following his arrest, and have also given out alleged evidence which they say establishes the fact that Mrs. Gunness and not Lamphere set fire to the house.

The adult headless corpse found with the blackened bodies of the children, was, they assert, that of another victim of the Gunness woman, the theory being that the head was severed by Mrs. Gunness in order that it might be thought the body was hers. Thus far, however, efforts to substantiate the announcements by the defense have failed, several persons having repudiated interviews accredited to them by Lamphere's attorneys, while the facts found by the four physicians who performed postmortem examinations on the bodies do not bear out the contentions of the defense. It is thought, however, that Lamphere's attorneys have concealed carefully the chief points upon which they will rely, endeavoring meanwhile to swing public opinion in favor of the prisoner.

Mrs. Gunness' Fate in Doubt.

Political and business friends of Lamphere's attorneys have been busy discussing the case wherever opportunity offered, the argument being mainly that Mrs. Guinness was too shrewd a woman to be caught in a fire and that she must there have escaped. Prosecutor Smith denounces these methods, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the impression that Mrs. Gunness is still alive is widespread, despite the almost total absence of definite evidence to support it. The circumstances will make the task of picking a trial jury difficult, as there is scarcely a man or woman in the community who has not formed or expressed an opinion on the subject. Talesmen from the rural districts, however, may lighten the labors of the attorneys.

That Andrew Helgelein did not give up his life without a struggle is evidenced by the fact that in one of his clenched hands was a brown tuft of short hair which is said closely to resemble the hair covering the head of Ray Lamphere, who is being in jail here. This new phase of the mystery was disclosed in the deposition of Dr. J. H. William Myer, one of the examining physicians who went into an exhaustive examination of Helgelein's body.

In the case of both Helgelein and Jennie Olson, the cause of death is given as unknown.

THINK MRS. GUNNESS ALIVE

Police Have 26 Letters From Persons Who Have "Seen" Her.

Chicago, May 11.—Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler, speaking of the possibility that Mrs. Belle Gunness is alive, said that in the last three days he had received 26 letters from persons who declared that they were positive they had seen Mrs. Gunness since her reported death. Postoffice officers are seeking to find the writers of several letters addressed to Mrs. Gunness since her disappearance. These were held by the Laporte postmaster until yesterday, when they were turned over to postal inspectors.

PASTOR MUST CHANGE FAITH TO GET FORTUNE.

New Haven, Conn., May 9.—If Rev. Henry S. Dawson, an Episcopal clergyman of Canton, Ill., will change his faith and become a member of the Roman Catholic church, he will receive a large portion of the estate of his cousin, Miss Alice T. Booth, in accordance with the provisions of her will filed here yesterday. The estate is said to be worth about $7,000.

SOLVE FARM MYSTERY

Laporte Officials Claim to Have Story of Crimes.

"Mining" Operations in Debris Produce Evidence That Woman Is Dead.

Laporte, Ind., May 12.—"The mining" operations which have been promised by Sheriff Smutzer for several days, to find the gold filling from Mrs. Gunness' teeth, started in earnest today in the ruins of the Gunness home, and as a result a gold-crowned tooth was soon found in the debris. Louis Schultze, who was employed by the sheriff to sluice the ashes in the cellar, completed his apparatus early and began the tests to determine whether his arrangements were of the character demanded by the work at hand. Schultze yesterday constructed a sluicing box nine feet long and a foot square and connected it with the tank of a windmill near the house by means of a line of heavy hose. An attachment from a street sprinkler is used to distribute the water through the box.

The work had not proceeded long before a gold crowned tooth was found. There is little question that it came from the head of Mrs. Belle Gunness, and therefore that she perished with the children in the fire that destroyed the farm house or was killed before the fire was set.

Mysterious Rings on Body.

Evidence which has hitherto been suppressed was made public in the Gunness tragedy today. It is contained in the report of Dr. J. L. Gray, who performed the autopsy on the body which the authorities have steadfastly claimed is that of Mrs. Belle Gunness. Dr. Gray in his report tells of three rings which were found upon the corpse, and also reveals the fact that the right hand, hitherto declared missing, is still in existence.

The rings, which might be expected to reveal the identity of the wearer only adds to the mystery of the case. Two of them contain inscriptions, one being "P. S. to J. S., August 22, '94," and the other "P. G. to J. S., 3-5-'95."

Mrs. Gunness' husband was Peter Gunness, but the identity of "J. S." and "P. S." is a puzzle which none of the local officials would attempt to explain.

Jennie Olsen, it is suggested, may have been the owner of the rigns, but the size of the circles, taken in connection with the date and the fact that she was born in 1879, preclude this as a definite conclusion.

Say Mystery Is Solved.

The mystery of the Gunness "Port of of Missing Men" will be made public within twenty-four hours. It is already solved. So declare the officials of Laporte.

They declare they have proof that Ray Lamphere set fire to the Gunness home, thereby causing the death of the woman and her three children.

They declare that the other victims of the house of death were poisoned; that they know where the poison was purchased.

They declare the bodies of the victims were dismembered after death, either in a room on the second floor of the house or in the basement.

They declare they have the knives with which the bodies were dismembered. Two knives were used, one of them a dagger, the other a double, razor edged surgeon's knife, needle pointed.

Almost two dozen pairs of scissors, bent and curved in the fashion of surgical instruments, are said to have been found in the ashes in the cellar, and in addition three knives, two of a surgical character and another an unmistakable dirk, were picked up.

Minister Important Witness.

Ray Lamphere, the Laporte officials declare, either assisted in the ghastly surgery or at least had knowledge of it.

The Rev. E. A. Schell, pastor of the First Methodist church of Laporte, is the man to whom Lamphere is believed to have made statements which, while they may not incriminate himself, at least throw much light upon the hidden mysteries of the chamber of horrors on the Gunness farm.

Lamphere claims that instead of he and Mrs. Gunness plotting to take the life of Andrew Helgelein, it was Helgelein and Mrs. Gunness who conspired to put him out of the way. Lamphere gives a complete history of his relations with Mrs. Gunness.

He says that prior to June 27, 1907, he met Mrs. Gunness on the street and she asked him to go to her house and do some odd pieces of carpentry. He went. Soon after this Mrs. Gunness proposed marriage to Lamphere, holding out the inducement of her farm and money in the bank. He agreed to marry her. Then she insisted that he take out a life insurance policy.

Heard Plot to Murder Him.

But before he insured his life or married the woman the man Helgelein appeared upon the scene and supplanted Lamphere in the widow's affections. Lamphere and Helgelein had words one day and as a result Mrs. Gunness ordered Lamphere to sleep in the barn, "where he belongs," as she put it. Lamphere became suspicious and watched Helgelein and Mrs. Gunness. He listened at window openings and through keyholes. One day, according to his story, he heard Mrs. Gunness say to Helgelein:

"I'm tired of having that man Lamphere around. I'm going to give him a dose of chloral."

Helgelein, so Lamphere declares, advised her to try the poison on Lamphere's dog first in order to learn how big a dose would be required to kill Lamphere. Lamphere became frightened and went to a friend in Laporte and told him what he had overheard. A few days later his dog disappeared.

Alarm Clock Destroys Alibi.

Outside witnesses have fastened upon Lamphere the guilt of the firing of the Gunness home. He was seen near the farm before the afternoon the blaze started and experts have declared that it was of incendiary origin, that it was started outside the basement door near the southeast corner by means of five gallons of kerosene poured from a can that fell within the line of the building as the door crumpled under the flames.

His alibi that he was at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, a 70-year-old negro woman, within the limits of Laporte, at the time the fire was started, was met by the mute testimony of the alarm clock that he said awakened him. It was set for 3 o'clock and the fire was discovered shortly after 4 o'clock. He has admitted that he saw the blaze from a distance, but he has not made a confession of the facts which, it is declared, will be shown against him when his case is called.

FOREST FIRES ARE RAGING

Settlers in Northern Minnesota Threatened by Flames.

Duluth, Minn., May 12.—Forest fires are threatening settlers' cabins in northern Minnesota and are sweeping many square miles of territory.

Many of the fires were started by careless fishermen. A rain storm which started yesterday may check the flames. Forest fires are also reported from Winnipeg.

RIDERS DEFY TROOPS

Armed Band Invades State From Kentucky.

Sympathizers of Independent Growers Making Demand for Martial Law.

Clayton, O., May 12.—A band of 20 armed night riders crossed the river from Kentucky to Ohio yesterday. A detachment of men from Troop A, in command of Lieutenant Harz, was dispatched to scour Adams county as soon as the news was received. Last night the troopers rode across the hills in the darkness. The body of the troop is still at Manchester.

Two riders, Samuel Johnson, of Eagle Creek, and H. B. Frost, both wounded in a battle with farmers Saturday night, were brought to Manchester yesterday for medical treatment. Surgeons picked buckshot from the flesh of both men. In the afternoon Johnson escaped.

The feeling of resentment against the presence of troops continues. Doubt is cast upon the power of the governor to send troops here without first declaring martial law. The grand juries of Adams and Brown counties have been called to consider the question.

Edwin Marcin, a tobacco grower, friendly to the American Tobacco company, in Manchester yesterday, demanded that martial law be declared, so that the right of the troops in the county cannot be questioned. Sheriff Paul started empaneling the grand jury yesterday. The Brown county grand jury has already started its deliberations.

Four men early yesterday morning made an attempt to either steal or hamstring horses belonging to Troop A at Manchester. They were discovered by Farried Fox, who fired six shots at them. None of the men was hit and they escaped, although the entire guard of nine men went after them. It is believed that the men were from Kentucky, and that they rowed up the river from some point below town. Last night a special detail toured all of the river stretch from Manchester to Aberdeen.

NINE KILLED IN STORM

Reports From Wind-Swept Oklahoma Still Meagre.

One Death Results and Many Persons Are Injured—The Property Loss Heavy.

Rock Island, Ill., May 12.—A tornado yesterday afternoon swept through Mercer and Henry counties, touching several towns and doing considerable damage. Mrs. Gottoh, an elderly woman, was killed at Cleveland, where the storm demolished a school, injuring, it is reported, several children. The depot of the Rock Island road at Coloma was wrecked.

At Millersburg, 15 houses were destroyed or damaged, and two persons were slightly injured. Wires are down and details are difficult to learn.

St. Louis Struck.

St. Louis, Mo., May 12.—A high wind swept through this city yesterday afternoon at nearly 45 miles an hour, doing considerable damage to smokestacks, shade trees and plate glass store windows, and unroofing several houses.

Several vehicles were overturned on Eads bridge where the full force of the gale was encountered as it swept up the Mississippi river. A tenement house on Eugenia street, occupied by six families, was blown down. One woman was injured and the six families are homeless.

Eight Dead in Oklahoma.

Woodward, Okla., May 12.—At least eight persons were killed and scores of others injured in the several tornadoes in northwestern Oklahoma. The dead:

J. E. Hale, Little Robe, Ellis county.
Mrs. J. E. Hale, Little Robe, Ellis county.
Two unknown persons, Arnett, Ellis county.
Dr. J. Howser, Vici, Woodward county.
Arthur Sibel, Mutual, Woodward county.
William Hand, Estelle, Major county.
Mrs. Young, Seilling, Dewey county.

Telephone communication is entirely cut off from the storm swept area and the only other means of getting information is by stage. The nearest point to Woodward that the storm struck is at Mutual, five miles away.

PANIC IN A THEATRE

Follows An Alarm of Fire in Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga., May 12.—One hundred and seventy-five horses, two of them prize winners, and half a block of buildings burned with $100,000 damage, a panic in a crowded theatre nearby, and half a dozen persons injured, none seriously, summarizes a fire which started in the business quarter of Atlanta, and for an hour threatened great destruction.

The flames started in the Piedmont stables on Marietta street, near Spring, and was checked at Marietta and Barslow street. Half a block away a panic started in the Orpheum theatre, which was crowded with persons watching a vaudeville performance. Half a dozen negroes were bruised in the first crush, but no one was seriously hurt.

EXTRA SESSION IS CALLED

By Acting Governor No. 2 of Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., May 12.—Allen H. Hamiter, acting as governor of this state during the absence in Washington of Acting Governor Pindall, has issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the state legislature.

Both Acting Governor Pindall and Governor-elect Donaghey, who is also in Washington to attend the conference of governors, are known to be opposed to the calling of an extra session.

MICHIGAN IS FOR TAFT

State Convention Meets to Name "Big Four."

Grand Rapids, Mich., May 12.—When the Republican state convention was called to order here shortly before noon today to name four delegates-at-large to the national convention, two presidential electors and a new chairman of the state central committee, there was but one contest in prospect. Ther was apparently a unanimous sentiment in favor of the indorsement of Secretary Taft for the Republican presidential nomination and the selection of the following men as delegates-at-large, all of whom have declared for Taft: E. D. Stair, Detroit; John W. Blodgett, Grand Rapids; F. W. Gilchrist, Alpena, and James McNaughton, of Calumet.

The only contest in prospect was for the state chairmanship, for which George W. Cook, of Flint, was a candidate against Congressman G. J. Diekman, of Holland, who has held the position for several years.

Congressman E. L. Hamilton was temporary chairman of the convention which met in the Majestic theatre.

The Fifth district Republican convention today elected the following delegates to the national convention:

Roy S. Barnhart, of Grand Rapids, and William B. Health, of Ionia. They were instructed for Secretary Taft.

At the Ninth district Republican convention here today Jerry Sullivan, of Cedar and Gard Sands, of Pentwater, were chosen as delegates to the national convention. They were instructed, but it was understood they were for Secretary Taft.

REV. BRENT NAMED BISHOP

Elected to Succeed Satterlee—Is Now in Philippines.

Washington, May 7.—Rt. Rev. Charles Henry Brent, bishop of the Philippine Islands, was elected bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Washington in succession to the late Rt. Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, at yesterday's session of the thirteenth annual conference of the diocese.

Rev. Dr. Brent was elected on the second ballot, receiving a majority of the votes of both the clerical and lay delegates.

RT. REV. C. H. BRENT

Bishop Brent has been notified by cable of the action of the conference. Until a reply has been received it is not known whether he will accept the bishopric.

Bishop Brent was born at Newcastle, Ont., April 9, 1862. He was ordained as a priest in 1887, and in 1901 he was elected by the general Episcopal convention as bishop of the Philippine Islands.

RESCUE OF SAILORS

Seventy-two Men Taken From Crumbling Ship.

Great Steel Vessel, One of the Finest of Class, Will Be a Total Loss.

New York, May 8.—Seventy-two men, who for more than 24 hours had been facing death in the raging sea near Fire Island were rescued from the crumbling hulk of the big German ship Peter Rickmers early today.

The rescue was effected after one of the most trying experiences the life-savers on this exposed coast had ever been called upon to face. No less than a dozen times hope of saving the men on the doomed ship was all but abandoned, and it was only the easing of the gale and terrific sea that made rescue possible. Fortunately not a man was lost and it is believed that not one of them suffered any permanent harm as a result of their long fight against death.

Big Vessel a Wreck.

The great steel ship, one of the finest sailing vessels that every rode the sea, is a total wreck. Her bow and stern have been completely torn off by the waves, her masts were torn out, her deck houses and bridge houses swept away and she is full of water. She is lying far back on the bar and it is unlikely even that any effort will be made to tow her to deep water again.

The Rickmers struck the sand bar about 10 miles from Fire Island, April 30, while bound out from New York to Europe.

HOLY WAR WILL RESULT

In Morocco if Pretender Is Not Recognized, Says Agent.

Hamburg, May 9.—The delegation bearing Mulai Hafid's petition to the powers has arrived here, with a letter for Emperor William, asking his recognition of Mulai Hafid as sultan of Morocco.

The head of the delegation, Sidi Mohammed Ben Hafis, said that a holy war will result if Mulai Hafid is not recognized by the powers and that Abd-El-Aziz can only hold out on the coast under the protection of cannon.

When an interviewer pointed out to the head of the mission that the French government would be displeased if the delegation was given an audience in Berlin, Sidi Mohammed Hafis answered: "The sultan of Berlin is not afraid of that."

STEAMERS IN COLLISION

Name of One Damaged Vessel Not Yet Learned.

Portland, England, May 8.—The British steamer Matiana, from London for Calcutta, has been in collision with a steamer of the Hamburg-American line, at a point 20 miles south of here. The name of the Hamburg liner has not yet been ascertained.

The Matiana has returned here with her stern broken and other damages. The collision occurred in a dense fog. The extent of the damage to the German steamer is not known. A tug has gone out from here in search of her.

Before the vessels parted the Hamburg liner said she intended to come into Portland, but she has not yet arrived here, and nothing further has been heard from her. The fog is still very dense.

$1,500,000 FIRE

Flames Sweep Business Section of Southern City.

Many Lives Put in Danger by Two Explosions—Cause Not Definitely Known.

Atlanta, Ga., May 8.—Two solid business blocks of Atlanta are in ruins today as the result of a fire which threatened for a time to carry its destruction through the business section of the city and perhaps wipe out the entire downtown district.

The fire loss may be conservatively estimated at $1,500,000.

The Terminal hotel, one of the largest in the city, is a mass of bricks. It had on its register two hundred guests when the fire started, about a block away. Every one escaped. Near by were several other small hotels, but in these there was no loss of life, nor was there any in the Terminal hotel.

The Probable Cause.

The fire started in the Schlesinger-Meyer Building company, Madison and Nelson streets, at 3:30 o'clock this morning, and within a few minutes the building was in flames.

When the alarm was given, an attempt was made to start the electric elevator in the Schlesinger building to awaken the employes asleep there. The elevator failed to respond to the starting mechanism, and fire department officials believe the fire may have been due to some defect in this electric elevator.

When the first fire companies arrived the building was a mass of flames. Chief Cummings immediately turned in a general alarm. Flames were shooting from every window of the big building that ran the entire block from Nelson to Mitchell street on Madison, and were leaping high in the air from the middle of the building.

The water pressure was poor and the firemen could not get a stream that would carry above the second floor. Meanwhile high power trolley and electric light wires were falling everywhere, parts of walls were dropping out, and with the high wind prevailing the flames were shot across the street to the Terminal hotel, which acted as sort of a flue for the fire. Floor after floor of the Terminal was soon ablaze.

Lack of Water.

The firemen were fought back until they were in the rear of the Terminal hotel where the lack of water again retarded any effort to check the fire. Within half an hour the walls and roof of the hotel had fallen in. Spreading from Madison street to Nelson street, the fire ate its way into the Liquid Carbonic company structure, a five-story building to the east, and within a short space of time there were two terrific explosions which seemed to carry all retaining walls and the roof of this building to the basement.

Next to the Carbonic company's building was the Inman block, which faced on Forsyth street. This building was a three-story building extending from Nelson street on Forsyth north to Mitchell, and contained nine or ten business concerns. A narrow alley separated the Inman block from the fire and it was soon a mass of flames, and fire company after fire company was drawn away from other spots and their combined forces applied here, for it was at this point the fire was to be stopped from crossing Mitchell and Forsyth and burning further into the city.

East of the Terminal hotel, on Mitchell street, was the Marion hotel annex and Childs' hotel. The fire stopped after ruinging the latter hotel.

Firemen in Danger.

Mitchell street, from Madison avenue to Forsyth, was one great furnace, flames shooting across the street from either side, with falling walls everywhere and danger to life and limb imminent, but the firemen stuck to their work and did not draw back until they finally had to drop their hose and run for their lives as the last wall of the Piedmont Hat company came down, leaving a clear space across a whole block that was once one of the business blocks of the city.

27 FAMILIES HOMELESS

Fire Destroys Over Score of Cottages in East St. Louis.

East St. Louis, Mo., May 12.—Twenty-seven families were rendered homeless by a fire that late yesterday damaged the plant of the General Roofing company $125,000. A high wind drove the flames to destroy 27 cottages worth $25,000.

WOOL GROWERS IN POOL

Utah Farmers Plan to Defeat Middleman.

Salt Lake City, May 9.—In furtherance of a movement to defeat the alleged rapacity of middlemen, the leading wool growers of the state will pool their 1908 clip.

Through a committee they have arranged to borrow upon all wool stored in Boston warehouses sixty per cent of its market value. The initial loan will run for six months, and will draw a low rate of interest. Sheep men expect to sell directly to manufacturers, and save the large percentage of profit which they claim has been absorbed by the brokers and buyers.

Utah's wool deposit this year will be about 1,000,000 pounds. Sheep men in other ranges states of the west approve the plan, and the storage and direct sale system may become general.

BIG VESSEL GOES DOWN

Montcalm Sinks After Collision With the Milwaukee.

Quebec, Que., May 9.—The Canadian government's ice-breaker Montcalm, valued at half a million dollars and the finest steamer in the government fleet, is beached at Hackett's Harbor, where she lies today almost completely submerged as the result of a collision with the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer Milwaukee, in the St. Lawrence river yesterday.

The Milwaukee arrived here from London, and after discharging part of her cargo was leaving for Montreal, when the Montcalm, which was steaming up the river, attempted to cross her bow. As the Montcalm passed the Milwaukee struck her amidships and rent a great hole in her side. It was found necessary to beach the vessel.

By the time the Montcalm reached the shore the water had made its way to the engine room and the crew hastily abandoned her. The work of raising the steamer will be a difficult task.

JAPS ATTACK FRENCHMEN

No One Is Injured, but $50,000 Damage Is Done.

Tokio, May 7.—An official report from Miyazaki prefecture states that a mob of eighty persons attacked a timber factory owned by Frenchmen in the village of Liino on May 5, ding considerable damage to the factory and the residences of the Frenchmen, who either took refuge in the mountains or left for Kobe. No person was injured.

Forty arrests have ben made in connection with the affair. The motive for the attack has not yet been reported. The damage done is estimated at about $50,000.

ASK $150,000,000 TO GIVE WORK TO IDLE.

New York, May 9.—A resolution urging the federal appropriation of $150,000,000 for national roads and waterways as a means of relief to the unemployed, was passed at a session of the national convention of the unemployed last night in Manhattan Lyceum.

Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, appeared unexpectedly at the meeting and made a speech in opposition to the wishes of the chairman.

Berkman was not permitted to remain by the police.

MINE TROUBLE IS SETTLED

Coal Diggers of Southwest to Return to Work.

Kansas City, Mo., May 9.—A settlement of the difficulties existing between the United Mine Workers of America and the operators of the southwest was reached yesterday afternoon. The scale committees of the two organizations will meet next Wednesday to ratify the work of the subcommittees and then a convention of the miners will be called to ratify the work of the general committee.

Thirty-five thousand miners in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas have been on strike since April 1, pending the settlement of a new contract. The contract, as now drawn, will stand for two years.

Crop Outlook Is Encouraging

New York, May 11.—Henry Clews, in his weekly financial review, says:

Stocks have advanced from 10 to 30 points since the October panic, and strong efforts are being made to carry them to a still higher level. The query now is: Will these efforts succeed, and if so, on what grounds? Of course, the greater portion of this rise was the natural rebound following the panic, when all securities fell far below their intrinsic value owing to compulsory liquidation and loss of confidence. The natural level of prices to be expected after the panic would depend upon a proper readjustment to reduced net earnings and to lower rates for money which were bound to follow the crisis. While the general depression of business was an adverse factor to stocks, the great decline in money was an equally bullish factor; and the play for mastery between these two forces finally resulted in partial victory for the latter. This is the history of all panics, since easy money is an argument for the rise that cannot be indefinitely resisted.

In the present instance the advance movement has been unquestionably prolonged by powerful manipulation. No important recession, such as would have broadened the market and attracted an outside interest, has yet been permitted. On the contrary, prices have been pushed upward with a persistence that impeded rather than encouraged a real revival of confidence. It was evident that the market was in control of exceedingly powerful operators, whose purposes were not at first very clearly understood. It is now fully appreciated, however, that the chief support comes from those interested in financing the requirements of the railroads and other big corporations during the current year. The exhaustion of the supply of capital in 1907, and the panic which followed, put a stop to many of these demands; but, now that money is easier and capital is coming out of hiding, there is a rush to secure control of all available supplies. It is estimated that between $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 of note, bond and stock issues will have to be taken care of during the remaining eight months of 1908. One corporation alone, the Union Pacific, will shortly finance $50,000,000 of bonds and has secured authority for the issue of another $50,000,000 at discretion. This authorization, in addition to others previously granted, gives the latter company freedom to issue some $258,000,000 new bonds and stocks, the uses for which are just now beyond the comprehension of the street.

The most significant feature of these numerous issues, however, is not their necessity—for that will usually be admitted in view of the demand for improved railroad facilities—but the doubt whether the country can raise this amount of new capital at a time when it is suffering from exceptional business depression. All new capital must be provided out of the nation's profits from industry alone; and, as such profits or savings are being severely curtailed, the supply of new capital must be correspondingly limited. Perhaps we can draw somewhat on foreign markets. Europe took the Pennsylvania bonds and New York short term notes very readily; but these were prime offerings, and securities of a lower grade would, under present conditions, find a very poor market abroad. These operations for the financing of new issues are then the chief explanation of the prolonged and artificial rise in stocks. These new securities must be distributed, and this can only be done in a strong market; hence the powerful inside support of the last two months. The rise has naturally been greatly assisted by easy money, by the usual rebound after a panic, and by the forced covering of demoralized and ruined shorts. As for its continuance, much depends on the staying power of the leaders and their holding together. Prices are now fully as high as general conditions justify. A moderate business recovery and satisfactory election have already been sufficiently discounted for the present, and a partial reaction would be beneficial through broadening the market and bringing in a new buying element which now stands aloof. On the other hand, it would be foolish to ignore the power of the present leaders. With an abundance of cheap money in their control they are likely to carry their advantage to the limit; and, unless unfavorable events interfere, it need cause no surprise if prices were pushed still higher, or at least held near present level, until market leaders have accomplished their purpose.

Whether the proposed advance in railroad rates is part of the scheme to advance the market or not remains to be seen. Such an advance under existing conditions would certainly be very poor policy. The public hostility to railroads is just beginning to abate; the extreme depression in freights will not last, and the advance would be a burden upon the producer and consumer when he is least able to bear it. No doubt the railroads have a grievance; but they must do as others are doing, cut expenses to the limit, endure a temporary shrinkage in profits, and await the resumption of traffic that will surely come in time. Any other policy will certainly revive public hostility and react unfavorably upon the railroads themselves. They had better accept their share of adversity the same as other people, and devote themselves to economy and keeping down expenses until business revives.

Trade reports continue very unsatisfactory. Where prices have been readjusted there are some signs of renewed activity; but the holding up of prices and wages in many departments of industry is simply retarding recovery. The most encouraging feature in any quarter is the crop outlook. Thus far the crops have made an early and satisfactory start; much better than a year ago. The acreage of cotton promises to be as large, if not larger, than last year. Winter wheat is in fine condition, and in view of the larger acreage promises a big crop. Should the weather continue favorable until the harvest in June we may even be favored with a bumper crop of winter wheat. Nothing will do more toward pulling the country out of the "Slough of Despond" than a good harvest. There are prospects of a better export demand for both wheat and cotton, which, in connection with recent foreign purchases of securities, will tend to retard gold exports, although a resumption of the latter may be anticipated at no distant date.

YAQUIS SUING FOR PEACE

Indians Cease Raids and Swear Allegiance to Mexico.

City of Mexico, May 12.—Word has reached Mexico City confirming the report that rebellious Yaqui Indians of Sonora have sued for peace. In a conference between Commander Luis Menda Marrion, of the Eleventh battalion of rurales, and the Yaqui Indians, Luis Bule and Luis Matus, the Indians promised to cease their raids and swore allegiance to the government.

WOULD REGULATE LIQUOR

Governor Blanchard Discusses Temperance in Message.

Baton Rouge, La., May 12.—In Governor Blanchard's message to the general assambly today he urges strict regulation of the liquor traffic and says that if this does not correct its evils there should be absolute prohibition.

He urges the passage of employers' liability and anti-lobby laws and says that race track gambling is pernicious and should be abolished.

WASHINGTON EDITOR DEAD

Washintgon, May 12.—Philip F. Gerry, for the past two years assistant Sunday editor of the Washington Evening Star, died yesterday of typhoid fever, after an illness of about two weeks.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, May 5.—Senate.—An extended speech in opposition to the forestry service was made by Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, in the senate today, while the agricultural appropriation bill was under consideration. He criticised the practice of speaking of "any man's policy," saying that the only policies of the government that are not fictitious are those that are written in the laws of the land. Mr. Warner, of Missouri, continued his speech on the Brownsville affray, but did not conclude.

House.—A lively debate was kept up all day in the house on the sundry civil appropriation bill. Repeated efforts were made by Messrs. Gaines, of Tennessee, and Chaney of Indiana, supported by many other members, to procure an appropriation for any investigation looking to increasing safety in mining, and they had about got Chairman Towney to the point where he would consent to an appropriation of $50,000, when Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, objected and the proposition, for the time at least, was dropped. A provision in the bill for the purchase of over 6,000 acres of land as an addition to Fort McKinley, Philippine islands, based on a recommendation of General Leonard Wood elicited severe criticism of that officer by Messrs. Fitzgerald, of New York, and Butler, of Pennsylvania, the former continually referring to him as "Dr. Wood." The provision, on motion of Mr. Hay, of Virginia, was stricken out by unanimous vote. The three remaining hours of the session were taken up by a succession of roll calls, caused by a refusal of the house to take a recess at 5 o'clock, as a result of a joke on the part of some Republicans to hold the Democrats in the house until the time the Republican caucus was scheduled to be held. In this they were successful.

Washington, May 6.—Senate.—The senate today passed a bill prohibiting the employment, within certain hours, of children under 14 years of age in the District of Columbia. The senate also adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Foraker, of Ohio, directing the interstate commerce commission to inform the senate whether the commodity clause of the interstate commerce act had been complied with since May 1, 1908, and if not whether the non-compliance by the railroads has been due to any agreement, arrangement or understanding between the railroad companies and the authorities. The conference report on the army appropriation bill carrying an aggregate of $95,377,246 was adopted. Senator Warner, of Missouri, concluded his speech on the Brownsville affair, his closing remarks calling forth a statement from Senator Foraker that a western paper had announced that the President recently wrote to Senator Smith, of Michigan, to the effect that he had not changed his mind as to the guilt of the negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth reigment. Mr. Foraker suggested that the introduction of that letter in the record would be interesting.

House.—By a vote of 167 to 46, and following a two hours' debate, the house today again went on record against the reestablishment of the canteen in national soldiers' homes. In the course of the discussion a man giving his name as George E. Gridley, of Providence, R. I., unfurled an American flag and proceeded to make an address from the gallery on the temperance question. He was promptly taken out. Perhaps the real sensation of the day was an admission by Mr. Bennett, of New York, a member of the immigration commission, that he had, under the old immigration law, "railroaded" the naturalization of many foreigners in one day. With the exception of the adoption of the conference report on the bill reorganizing the consular service, the sundry civil appropriation ball was under consideration the entire day.

Washington, May 7.—Senate.—The forestry provision of the agricultural appropriation bill was before the senate several hours today. Senator Teller, of Colorado, denounced that service as unwise and its administration as arbitrary, while Senator Depew spoke in advocacy of the extension of the work of the forest reserves. An address in support of the bill to establish postal savings banks was made by Senator Carter, of Montana. Senator Culberson, of Texas, called the attention of the senate to newspaper publications to the effect that the President and the interstate commerce commission had agreed to allow the railroads to increase freight rates. This suggestion precipitated a discussion as to the powers of the President or the commission to make such an agreement. The senate passed a bill appropriating $5,000 toward the erection of a monument to Pocahontas at Jamestown, Va.

House.—After ten days' discussion, consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill was completed by the house today, but before putting it on its passage a recess until tomorrow was taken. The bill carries a total appropriation of $106,966,369, or $1,241,000 more than as reported by the committee. A provision providing that salaries and wages for work on the Panama canal should not exceed by more than 25 per cent. the salaries and wages paid in the United States for similar work was defeated, 10 to 101.

Washington, May 8.—Senate.—But little progress was made in the senate today on the agricultural appropriation bill, the session being devoted to a discussion upon the principle of forest reserves and the administration of that service. Senator McCumber called the attention of the senate to a deadlock among the conferees on the pension appropriation bill on the senate amendment requiring a continuance of the present system of having the pension fund disbursed through 18 pension agents located throughout the country instead of through a single agent in this city. Many senators expressed the desire that the conferees should insist on the senate amendment. A resolution was introduced by Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, naming May 10 as "mothers' day" and suggesting that all senators and officials and employes of the senate should wear a white flower in honor of their mothers on that day.

House.—The officers and enlisted men of the army today won their fight for increased pay, when the house agreed to the conference report on the army appropriation bill. An appropriation of $7,000,000 was made for the purpose, $5,000,000 of which will go to the enlisted men. Under suspension of the rules bills were passed placing the Porto Rican regiment of infantry on a permanent basis, and authorizing additional aids to navigation in the lighthouse establishment.

Washington, May 11.—Senate.—The senate today passed the agricultural appropriation bill, carrying an appropriation aggregating $12,142,146. Senator Rayner introduced a resolution providing for a court of inquiry to investigate charges against Colonel William F. Stewart, now stationed at Fort Grant, Arizona. The conference report on the naval appropriation bills was agreed to. The senate considered the postoffice bill and adjourned till tomorrow.

House.—The house today devoted its time to the consideration of miscellaneous business. By agreeing to some senate amendments the house took the final congressional step by which betting on horse races at Benning will hereafter be prohibited. A bill authorizing the appointment, as an addition to the regular military establishment, of 50 captains to command the Philippine scouts was passed. Other bills which got through were as follows: Amending the homestead laws so as to permit the entry of 320 acres instead of 160 acres of non-irrigable public lands in western states, and authorizing the drainage of certain swamp lands in the Red Lake Indian reservation, Minnesota. A bill allowing the states of Idaho and Wyoming 2,000,000 additional acres of land for reclamation was defeated.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, May 9.—Bradstreet's says: Weather, trade and industrial conditions are little changed from last week, and farm work, rail and jobbing business and the movement of old crops to market have been restricted by heavy rains, low temperatures, or bad roads. The only notable exceptions to this are found in the Pacific coast and at a few southwestern centers.

Reports from the leading industries are still of general quiet. Manufacturers feel the lack of confident buying by jobbers, and wholesalers report final distributors cautious in buying only what they need to replenish broken stocks. The textile lines are dull and on short time, but cotton goods men are more confident that bottom prices have been reached. The iron and steel industries show little change. Pig iron is dull and weaker, and prices are claimed to be down to cost of production. Some finished products are weaker, but, on the other hand, the leading interests assert prices will be maintained. The leather trade is rather quieter, and eastern shoe shipments are 30 per cent. off from 1907. Collections are still backward as a whole.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended May 7 number 288, against 282 last week, 154 in the like week of 1907, 162 in 1906, 158 in 1905, and 201 in 1904. Canadian business failures for the week number 22, which compares with 22 last week and 18 in this week of 1907.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., May 12.—Wheat wended its way downward at the outset today. Selling by commission houses and other big interest helped to weaken the market still further. At Chicago, the crowd was reported short and trying to hammer the market. Other sellers were Love and Armour. Buying against downs had a tendency to prevent the market from being a runaway affair. Liverpool opened ⅝c lower and at 1:30 p. m was 9-10c to 11-20c off. Starting ⅝c lower at 98⅜c, cash and May sagged to 97½c in the first half hour. Off ⅝c at 90¼c, July eased off to 89⅞c in the early part of the day. Opening ⅜c lower at 87⅝c, September sank to 87¼c before noon.

Liverpool wheat closed 1d lower. Crop advices from the southwest were of a pronounced bearish tone. Bradstreet's world's available showed a smaller decline than a week ago. Covering by shorts who sold early stiffened up the market somewhat after 12 m. Buying of September by traders who got out of their May holdings firmed up that option. Cash and May closed 1¼c off at 97¾c, July ⅜c off at 90½c, and September ¼c up at 88c. Near the close prices swung up rather sharply.

Corn was not as weak as wheat, especially in the more distant futures. Liverpool was unchanged. Heavy receipts were predicted after the middle of the month. May was ½c lower at 71½c. July opened ¼c off at 88c. September was ⅜c lower at 64⅞c.

Liverpool corn finished ½c lower. Bartlett appeared on both sides of the market. Cash and May finished ½c lower at 71½c, July ¼c up at 66½c, and September ⅛c off at 65⅛c.

Oats was about a half cent lower. May opened at 54c, July at 48½c, and september at 37¼c.

But few changes developed in oats during the day. Cash closed ½c lower at 54½c, May 1c off at 53½c, July ⅜c off at 48⅜c, and September ¼c lower at 37⅝c.

Clover seed continued to lose ground, mainly from the effects of good crop prospects. October during the morning receded 10c to $7.40, and October the same amount to $7.35.

October clover seed finished 10c off at $7.40 and December 10c lower at $7.35. Timothy seed is no longer quoted.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Wheat—					
Cash	98⅝	....	97	97¾	99
May	98⅝	....	97	97¾	99
July	90¼	90¾	89⅝	90½	90⅞
Sept.	87⅝	....	87⅛	88	87¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71½	72
May	71½	....	70½	71½	72
July	66	....	....	66½	66¼
Sept.	64⅞	....	....	65⅛	65¼
Dec.	55½	....	....	56⅛	56
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	54½	55
May	54	....	53¼	53½	54½
July	48½	....	48¼	48¾	49⅛
Sept	37¼	....	....	37⅝	37¾
Clover Seed—					
Dec.	7.45	....	....	7.40	7.50
Oct.	7.35	....	....	7.35	7.45
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	84	84
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	79	79

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Wheat—					
May	1.00	1.00⅛	98⅝	1.00	1.01
July	90⅜	90⅝	89⅛	90½	90¾
Sept.	86⅜	87⅛	85½	87	86¾
Dec.	87⅛	....	86⅞	88	87½
Corn—					
May	71½	71½	70½	71½	71⅞
July	63½	64¼	63⅛	64⅛	63⅞
Sept.	62¼	63	62	62¾	62½
Dec.	54½	55¼	....	55⅛	54⅞
Oats—					
May (old)	54¾	....	54¼	54½	55
May (new)	52½	....	52⅛	53½	53
July (old).	46⅞	....	46½	47	47
July (new)	45¼	....	45	45¼	45⅜
Sept.	37	37¼	36⅛	37⅛	37⅛

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Wheat—					
May	1.07	....	....	1.06	1.07¼
July	99⅛	....	98¼	99¼	99¾
Corn—					
May	78	....	....	78	78
July	73⅛	....	72½	73⅛	73⅛

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Wheat—					
May	98½	....	97¾	98	98½
July	86½	....	85½	86¼	86⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.08½
July	....	....	....	....	1.06¾

DULUTH.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.06¼
July	....	....	....	....	1.06½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May12.	Close May11.
Pork—					
May	....	....	....	13.35	13.42
July	13.57	....	13.50	13.59	13.57
Sept.	13.80	....	13.75	13.77	13.82
Lard—					
July	8.50	8.52	....	8.45	8.52
Sept.	8.67	....	....	8.62	8.70
Ribs—					
May	7.17	....	....	7.15	7.20
July	7.32	7.35	....	7.30	7.35
Sept.	7.55	7.57	....	7.52	7.57

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, May 12.—Hogs were advanced 10c all around, with the exception of stags and roughs, today. Packers and shippers were contenders, and everything sold rather early. Receipts were light. York weights, as is usual at this time of the year, have the call, especially from the east. Other live stock was steady.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.75@5.80; mediums, $5.80; Yorkers, $5.80@5.85; good pigs, $5.45@5.55; stags and roughs, $3.00@5.15; good mixed, $5.80; bulk of sales, $5.80.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,350 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; medium to good, 1,150 and up, $5.50@6.00; mixed, 900 lbs. to 1,100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.00; fair to best cows, $3.75@6.00; common cows, $2.00@2.75; heifers, common to choice, $3.25@5.50; bulls, common to choice, $3.00@5.00.

Sheep and lambs—Top yearlings, $7.00; top wethers, $5.25@6.00; fair to good mixed sheep, $5.00@5.75; culls, $3.00@4.00; lambs, $6.00@7.75.

Clipped sheep and lambs: Lambs, prime, $6.85; wethers, $5.25@5.50; mixed sheep, $4.50@5.25; culls and common, $3.00@4.00; spring lambs, $7.00@10.00.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.00; common, $3.00@4.00.

U. S. Yards, Cleveland, O., May 12.—(Special report to The Blade from Bower & Bower.)—Hogs, receipts, 30 cars; market 10c higher. Mediums and Yorkers, $5.80; pigs, $5.40@6.00. Calves, $6.75. Best lambs, $7.00. Cattle firm.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 12.—(Swope's special report to The Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts, 3 cars; market steady; heavy, $6.00; Yorkers, $5.90; pigs, $5.50@5.60. Sheep—Receipts, 10 cars; market slow; best lambs, $7.40; yearlings, $6.25@6.75; wethers, $5.75@6.25; ewes, $5.25@5.50. Calves, $4.00@7.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, May 12.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hogs, 10 loads; heavies, $5.95@6.00; mediums, $5.95; heavy yorkers, $5.90@5.95; light yorkers, $5.70@5.80; pigs, $5.50@5.55. Sheep, $4.25@5.85; lambs, $4.50@7.25. Calves, $5.00@6.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 12.—Cattle, receipts about 25,000; market strong. Beeves, $4.85@7.40; Texans, $4.75@5.75; westerners, $4.60@6.00; stockers and feeders, $3.65@5.60; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.75; calves, $4.75@6.25. Ho receipts about 14,000; market strong higher; light, $5.30@5.70; mixed, $5.30 heavy, $5.30@5.70; rough, $5.30@5.45; good choice heavy, $5.50@5.70; pigs, $4.50 bulk of sales, $5.60@5.65. Sheep, receipts about 18,000; market steady to weak. N tives, $4.00@6.10; western, $4.00@6.10; yea lings, $6.15@6.80; lambs, $5.50@7.65; wester $5.50@7.75.

Money and Stocks.

New York, May 12.—(Wall Street) Prices of stocks opened lower tod than last night, partly influenced declines in the American section London and partly by realizing in ye terday's strong stocks. Chesapeake Ohio dropped 1½, St. Paul 1, and Uni Pacific, Reading, Ontario & Wester and Denver & Rio Grande large fra tions. A sprinkling of gains occurr amongst specialties in the less prom nent class. Dealings were active a widely distributed.

A considerable part of the openi decline was restored before the mark again weakened and drove prices lo than at the outset. The selling w largely concentrated against stoc which have had recent large advanc such as Reading, St. Paul and the Ha riman and Hill stocks. Some of copper stocks showed resiliency, pecially American Smelting. Southe Railway preferred advanced 1, Souther Pacific preferred 1⅝, and United Stat Realty 2.

Trading was dull and prices mov sluggishly, but worked to a lower le The market showed little power of bound. Chesapeake & Ohio extend its decline to 3 points, wiping all of yesterday's gain. There w numerous additions to the losses a point or more. United States Real rose 4. The copper stocks made so show of strength again at noon. Bon were irregular.

New York Stocks.

Toledo, O., May 12, 190

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.
Am. Loco. com	50½	50¾	49¾
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	129	129¼	128¼
Atchison	81⅞	81⅞	81
Am. Car. & F. Co.	37	37⅝	36¼
Anaconda	39¼	40⅞	38¾
Amal. Copper	64⅞	65⅛	63⅞
Am. Smelters	74⅝	75⅝	74⅛
Am. Woolen Co.	22⅛	22⅛	21
Alton com	22¼	22⅜	21⅛
Allis-Chal. pfd	21⅝	22	21½
Biscuit com	86½	86¾	86¼
Balt. & Ohio	89½	89¾	89⅛
B'lyn R. Trans	50½	51	49⅝
Chicago & G. W	5	5	5
Canadian Pac	159⅛	159⅛	158¼
Clover Leaf	18¼	18¼	18¼
Clover Leaf pfd	41½	43½	41½
Colorado Fuel	27⅞	28	27¼
Ches. & Ohio	44½	45½	43
Central Leather	27¼	27	26⅞
Can pfd	56⅛	56¼	55¾
Del. & Hudson	163½	164	163
Distillers Sec	33½	33¾	33½
Erie com	20½	20⅝	20
Erie 1st pfd	36	37⅛	36
Erie 2nd pfd	26¼	26⅝	26¼
Gt. Northern pfd	130	130	127⅞
Ill. Central	136	136	135
Interborough pfd	31½	31¾	30¼
K. C. Sou. com	24⅞	24⅞	24⅛
K. C. Sou. pfd	56⅝	56⅝	56⅛
Louis. & Nash	108¾	108¾	108
Missouri Pacific	49⅞	51¼	49¼
M. K. & T., com	29¼	29⅞	28½
M., K. & T., pfd	61¼	61¼	61
North. Pacific	134	134	133
National Lead	63	64	62½
Northwestern	154¼	154¼	153¼
North. Am. Co.	61⅞	61⅞	61¼
N. Y. Central	105¾	105⅞	105⅛
Nickel Plate, com	39	40	38¾
N. & W., com	71	71	70⅞
Ont. & Western	43	43	41⅞
Penn. Ry.	120	120	119¾
Pacific Mail	26½	26½	26½
People's Gas Co.	91¼	91¼	90⅞
Reading, com.	114½	114½	112⅞
Rock Island	17⅞	18¼	17¼
Rock Island, pfd.	35⅞	36½	35⅛
Rep. I. & S. Co.	18½	18½	18¼
Rep. Pref.	68¼	68¾	68¼
Ry. Steel Springs	35¼	35¼	35
South. Ry.	16	18¼	16
South. Ry., pfd.	42⅞	46½	42⅞
St. Paul	133⅛	133⅞	132¼
South. Pacific	85⅞	86	85⅛
Texas Pacific	22½	22¾	22
Tenn. Copper	37⅞	38	37
Union Pacific	140½	140⅞	139¼
U. S. Steel	37⅛	37¼	36⅞
U. S. Steel, pfd.	102	102	101⅞
Virginia Chem.	24	24	23
Wabash, com.	11¾	11¾	11¼
Wabash, pfd.	23⅜	23¾	22⅞
Wab. Deb. B's	55¼	55¼	55¼
Western Union	51⅞	52	51¾

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin, creamery, 1-lb prints, 26½c; solid pack, 25½c; dair 25c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 23½c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncolor ed, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll ba sis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c. Fanc grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. tu basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1-lb roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10½c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 16c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan cheese, 14c York state cheese, 15½c.

Asparagus—Home-grown, 12½c.

Valencia Onions—Bushel, $1.00@1.2 home grown, $1.00; white silver sk onions, crate, $1.85; Texas Bermud crate, $1.75@2.00.

Spinach—Home grown, bushel, 35c.

Lettuce—8c.

Home-grown potatoes—Bu., 80@85c.

Beans—Hand-picked navy beans, bu $2.50.

Green peas—$2.00 a hamper.

Florida Wax Beans—Box, $2.00.

Home-grown Cabbage—Bbl., $1.50 lb., 1¼c; ton, $15.00@18.00.

New Cabbage—Carolina, crate, $1.4

Pie Plant—Dozen bunches, 10@15c.

Green Peppers—Case, $3.00

Southern Beets—New, doz. bunche 60c.

Summer Squash—Box, $1.00.

Round radishes, 25c doz.; long, 20c carrots, 40c; turnips, 35@40c per bu parsley, 15c dozen bunches; green onion dozen, 10c; vegetable oysters, doz., 35c.

Watercress—Dozen bunches, 40@50c.

Tomatoes—Florida, $2.75@3.00.

Cucumbers—Home-grown, doz., 35 50c.

Strawberries—Tennessee, 24-quart crat $2.25@2.50.

Apples—Bu., 75c@$1.50; bbl., $2.00@3.00.

Lemons—$3.00.

Limes—Box 100, $1.00.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Navel Oranges—96's and 126's, $3.00 150's $3.10; smaller sizes, $3.30.

Pineapples—$3.25@3.50 case; dozen, $1.10 1.75.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2.00; Hallowee dates, lb., 5c.

Figs—Pulled, lb., 15c; stick figs, lb., 14

Popcorn—Per bushel, old, $1.25.

Poultry—Alive—Young chickens, 11½c hens, 11½c; geese, 10c; ducks, 9@10c turkeys, 15c lb; broilers, apiece, @30c.

Poultry—Dressed—Chickens, 13c; tur keys, 16@18c; ducks, 11@12c; geese, 11c.

Dressed hogs, light, 7@7½c; heavy and rough, 5@6½c; calves, prime 7½c fair, 5@7c; spring lambs, 16@17c; year ling sheep, 12@15c.

Sheep—9@11½c.

Cow Beef—3@7c.

Steers—7@9c.

Heifers—6@8c.

New York Produce.

New York, May 12.—Butter weak; re ceipts 17,323. Creamery specials, 23c; ex tras, 22½c; third to first, 17@22c; sta dairy, common to choice, 17@22c; process common to special, 15@21½c; western fa tory first, 17½@18c. Cheese steady, un changed; receipts, 9,323. Eggs steady, un changed; receipts 34,030. Poultry—Aliv steady; spring chickens, 80c; fowls, 15½c turkeys, 11c. Dressed, steady; turkeys 12@17c; fowls, 12@14c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, May 12.—Cheese easy; daisies 11c; twins, 10½c; young Americas, 11c Butter weak; creameries, 17@22c; dairie 16@20c. Eggs steady; firsts, 15c.

Cotton.

New York, May 12.—The cotton marke opened steady at a decline of 7 points t an advance of one point with June rela tively weak and July relatively strong There was a big demand for July whi other positions showed the influence o disappointing cables and favorable weath er. The July premium was increased t a matter of 47 points at one time, bu at this difference there was considerabl selling of July against purchases of th new crop and during the middle of th morning July was around 9.38c and Octo ber 8.92c, or 4 to 8 net points lower, wit the market unsettled.

The market was easier late in the fore noon under realizing and better crop con ditions with prices at midday 12 to points net lower, the new crop bein relatively easy and July commanding premium of 48 points over October.

Spot, quiet; middling uplands, 10.80c middling gulf, 11.05c. Estimated receipt at the ports today 13,000 bales, agains 13,352 last week and 10,916 last year. Fo the week 55,000 bales, against 69,153 week and 59,994 last year. Today's re ceipts at New Orleans, 3,167 bales, agains 2,139 last year and at Houston 1,774 bale against 1,4.. last year.

Wool Market.

Boston, May 12.—Increased dealings o declining values but trading confined t small lots, is the future of the local woo market. Some 300,000 pounds of ne Nevada wool has been purchased at 1 cents, the scoured landed cost bein placed at 14c. There have been some dealings in medium Ohio wool around 26c Fine territory clothing wool is quoted a 50@52c on a scoured basis and 45@48c fo fine medium. The market in the foreig product is well cleaned up.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

Trade-Mark.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.